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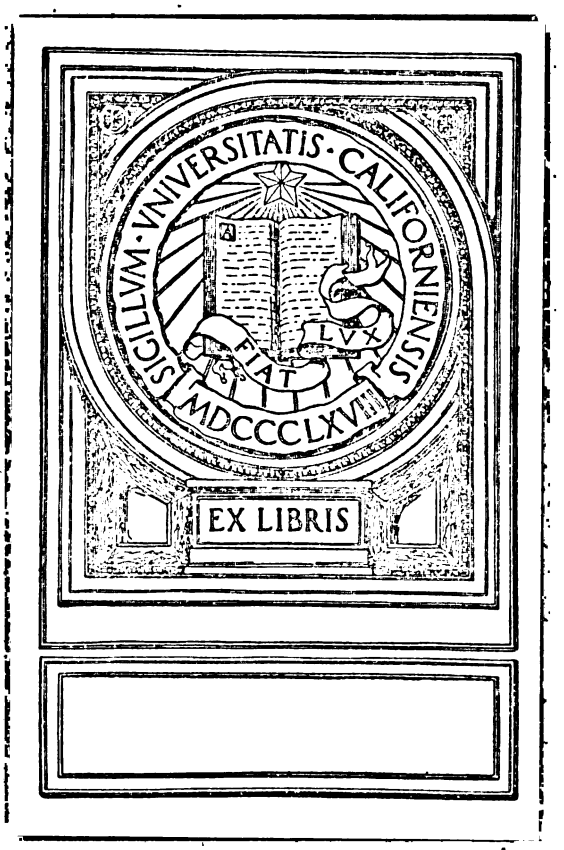
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STAMBÛL AND THE GOLDEN HORN.

Travels and Politics

IN

THE NEAR EAST

By

William Miller

WITH MAP AND ILLUSTRATIONS

ATHENS.

LONDON

T. FISHER UNWIN

PATERNOSTER SQUARE

1898

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TO

MY WIFE,

THRICE MY COMPANION ON

THE BALKAN

* *
*

"Εἰ δὲ ὑπ' ἑνὸς ἄρχοιτο, ἢ φρονέοι κατὰ τωὐτὸ, ἄμαχόν τ' ἂν εἴη, καὶ πολλῷ κράτιστον πάντων ἐθνέων, κατὰ γνώμην τὴν ἐμήν. Ἀλλὰ γὰρ τοῦτο ἄπορύν σφι καὶ ἀμήχανον μή κοτε ἓν γένηται."—HERODOTUS, v. 3.

M211533

PREFACE

THIS book is the result of four visits to the Balkan Peninsula in the years 1894, 1896, 1897, and 1898, and of a long study of the Eastern question. While I can honestly say that I have acquainted myself with all the principal works which have appeared on the Near East during the last ten years, I have in all cases relied upon my own personal observations and inquiries, conducted upon the spot, for the statements made in the following pages. Most persons who have written upon South-Eastern Europe have treated the subject in a partisan spirit, some championing the claims of one nationality, others espousing the cause of another. Not being an enthusiastic admirer of any one Balkan race to the exclusion of all others, I have endeavoured to discover what is most for the material progress and welfare of them all. The critics of "The Balkans" were kind enough to say that I had been impartial in narrating the history of the Peninsula; I trust that I may be found to have been equally so in describing its present condition.

I have to acknowledge my indebtedness to a host of persons who have assisted me with in-

formation and advice. Among them I would specially mention Baron Kutschera, Baron von Benko and Baron von Mollináry, of Sarajevo; Baron de Goumoëns and M. Bohumil Pára of Plevlje; Mr. R. J. Kennedy, C.M.G., British Minister to Montenegro; the Montenegrin Prime Minister and his colleague, the Minister of Finance; M. Zaïmis, the present, and M. Rhallis, the ex-Prime Minister of Greece; General Constantine Smolenski, the Greek Minister of War;[1] M. Deligeorgis, M. Lambros Coromelas, and Mr. Arthur Hill, of Athens, as well as the editors of the Ἄστυ and the Ἀκρόπολις; Dr. and Mrs. Dawes, of Corfù, and Professor G. Gelcić, of Ragusa; Sir A. Biliotti, Herr Pinter, Herr Berinda, and M. Lyghounes in Crete; H.H. the Prince of Samos and Mr. Denys L. Marc, British Consul in that island; H.E. Baron Von Calice, Austro-Hungarian Ambassador at Constantinople; Mr. Block, dragoman of the British Embassy, and Mr. Tarring, late judge of the Consular Court; Sir J. W. Whittall, Mr. F. S. Cobb, British Postmaster, Mr. Edwin Pears, Dr. Washburn, Professor Panaretoff, Dr. Dickson and Mr. Whitaker, of the same place; Consul-General and Mrs. Blunt and Dr. House, of Salonica; Mr. Wratislaw, M. Shopoff, and M. Constantine Caltcheff, of Philippopolis; Dr. Clark and Dr. Kingsbury, of Samakov; M. Grekoff and Professor Slaveikoff, of Sofia; and the Bulgarian

[1] Left office November 10.

diplomatic agents at Constantinople, Athens, and Cetinje. I am also much obliged to Miss M. Chadwick for a number of photographs.

I have adopted the Croatian system of spelling the Slav names of persons and places, because it is usually found in the best books, and avoids the confusion which other methods of transliteration produce. Moreover, Croatian has this advantage for Western readers—that it employs the Latin character. For those who are not familiar with it I append a short table of pronunciation.

c	is pronounced	tz *e.g.* Marica = Maritza
ć	„	ch *e.g.* Petrović = Petrovich
č	„	tch *e.g.* Bočac = Botchatz
j	„	y *e.g.* Jablanica = Yablanitza
š	„	sh *e.g.* Dušan = Dushan
ž	„	j *e.g.* Žabliak = Jabliak

No good English map of the Peninsula being in existence, I have obtained permission to use the best German map, which I have corrected so as to show the strategic rectification of the Thessalian frontier at the peace of December 4, 1897. Unfortunately this has necessitated leaving the bulk of the names in the map in their German dress.

W. M.

10, Cheyne Gardens, Chelsea.
October 31, 1898.

INTRODUCTION

WHEN the inhabitants of the Balkan Peninsula are meditating a journey to any of the countries which lie to the west of them, they speak of "going to Europe," thereby avowedly considering themselves as quite apart from the European system. So far as "Europe" is concerned this geographical inaccuracy possesses considerable justification. For of all parts of our continent none is so little known to the average traveller as the Near East, from which he is nowadays but two-and-a-half days' distant by rail. It is no exaggeration to say that many regions of Africa are more familiar to the cultured Englishman or German than the lands which lie beyond the Adriatic. Only when a newspaper correspondent reports from time to time that some fresh conspiracy has been detected against the King of Servia or the Prince of Bulgaria, that the Greeks are fighting against the Turks or paying their creditors, and that Prince Nicholas of Montenegro is disposing of one of his daughters in marriage, does public attention turn for a moment to the Balkan States. Yet to the politician and the historical student, to the traveller and the artist, to

the man of business and the man of letters, few countries should prove so interesting as these. In the Balkan Peninsula that uncanny bird, the Eastern question, has its eyrie, and there one day, when Russia is ready, the fate of the Ottoman Empire may be decided. There, too, under the auspices of Austria-Hungary, perhaps the most remarkable experiment in the government of an Oriental country is being conducted; while, in other parts of the same Peninsula, young and newly-emancipated nations are demonstrating their capacity, or incapacity, for managing their own affairs on European lines with all the modern apparatus of Parliament and Press. It has been reserved for the Balkans, too, to present us with the most curious instance of patriarchal government now extant; and, in common with Asiatic Turkey, to prove to the world that great military power may co-exist with the feeblest and most corrupt of civil administrations. Here again, in the past, great empires, of which Western Europe is almost unconscious, rose up at the bidding of some Bulgarian or Servian Tsar, and then fell at his death, yet, falling, left memories behind them which have had a lasting effect on the politics of our time. The battlefield of Kossovo, the exploits of the great Emperor Dušan, and the feats of the mediæval rulers of Bulgaria—these are scarcely even names to most of us in the West, but in the Balkans are living, and sometimes very awkward, realities. Here, four times within the present century, the armies of the Russian and the

Turk have met; and here, just twenty years ago, the collective wisdom of Europe closed the last great war of our time. The traveller in pursuit of the picturesque or in flight from the commonplace will find here what he seeks and can escape what he shuns. Full justice has scarcely even now been done to the natural beauties of South-Eastern Europe. The splendid primæval forests of Bosnia, the azure fiords of Dalmatia, the snow mountains on the Macedonian frontier of Bulgaria, the gentle English scenery of Servia, and the grim magnificence of Montenegro's limestone citadel—these remain, even now, almost unvisited. And in the Balkan Peninsula the interest of travel and the beauties of the landscape are immensely enhanced by the extraordinary variety of costume and customs, which still happily linger on in most parts of the Near East. No Italian market-place can show such an amount of colour as the squares of the Dalmatian coast-towns; no Swiss mountaineer can compare in physique or in dress with the gigantic, crimson-clad highlanders of Cetinje; no artist's model is half so artistic as the shaven Albanian, with his arsenal of weapons. From the practical standpoint, too, the British trader might with advantage turn more attention to countries which, though individually small, between them muster over ten million inhabitants, and where the British commercial traveller is almost unknown. And, finally, to the literary man, the Balkan Peninsula, with its extraordinary medley of races and languages,

affords a field of observation which is all but virgin soil. Here the Bulgarian and the Greek, the Albanian and the Serb, the Osmanli, the Spanish Jew and the Roumanian, live side by side. Here we have the curious phenomena of people speaking practically the same language yet using a different alphabet; of the same race, split up into three distinct religions; of converts from Christianity becoming more Mussulman than the Turks themselves. In short, the Balkan Peninsula is, broadly speaking, the land of contradictions. Everything is the exact opposite of what it might reasonably be expected to be; the traveller finds himself in the realms of romance, where all his wonted ideas are turned topsy-turvy, and soon falls into the native distinction between what they do "on the Balkan" and what they do in "Europe."

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I.

THE THRESHOLD OF THE NEAR EAST: ISTRIA AND DALMATIA.

PAGE

From Trieste to Pisino—Istrian politics—The Foïba—Abbazia—Pola—Characteristics of Dalmatia—Dalmatian seamen—Lussinpiccolo—Zara—Sebenico—The Kerka Falls—Dalmatian dress—Slavs and Italians—Want of railways—Traù—Spalato—Ragusa, the "South Slavonic Athens"—Dalmatian politics—Lacroma—Valley of the Ombla—The Bocche di Cattaro . . . 1–40

CHAPTER II.

A PATRIARCHAL PRINCIPALITY: MONTENEGRO.

Effects of Princess Helena's marriage—Growth of Cetinje—Character of Prince Nicholas—His relations with England—His political aims—His relations with Austria-Hungary—A benevolent autocrat—His Court—Montenegrin dress—Crown Prince Danilo—Montenegrin Ministers—Christmas at Cetinje—The standing army—Roads and Post-office—Montenegrin harbours—Trade and Education—Scenery—Rjeka—Podgorica—Dioclea—Danilovgrad—The Monasteries of Ostrog—Nikšić—Ride to Risano . 41–86

CHAPTER III.

THE MODEL BALKAN STATE: BOSNIA AND THE HERCEGOVINA.

History prior to the Occupation—The first four years—Religious equality: Catholics, Orthodox, and Mussulmans—Education—Technical training—The land question—Railways—Government hotels—Trade—The Press—Administration—Montenegrin aspirations—Taxation—Public health—Baron and Baroness Von Kállay—The future of the Occupied territory 87–130

Contents

CHAPTER IV.

THROUGH THE OCCUPIED TERRITORY.

PAGE

From Ragusa to Metković : the Narenta Canal—Incidents of railway-travel—Počitelj — Mostar—Bridge and bazar—Costume — The source of the Buna—Radobolje—Jablanica—The Bogomiles —Konjica—The Bosnian Capital –Its buildings old and new— Cemetries and dervishes—A Bosnian bath—Travnik and its tattooed women—Jajce—The last Bosnian king—Jezero—Banjaluka—The Croatian frontier—By wood train to the Bosna—Maglaj, past and present—Vranduk 131–177

CHAPTER V.

'TWIXT AUSTRIAN AND TURK : THE SANDŽAK OF NOVI-BAZAR.

From Sarajevo to the frontier — Čajnica — Administration : the mixed Occupation—Judicial system—Political importance of the "military colony"—From the frontier to Plevlje—Plevlje—The Pasha—Monastery of the Holy Trinity—Railway prospects— Down the Drina on a raft—Višegrad and Rogatica—Back to Sarajevo 178–205

CHAPTER VI.

BARBARISM AND CIVILISATION : THE ALBANIAN COAST AND CORFÙ.

The Albanian question — Medua — Durazzo, past and present — Valona—Santi Quaranta—Corfù, Homeric and British — The King's Villa—Corfù during the war—Palaeokastrizza—Ascension Day—Cephalonia—Zante 206–236

CHAPTER VII.

GREECE : THE COUNTRY AND THE CAPITAL.

A Greek inn—Olympia—Railways — Patras — Monasteries : Megaspelàion—Greek saddles—Delphi—Corinth : its canal and citadel —Nauplia—The Easter dances at Megara—Characteristics of Athens—Good Friday and the earthquakes—Athens during the war : the Press, the hospitals and the refugees—Piræus— Marathon—Brigandage—Volo—The Turks in Thessaly . 237–278

Contents

CHAPTER VIII.

GREECE : DEMOCRACY UNLIMITED.

PAGE

The King : the reversion of feeling in his favour—Greek politicians : MM. Delyannis, Rhallis, Zaïmis, Streit, Deligeorgis, and Karapanos—General Smolenski—The Greek Parliament—Parties—Salaries—Reforms now advocated—The "spoils system"—Over-education—Neglect of the provinces—Police—Is a second chamber possible ?—The King's duty—Importance of Greece to Great Britain—The future 279–320

CHAPTER IX.

CRETE UNDER THE CONCERT.

The quay at Canea—Western amusements—Conflicting jurisdictions—Russia's aims in Crete—The British at Candia—The Christians at Aliakanou—Isolation of the two parties—Devastation of the island—The bright side—A Mussulman picnic—The market at Halmyros—The Candidature of Prince George : conditions of its success—Disadvantages of the Prince—Will Crete desire ultimate union with Greece ?—Specimens of Turkish misrule—Cost of Crete to Turkey 322–352

CHAPTER X.

SAMOS : A STUDY IN AUTONOMY.

Vathy—The Prince of Samos—No analogy with Crete—Prosperity of Samos—Its Government and educational system—Success of Autonomy—Another autonomous island : Ada Kaleh . . 353–362

CHAPTER XI.

THE PROMISED LAND : MACEDONIA.

Salonica, seen from the sea and on land—The Macedonian question—The doctrine of nationalities—Mixture of races in Macedonia—The Bulgarian claims—The Servian claims—The claims of Greece—Those of the Roumanians and of the Albanians—"Macedonia for the Macedonians"—Austria-Hungary at Salonica 363–389

Contents

CHAPTER XII.

THE CYNOSURE OF THE NEAR EAST: STAMBÛL.

PAGE

Turkish officialdom—The spy system—Censorship of the Press—The foreign post-offices—The currency—A bookseller's experiences—*Yol teskereh*—Impediments to trade—The Sultan and his system—Cause of the Armenian massacres—Robert College—Turkish women—Brûsa—Society at Stambûl—The dogs—Montenegrin *cavasses*—Fires—A householder's woes—Turkish time—Suburban resorts 390–432

CHAPTER XIII.

AN EXPERIMENT IN EMANCIPATION: BULGARIA.

Bulgarian coinage—Bourgas—Philippopolis—Through the Valley of Roses to the Shipka Pass—Bulgarian surgery—The "Bulgarian Switzerland"—Missionaries at Samakov—The servant question—Sofia—New railways—The *Sobranje*—Prince Boris—Prince Ferdinand—The politicians: Dr. Stoïloff, M. Grekoff, and M. Načević—Treatment of Mussulmans—Slivnica—Relations with Servia—King Alexander and his father—Servia and Austria-Hungary—Servian scenery—Niš—Belgrade 433–478

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GREAT POWERS IN THE NEAR EAST.

Solutions of the Eastern Question—A Balkan Confederation—A Servian, Bulgarian, or Greek Empire—A reformed Turkey—A settlement by the Great Powers—The Eastern policy of Great Britain—Decline of British trade and influence—Growth of German power—France and Italy in the Near East—Austria-Hungary and Russia—The "sick man's" protracted death-agony . 479–509

INDEX 511

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

STAMBÛL	*Frontispiece*
ATHENS	*Vignette*
	PAGE
THE FOÏBA, PISINO	5
THE AMPHITHEATRE, POLA	9
CASA ROSSINI, SEBENICO	17
THE *LOGGIA*, TRAÙ	23
SPALATO	25
THE MARKET-PLACE, RAGUSA	29
PALACE OF THE RECTOR, RAGUSA	31
CASTELNUOVO	37
CATTARO	39
PALACE AT CETINJE. PRINCE NICHOLAS AND THE KING OF SERVIA	48
PORTRAIT OF PRINCE NICHOLAS OUTSIDE BRITISH LEGATION	57
POSTMASTER AND LANDLORD	70
MONTENEGRIN BOYS	76
DANILOVGRAD	80
COFFIN OF LAST BOSNIAN KING	88
CORPUS CHRISTI DAY AT MOSTAR	92
MOSTAR, HERCEGOVINA	93

List of Illustrations

	PAGE
MECCA PILGRIMS	95
A MUSSULMAN WOMAN	100
SARAJEVO	124
BARONESS VON KÁLLAY	126
"A WHOLE BOATLOAD OF MEN AND WOMEN"	132
MUSSULMAN WOMAN OF MOSTAR	135
CHRISTIAN WOMEN AT MOSTAR	136
THE SOURCE OF THE BUNA	139
"A BOSNIAK CARRYING A RAM ON HIS BACK"	146
THE BAZAR AT SARAJEVO	148
"THE SHADY TURN OF THE RIVER WHERE THE MUSSULMAN DELIGHTS TO DRINK HIS COFFEE"	151
STREET IN TRAVNIK	154
IN THE BAZAR AT TRAVNIK	156
JAJCE: THE OLD BOSNIAN CAPITAL	158
PENANCE AT JAJCE	160
"THE BEAUTIFUL MINARET . . . WHICH ADORNS THE FERHADIJA MOSQUE"	166
VRANDUK	175
ČAJNICA	180
PLEVLJE	191
"THE SERB WOMEN, WHO HERE WEAR . . . KILTS OVER THEIR LONG GARMENTS"	193
THE BAZAR, PLEVLJE	195
OUR RAFT ON THE DRINA	198
OLD BRIDGE AT VIŠEGRAD	199
GIPSIES, VIŠEGRAD	200
A STREET SCENE, VIŠEGRAD	201

List of Illustrations

	PAGE
CHILDREN AT VIŠEGRAD	202
OUR CARRIAGE AT PODROMANJA	204
OLIVE GROVE, CORFÙ	215
ROYAL PALACE, FORMER RESIDENCE OF BRITISH LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER	221
"ROUGH MOUNTAINEERS . . . WITH THEIR VAST CLOAKS OF FRIEZE"	224
"A HUMBLE *HAN* . . . SUPPORTED ON WHITE-WASHED PILLARS"	228
PALAEOKASTRIZZA, CORFÙ	230
CORFIOTE WOMAN	234
DELPHI	248
THE CORINTH CANAL	251
M. DELYANNIS	286
M. RHALLIS	290
GENERAL SMOLENSKI (MINISTER OF WAR)	299
CANEA, AFTER THE RIOTS OF FEBRUARY, 1897	321
THE QUAY OF CANEA	322
MOUND AT CANEA (SHOWING FLAGS OF TURKEY AND THE POWERS)	324
STREET IN CANDIA	327
CHRISTIAN INSURGENTS AT ALIAKANOU	330
RETHYMNO	333
A MUSSULMAN PICNIC NEAR CANDIA	336
SIR A. BILIOTTI AND COLONEL SIR H. CHERMSIDE WITH GROUP OF CRETAN CHIEFS	341
CRETAN BOYS	343
CANDIA	345
A BAIRAM RAM: CANEA	350

List of Illustrations

PAGE

CRETAN LADIES SHOPPING . . . 352

VATHY: SAMOS 353

POLICEMAN AT VATHY 355

SAMIANS 359

"SALONICA, SEEN FROM THE SEA" . . . 364

"THE FINE OLD ARCH OF THE EMPEROR GALERIUS" . 368

A JEWESS OF SALONICA 383

THE BRITISH POST OFFICE, GALATA . . . 396

"THE LORD OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE GOES FORTH TO HIS DEVOTIONS" 406

CARTS USED TO CONVEY MASSACRED ARMENIANS . . 409

"THE GREAT TOWERS OF THE 'CASTLE OF EUROPE'" 413

BRÛSA 419

RUSSIAN MONUMENT, SAN STEFANO . . . 431

BULGARIAN BRIDE 434

PHILIPPOPOLIS 438

BULGARIANS DANCING 442

BULGARIAN PEASANTS 446

THE PALACE, SOFIA 457

"THE TINY PRINCE DRIVES OUT" . . . 461

BRIDGE OVER THE MARICA, SCENE OF THE PHILIPPOPOLIS MURDER 464

JOSEPH HANEMIAN, THE MURDERED CLERK OF THE BRITISH POST OFFICE 492

MAP (IN POCKET AT END OF VOLUME).

Travels and Politics in the Near East

CHAPTER I

THE THRESHOLD OF THE NEAR EAST: ISTRIA AND DALMATIA

OF the countless travellers who pass through Trieste every year on their way to the East, few have the curiosity to explore the peninsula, which runs far out into the azure-blue waters of the Adriatic and divides the great Austrian seaport from the lovely gulf of the Quarnero. Istria is still the least known of all the Austrian provinces, although the "discovery" of Abbazia by an enterprising railway company has in recent years attracted the attention of Viennese society to the charms of its eastern coast. But, in spite of the excellent service of steamers, which call at all the principal places on its shores, and the state railway, which traverses the interior from end to end, the Istrian peninsula is less familiar to British tourists than that of Sinai, and many educated Englishmen have never so much as heard its name.

Yet no country in Europe presents such rapid and remarkable changes of scenery. At one point you have waving groves of laurel and smiling vineyards, with a climate which recalls that of the French Riviera; at another, barren rocks and a total lack of vegetation remind you that you are in the domain of the *bora*, that terrible wind, which is the scourge of the Adriatic, which

blows railway trains off the track and sweeps away trees and unroofs buildings in its headlong course. The soil, too, is all the colours of the rainbow. White Istria, yellow Istria, red Istria follow each other in quick succession, and, when lighted up by the rays of the setting sun, the red earth becomes a gorgeous purple, marvellous to behold.

The Istrian railway, which slowly winds its tortuous path up the hills above the gulf of Trieste, enters the stony desert of the Karst, a region which for barrenness is unequalled in all Europe. Yet there is something quaint and even attractive about these limestone boulders scattered hither and thither broadcast over the land, like missiles in some battle of the giants. We pass by deep ravines, formed by almost perpendicular walls of rock, with here and there a tiny chapel clinging on to the mountain-side, while, far below, the sea shimmers in the sunlight. And then the line turns down into the peninsula, and the quaint old towns of Istria, with names as picturesque as their situation, begin to appear. The fat fingers of a very loquacious lady, who is going to Pola, wave to and fro in front of the carriage window, as she discusses her family affairs with a new-found acquaintance, and prevent us from seeing as much of the view as we could wish. But a lucid interval fortunately intervenes as we approach Pinguente, once the seat of the margraves of Istria, who built the walls which still surround it. Perched on a hilltop, Pinguente seems the very ideal of those old Italian cities which Virgil has so graphically depicted as "piled by force on the summit of steep rocks"—*congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis.*

It was evening when we arrived at Pisino, the most interesting place in the interior of the peninsula, and we wondered whether a habitable inn existed in so primitive a spot, for we had read strange descriptions of Istrian

accommodation. But our fears were speedily set at rest by a smart young fellow, who at once stepped forward and offered to escort us to the *Aquila Nera*. The "Black Eagle" proved to be a comfortable inn, such as one finds in small Italian towns, where the linen was of spotless whiteness and the Istrian wine at 80 kreuzers (or 1s. 4d.) a litre, as sound a vintage as the heart of man could desire. Our host, though an Istrian by birth, was, like some of his compatriots, an Italian by sentiment. He had, indeed, hung up in his parlour the inevitable portraits of the Austrian Emperor and Empress, which adorn every inn, however humble, throughout the length and breadth of the Monarchy. But his real interest was centred on a map of the seat of the war, then going on in Abyssinia, by the aid of which he was following the fortunes of the Italian troops with the closest attention. Indeed, some Italian extremists go so far as to include Istria in that "unredeemed Italy" which they hope one day to see comprised within the kingdom of Umberto. It is true that, though Istria has been in the uninterrupted possession of the House of Hapsburg ever since 1814, a large section of the population, amounting at the last census to 45 per cent., is Italian by race and language, just as it was in the days when, prior to 1797, Venice owned the peninsula. Three years ago the Italian element in Istria was particularly demonstrative against the Slavs, for here, as in Dalmatia, though in vastly different proportions, these two races practically divide the country between them. When it was decided that public notices at the Courts of Justice should be put up in both languages, and that jurymen should be expected to understand the two idioms, the indignation of the Italian party found vent in acts of violence. At Pirano the military had to be called out; at another place the mob tore down the offending notice-boards; and finally

the commotion was such that the Government dissolved the local assembly, which meets to discuss the internal affairs of the province. At the beginning of this year that body was convoked, not, as usual, at Parenzo, but at Pola. Since then, encouraged by a section of the Italian press, the agitation has gone on intermittently. But no sensible statesman in Italy regards the Irredentists as serious persons, or the cession of Istria as within the range of practical politics.

We were aroused early in the morning by the sound of the bells, which were being rung with tremendous energy in the adjacent *campanile*. It was a great festival of the Church, and a long line of peasants, cap in hand and with their fingers devoutly clasped in front of them, defiled through the streets behind the priests, who were bearing the sacred banners before them. The men were excellent types of the Istrian people—stolid, phlegmatic fellows, who never manifest the smallest interest or curiosity in a stranger, though strangers are none too common in their country. In Sicily I have known a whole crowd of street loungers come up to my bedroom for the mere pleasure of hearing me order my dinner or pay my driver, while a single question, addressed to a bystander, would at once attract a host of inquisitive onlookers, each eager to know my business, and have a finger in it, if possible. But your Istrian is not of that sort. He goes on his way, perfectly regardless of the stranger within his gates. In his rough frieze coat and short breeches he looks intensely bucolic, but the huge earring, which he wears in one ear, gives him a distinguishing characteristic which is quite his own.

Pisino possesses in the Foïba a natural attraction, which is at present undefiled by the hoof of the tripper. If situated in Germany or Switzerland it would have long ago been disfigured by advertisements of chocolate, a

THE FOÏBA, PISINO

cog-wheel railway, tin edifices from which to admire the view, and all the other abominations invented by tourist associations for the "improvement" of nature. Here the Foïba is left in its native wildness, and the visitor to his own devices. Suddenly, at the end of the main street, one comes upon a grand old donjon, dating from the eleventh century, whose walls are still emblazoned with the arms of the counts who once dwelt there, while a whole colony of swallows have made their nests beneath its hospitable eaves. The castle is built on a terrace of rock, and 300 feet below it the river Foïba winds its way along the bottom of the ravine, and disappears in a deep chasm beneath the earth. Slowly and by a precipitous path we descended into the gulf and climbed over the boulders of rock, which mark the course of the stream, up to the mouth of the chasm. No human being has ever explored its inmost recesses and discovered where the river ultimately emerges from its subterranean channel. A young Austrian official, Count Mathias Esdorf, once made the attempt in a small boat, but with no other result than to inspire M. Jules Verne with the plot of one of his most exciting novels. In the French romance a prisoner escapes from his cell in the donjon, climbs down into the chasm and gains his freedom through the hole, or *buco*, as the natives call it, into which the Foïba pours its waters. It is, however, supposed that the channel communicates with the fiord of Leme, which runs inland towards Pisino from the west coast of Istria. At any rate, objects thrown into the *buco* have been picked up near the estuary of the fiord. I have seen several of these mysterious underground passages in the Balkan Peninsula, where they are not uncommon, but only one of them, that near Mostar, can compare in grandeur with that of the Foïba. The view from below of the beetling rocks, rising perpendicular from the chasm, with the

town nestling on the summit, the grey old walls of the donjon, and the distant roar of the waters beneath the ground, make a great impression, only partially conveyed to those who have not seen and heard them by the aid of a travelling photographer from Pola, whom we unearthed in a back-yard.

It would be difficult to conceive a greater contrast than that between this mediæval spot, which has not changed since the days of its ancient counts, and the lovely watering-place of Abbazia, the gem of the Istrian coast. Centuries ago a Benedictine Abbey was founded there and gave Abbazia its name, but until the last sixteen years that now celebrated health resort, patronised by emperors and kings, and striving to rival Cannes and Mentone, was nothing but a few fishermen's huts. But in 1882 the manager of the Southern Railway Company of Austria, struck with the charms of the place, resolved to make Abbazia into a fashionable *Curort*. Large hotels, the property of the railway company, now rise amidst groves of laurel, with gardens running down to the bright blue waters of the bay. Shops and a colonnade have been built to exhibit all the latest fashions of Vienna, and when we arrived at the little station of Mattuglie, which serves Abbazia, we realised at once from the photograph in the booking-office, which represented the meeting of the German and Austrian Emperors on the occasion of their visit in 1894, that the fortune of the place was made. But nothing could spoil the beauty of Abbazia, though its sweet simplicity was gone, and the scale of prices at its palatial hotels is somewhat different from the modest sum of 3 gulden, 27 kreuzers (or about 5s. 6d.), which we had paid for bed and a whole day's board for two persons at Pisino. The walk along the coast through luxuriant vineyards, the blue sea and sky, and, in the distance, floating as it were in the water, the islands of the

Quarnero—broad Veglia, and long, rocky Cherso, where the old Argonautic legend placed the crime of Medea—this may, indeed, compare with the view from the Corniche over the Mediterranean littoral. No wonder that to an ardent yachtsman like the German Emperor Abbazia was specially attractive, or that the poetic Queen of Roumania chooses it as a favourite spot. In fact, were it not for the occasional blasts of the dreaded *bora*, the curse of the Austrian, just as the *mistral* is the bane of the French, Riviera, the place would be an earthly paradise.

Comparatively small as it is, Istria presents in Pola yet another contrast, which after mediæval Pisino and nineteenth century fashionable Abbazia comes as a striking change. And, indeed, Pola is in itself a town of opposites, where the two extremes of ancient remains and modern naval works coexist side by side. For Pola is at once an Austrian Portsmouth and an old Roman town. Here a superb amphitheatre rises on the edge of the water, where the last new ironclad is lying at anchor; here the Golden Gate and the Temple of Augustus have dockyards and arsenals as their neighbours, and the statue of Tegetthoff, the Austrian Nelson, looks down on the narrow, stone-paved streets, where Diana's ruined fane affords silent record of the past. The mailed figure of an Istrian margrave on the wall of the town-hall seems out of place among the naval officers, who are strolling in what was once the forum. But Pola is more prosperous now than it has been for centuries. The recent movement in Austria-Hungary for a development of the navy and the foundation of a newspaper this year for the express purpose of combating the old theory, which considered the Monarchy as essentially, and almost exclusively, an inland State, cannot fail to benefit the place, even though the Bocche di Cattaro are likely to divide with it in the

THE AMPHITHEATRE, POLA.

future, even more than in the present, the privilege of a great naval harbour.

Given fair weather, nothing can be more delightful than a voyage along the eastern shores of the Adriatic. There is none of the monotony of ocean travel in Dalmatian waters, for, with one or two exceptions, the steamer's course is never out in the open sea, and even then land is always in sight. For most of the way you glide as in a river between the islands and the coast, threading magnificent fiords—but fiords beneath a Southern sky—or stopping beneath the grey walls of some mediæval town, whose inhabitants, dressed in the most artistic of costumes, throng the quays and fill the steep, narrow streets and old-fashioned squares, like the chorus in Italian opera. Dalmatia, it is true, lacks vegetation, and the eye is somewhat wearied by the eternal whiteness of her conical hills and stony uplands. But the colour harmonises well with the intense blue of sky and sea, and the brilliant scarlet costumes of the peasantry. In places, too, as between Traù and Spalato, at Ragusa, in the island of Lesina, and on the hills above the lovely Bocche di Cattaro, trees and shrubs grow luxuriantly, and the great success which has attended the efforts of the Austrian Government at planting the shores of the Bocche and a part of Istria during the short space of eighteen years proves that in course of time the bare Dalmatian coast may, with proper care, become green and fertile. Last year alone 3,219,000 new trees were planted in the Karst regions of Görz and Gradisca at a cost of 9,782 gulden, so that in course of time the ravages of the Venetian shipbuilders and the destructive goats will be repaired. Dalmatia is, indeed, the Cinderella of the Austrian provinces, and she has been neglected in the past by the statesmen of Vienna. As a Dalmatian priest once remarked to me, "the Austrians regard Dalmatia as the other end of the

world," and I am told that nearly all the roads in the country date from the brief French occupation between 1805 and 1814, when Marshal Marmont employed his soldiers in improving the means of communication. Indeed, far more has been done for Bosnia and the Hercegovina during the twenty years of the Austrian occupation than for Dalmatia in the eighty-four which have elapsed since she definitely became a part of the Monarchy. Politics have, unfortunately, had a great deal to do with this neglect. It is pitiful to read the bitter articles with which the Slav and Italian journals of Dalmatia attack one another, instead of uniting for the common weal and endeavouring to raise the material standard of the country. "Politics," said a very distinguished Dalmatian to me, "have been our ruin," and here, as in so many parts of the Monarchy, politics are entirely a question of race and language. But there are signs that Austria has at last begun to recognise the great value of the Dalmatian ports and the Dalmatian seamen. The Imperial navy is entirely recruited from the seafaring population of this coast; the captains of the merchant marine are all Dalmatians, in many cases *Bocchesi*, or natives of the Bocche di Cattaro, and the shores of that lovely fiord and the peninsula of Sabioncello are dotted with white houses, where these veterans spend the evening of their days on the borders of that sea which they know so well. A British admiral once said that the Dalmatian sailors could alone compare with the men of our own eastern coast, thanks to the early experience which they gain of the treacherous currents, the fickle breezes, and the intricate navigation of the Adriatic. For, though on all my visits that sea was as calm as a lake for days together, there are seasons when it well merits the epithet of "turbid," which Horace long ago applied to it. Woe betide the unskilled mariner who

ventures out in those narrow channels when the *bora* is blowing. Their very names are indicative of bad weather, and one of them is significantly called the Canale di Mal Tempo. But Hadria, as I know him, has always proved mild and gentle.

The Austrian-Lloyd and Hungarian-Croatian steamship companies, which divide between them the passenger traffic of the coast, do all they can to make the trip pleasant and comfortable. The vessels of both lines are well appointed, the officers are most polite, and the table is excellent. The only complaint which I had to make with the meals was that they were too long—a criticism which could not be applied to the berths. The wine is everywhere good in Dalmatia, and in some places, such as Sebenico, far above the average quality. Dinner on board is always a most sociable meal, even for travellers who cannot speak any language but English, for the captain is sure to have been at some time or other in British ports, and has usually picked up a good many English words. I know one captain in the employ of the Austrian-Lloyd who speaks German, English, Italian, French, Serb, Turkish, and a little Albanian—the last a very rare accomplishment even for those who have lived in Albania. So proud was he of his acquaintance with our country and speech, that he used to keep *Whitaker's Almanack* on the dinner-table and read passages out of it for my edification. He could tell without reference to the precious volume the exact emoluments of every British Consul in the south-east of Europe, and I never saw him at a loss for a phrase, except when he endeavoured to translate into Austrian currency the income of the Duke of Westminster for the benefit of his first officer. I fancied that I traced his handiwork in the 12th and last rule of the steamship regulations which adorned the cabin. The English version of this remarkable announcement ex-

pressed the belief that "Passengers, having a right to be treated like persons of education, will no doubt conform themselves to the rules of good society, by respecting their fellow-travellers and paying a due regard to the fair sex."

The steamer from Pola soon passes the southern point of the low-lying Istrian peninsula, beyond which the lofty peak of Cherso, in the gulf of the Quarnero, is clearly visible, and begins its voyage among the hundred islands and islets which lie scattered along the north-east coast of the Adriatic. Lussin-piccolo is the place at which these vessels usually stop first—a fine harbour formed by two arms of the island of Lussin. The town, though christened "the small" to distinguish it from Lussin "the great," on the other side of the island, has now outgrown its name. It has long been an important seat of the ship-building industry, and during the last few years, thanks to its mild winter climate, has blossomed out into a fashionable health resort. The presence of the Austrian heir-apparent here one winter at once drew attention to the charms of the spot, and Lussin-piccolo is rapidly developing into a *Curort*, with a *Fremdenliste*, a circulating library, and a special German guide-book, all to itself. But the visitors, who come to enjoy the balmy air of Lussin-piccolo, must occasionally be English, for I noticed on the library shelves a copy of Sir Edwin Arnold's poems, not just the sort of reading which one would expect to find on an island in the Adriatic, and a susceptible Austrian lieutenant confessed to me that he had lost his heart to a young English lady whom he had met there. Meanwhile, Lussin "the great" has remained stationary, and her old Venetian houses and battlements show that her "greatness" is of the past.

The traveller usually arrives at Zara, the capital of Dalmatia and the headquarters of the maraschino manu-

facture, very early in the morning, and the arrangement is a good one, as it enables him to obtain his first glimpse of a Dalmatian coast town under the most favourable circumstances; for the situation of Zara, always picturesque, is seen to the best advantage in the morning light, and it is then, too, that the country folk come trooping into the city with their fowls and their market produce. Built on a narrow tongue of land, Zara possesses two harbours, one on either side of the peninsula, and the steamers lie alongside the quay at the foot of the ramparts. A lion of St. Mark over the gateway, which leads into the town, reminds the visitor at the entrance of the seven centuries of Venetian domination, now gone for ever. Once inside the gate you might fancy yourself in Venice. It is true that the "high walls and great towers" which made the Crusaders exclaim, "How could such a city be taken unless our Lord Himself besieged it?" have long since crumbled into dust, and the later fortifications, with which the famous Venetian engineer, Sammichieli, surrounded Zara, have been converted into peaceful promenades, where the natives take the air in the cool of the day. But the narrow streets and lanes, the well-paved squares, and the stone cisterns, suggest the City of the Lagoons. When you reach the Piazza dei Signori you might imagine yourself back in the Piazza di San Marco. There is the clock tower, just as at Venice; there, too, is the *loggia* with the stone bench, where once the Venetian judges sat and administered justice, and to complete the comparison, there, as in Venice, is the principal café of the city, where maraschino is served out to you in tumblers, just as if it were taken from the cask. There is a touch of Venice, too, in the market-square, or Piazza dell' Erbe, where a huge column, in ancient days a pillar of Diana's temple, surmounted by a broken-winged lion of St. Mark, towers above the stalls and the clatter of the

market women, while near its base still swings in the morning breeze the iron chain, which once bound the tradesmen who could not pay their debts. Zara is even now the most Italian of Dalmatian cities ; it is there that *Il Dalmata*, the organ of the Italian party in Dalmatia, is published, and the proportion of those who speak Italian is larger there than in other places on the coast. The recent "discovery" of the Adriatic towns by tourist agencies has already had its effect upon the trade of Zara, and I noticed on my second visit, as an evidence of this increasing traffic, that elaborately coloured postcards, containing pictures of, and greetings from, Zara, had within the last two years found a ready sale in the shops. Indeed, the rage for these *Ansichtskarten* is now such, that the most obscure places in the East seek to advertise themselves by this means. Even in Crete and in the Sandžak of Novi-Bazar I had them thrust upon me, and I shall not forget the excitement of a small and remote Bosnian town, when the first specimens, specially ordered by the principal official of the place, arrived from the engraver.

The weather was magnificent, and the sky and sea of the most azure blue, when we continued our voyage, along the narrow channel of Zara, towards Sebenico and the South. We stopped on the way at the tiny town of Zara Vecchia, now little more than a fishing village, but famous in Dalmatian story as the spot where, on the threshold of the twelfth century, Koloman, King of Hungary, had himself crowned King of Dalmatia and Croatia—the commencement of the long duel between Hungary and Venice for the possession of this coast. A little later the Venetians took their revenge by burning "the white city," or Biograd, as it is called in the Croatian tongue, and from that day it has never recovered its ancient prosperity. Farther on we anchored off the

island of Zlarin, celebrated for its coral and sponge fisheries, and no less remarkable for the quaint costume of its women. It was curious to see these ladies coming alongside the steamer with their brown skirts suspended over their shoulders and gathered under their armpits, their white handkerchiefs on their heads, and huge ear-rings, usually of plain gold, in their ears. Closer examination disclosed the further marvels of their toilet —their black or green under-bodices, made without sleeves, and slashed so as to show a white shirt in front, and their girdles of red. Very picturesque they looked, as they stood in the boats and helped their husbands, while, as if to compensate for this elaborate costume, the garb of the small boys, who accompanied them, was simplicity itself—nothing more than a single piece of cloth, serving for coat and trousers alike, and fastened down the back with a row of buttons. Here, indeed, one feels that one has left the conventionalities of Western Europe far behind.

Through a narrow channel, guarded jealously by an old Venetian fort, in whose dungeons political prisoners were wont to languish in days gone by, we entered the bay of Sebenico, next to Ragusa the most picturesque of Dalmatian coast towns. On the quay the host of the Hotel Pellegrino met us and conducted us through quite the most remarkable collection of passages that I have ever traversed, to our chamber. We began at the billiard-room, then crossed the scullery, passed by way of the pigsties and the pigeon-house, climbed a flight of outside stairs, explored the lumber-room, walked across a landing containing a meat-safe and stacks of empty bottles, investigated a huge ante-room full of old chests and cupboards, plunged into a short passage, and finally emerged in a vast bedroom decorated with pictures of the Virgin and the Saints, and commanding a splendid view of the

bay. As our host put it in epigrammatic Italian, "the approach was gloomy, but the room very beautiful." It

CASA ROSSINI, SEBENICO.

will be seen from this that the hotel at Sebenico is nothing if not roomy, and that the traveller will not have

time to perform the gigantic journey to his apartment more than once a day. The food was excellent, although a commercial traveller had assured me on the steamer that Sebenico possessed only two dishes—lamb with peas and peas with lamb. But even so it would have been ahead of many parts of the Near East, where lamb, and lamb alone, is the sole item in the bill of fare. The wine of the neighbourhood is noted, and we sampled with much satisfaction the red vintage known as Tartaro, and the wine called locally maraschino, which is not to be confounded with the liqueur of the same name, but is like milk-punch in colour and very strong. Wine costs next to nothing in Dalmatia, and the beer is also good. Thus fortified, we set out to see the great sight of the district—the Kerka Falls, one of the finest spectacles of the kind in Europe. The road traverses a typical Dalmatian landscape—stones, stones everywhere and not a tree to be seen, with the blue Adriatic gleaming amid the grey limestone rocks. The only inhabitants were a few shepherds and goatherds, watching their flocks, and playing in quite Arcadian fashion on the bagpipes or the Pan's pipe, and here and there a woman, spinning as she walked along the road. Leaving our carriage, we struggled down a very rough path—*molto brutta*, our driver called it—to the mills at the foot of the falls. Amidst luxuriant vegetation, rare indeed in this land of stones, a splendid mass of water comes rushing down the rocks and gliding like a river of glass over a series of steps, while the flakes of foam cover the brushwood on either side. The Kerka Falls are, on a smaller scale, the Niagara of Europe, and will one day, when Dalmatia is more generally known to tourists, bring in a great profit to the natives. Already the waterfall has, like Niagara, been used for the generation of electricity, and it is curious to find so mediæval a town as Sebenico lighted

by electric light, the motive power of which is derived from the Kerka. But an even stranger contrast was that between our very European selves and the five strapping Dalmatians, all clad in the national dress, who lent us their pony for the ride up from the falls. The costume of the Dalmatians, physically one of the finest races in the world, is nowhere more picturesque than at Sebenico, unless, indeed, at Ragusa. Its most striking characteristic is a very small, flat, red cap, with black embroidery at the back and fringe hanging over the edge. This *beretto*, as it is called, is fastened on the back of the head by means of a piece of elastic, and is so small that it affords absolutely no protection from the sun, which in the Dalmatian summer is of a fiery heat. Yet the dandies of Sebenico pride themselves on wearing the smallest possible size. The Dalmatian is, indeed, a very gorgeous person, with his string-covered shoes, or *opanke*, turned up at the toes, his blue breeches, slit at the back of the leg so as to display his bright-coloured socks, with his waistcoat of blue, adorned with two rows of silver buttons, and his short hussar's jacket of brown frieze, covered with red fringe and barely hanging on his shoulders. A striped purse of wool, a leather belt, and a bone-handled knife complete his costume, and, to make it still more theatrical, the true Dalmatian draws his beloved blade at frequent intervals and whets it as he strides along. During our stay at Sebenico we saw the natives in their very best attire, for the narrow streets were filled by a procession of Orthodox Serbs, headed by two high ecclesiastical dignitaries in robes of blue and yellow, each of the faithful carrying a long taper, which was doled out by a quaint old gentleman. Nothing can exceed the devoutness of the people here, for both the Catholic and the Orthodox churches were crammed with men. And Sebenico affords an appropriate, old-world

background to these gorgeously apparelled natives. Although it is one of the termini of the solitary Dalmatian railway, along which two trains saunter leisurely each way every day, it has not greatly altered since the times of the Venetian doges, who for more than three centuries ruled over it. For Sebenico is essentially a Venetian town, although just a hundred years have passed over its grey walls since the lion of St. Mark gave way to the double eagle. The lion is, indeed, still rampant above the ancient doorway in the wall by which you enter the city. The quaint steps and vaulted arch, or *sottoportico*, which confront you inside, are Italian; the narrow streets and handsome balconies have the unmistakable mark of Venice upon them. The magnificent cathedral, with the strange figures of Adam and Eve on either side of the doorway, was the work of two Venetian architects; and, hard by, the ancient palace of the Venetian governors, now converted into a club and café, still remains standing. The town is still crowned by the Venetian fort, which the Turks in vain besieged two and a half centuries ago. But the population of Sebenico, as of all Dalmatia, is to-day more Slav than Italian. It is true that the Italian party in Dalmatia is making efforts to regain its lost supremacy, and receives a certain amount of sympathy from the advanced newspapers in Italy. This year, for instance, the Italian Chamber was agitated because the Italian Consul at Spalato had, in his private capacity, subscribed to the Slav Society of Cyril and Methodius, the apostles of Christianity in the Balkan Peninsula, the former of whom has given his name to the Cyrillic alphabet. But the whole Italian population of Dalmatia, according to the last census, was only 16,000 out of 521,117, while the Serbs and Croats of the province numbered 501,307, or about 96 per cent. of the whole. It is therefore in vain

that *Il Dalmata* insists on the restoration of the Italian language to its old predominance. Under the heading of "Our Demands," this journal wrote[1]: "We demand the autonomy of the province, and that to the Italian nationality in Dalmatia should be given, above all in the schools, the place which belongs to it by the right of centuries." But the present policy of Austria in Dalmatia is to favour the Slav element, which forms the vast majority of the population and has become so important to her since the occupation of Bosnia and the Hercegovina. But at Sebenico there is considerable antagonism between the Slav and the Italian sections, for that place was famous for the high degree of Italian culture to which it attained in Venetian days. A statue of one of Sebenico's modern men of letters, Nicolo Tommaseo, was ready to be unveiled during our stay there, and Italian is still the most useful language for the traveller, not only there but all along the Dalmatian coast, though German has made great headway at Ragusa, owing to the presence of German-speaking soldiers. But the future of these seaport towns is indissolubly bound up with the development of the countries behind them, and these countries are all Slav. What is now most wanted is an extension of the railway system in Dalmatia, which is still completely isolated from the great lines of Europe. Even the single railway, 99½ miles long, that the country possesses, which runs from Spalato to Knin, with a branch to Sebenico, and which Austrians describe as a *Sackbahn*, because it goes nowhere in particular, would hardly have been made if it had not been for the important collieries of Derniš, behind Sebenico, whose brownish products cover the quays of this port whenever a steamer is due. There is

[1] May 9, 1896. This paper appears twice a week. Two other Dalmatian papers, *La Rassegna Dalmata* and *L'Avvisatore Dalmato*, are published half in Italian and half in Croatian. A German monthly periodical, called *Dalmatien*, and published at Vienna, is devoted to the commercial progress of the province.

now, however, a scheme on foot for extending this line to Novi on the existing railway, which connects Bosnia with Croatia, and thus making a communication between the interior and the coast. Moreover, the subsidies granted by the Government to steamship agencies have done much to benefit the Dalmatian ports. But so long as Dalmatia, separated from Bosnia and the Hercegovina, remains a narrow strip of seaboard, its inhabitants will naturally turn their attention to the sea rather than to the development of their country. The Dalmatian Diet has, however, lately taken up the railway question, re-afforesting, the establishment of a tobacco manufactory and an industrial school as all urgent needs of the province.

A few hours' voyage brought us to the most exact model of a mediæval town that Dalmatia has to show. Traù is beautifully situated on an island, which is connected by two bridges with another island on one side and with the mainland on the other. The town itself is completely walled in, and over its hoary gateways the usual lion of St. Mark bears silent witness to its former masters. Within, the narrowest of streets, arched here and there, lead to a *piazza*, where a still finer winged lion at the end of a *loggia* keeps guard over the splendid cathedral of Traù. To the classical scholar Traù is interesting, as having preserved that most curious novel of antiquity, the "Trimalchio's Supper" of Petronius Arbiter. But its classical fame pales before that of Spalato, now, thanks to a swing-bridge, but one hour's steam from Traù, past a strip of coast the most fertile in all Dalmatia, where the "Seven Castles," small towns like the *castelli* of the Roman Campagna, peep out from the refreshing verdure in a climate, the best in Dalmatia, and seem to swim in the water. On a height up the country stands out the ancient castle of Clissa, the key of the old main

THE LOGGIA, TRAÙ.

road into Bosnia, which has stamped its name in letters of blood in the stormy history of these Illyrian lands. And then round a point the town of Spalato comes into view, the tower of its cathedral covered with perpetual scaffolding—for on both of my visits it was thus disfigured. Spalato is no longer entirely built inside the famous Palace of Diocletian, from which, by a slight corruption, it derives its modern name. It still, indeed, presents the unique spectacle of houses, streets, and churches, all massed together within the walls of what was one vast imperial mansion. But the new town has overflowed beyond the walls, for Spalato is not only the largest town in Dalmatia, but is also rapidly growing, and has a great future as well as a great past. Hitherto it has suffered from the jealousy of Hungary, which has resolved at all costs to prevent it from competing with the favoured Hungarian seaport of Fiume. It is for this reason that the Hungarians have steadily opposed Baron von Kállay's project of uniting Spalato by railway *viâ* Aržano with the Bosnian branch line, whose present terminus is Bugojno, and thus making it the *débouché* of the occupied territory. Again and again this plan has been brought forward, but Baron von Kállay has this year been forced to admit in a public speech that it is not at present feasible. That there are considerable natural difficulties in the way of such a line is true; but, as everywhere in Dalmatia, the political obstacles are more serious than those imposed by nature. Once let this line be made, in place of the diligence route over Livno, which now alone connects Spalato with the *Hinterland*, and the town will blossom out into considerable commercial importance. Smartly dressed men and women, fine big cafés and a theatre, in the auditorium of which we took our dinner according to a practice not uncommon in this part of the world, all attest the modern

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development of Spalato; and, having for centuries afforded material to plodding antiquaries, it seems likely to become, on a smaller scale, a Dalmatian Trieste.

Winding about from the islands to the mainland and from the mainland to the islands, we pass Brazza, famous for its wine, and Almissa's ruined castle, once the boundary line between the two Slav tribes of Croats and Serbs in the early days of Dalmatian history, and later the abode of the most dreaded pirates of the whole Illyrian coast. High among the mountains behind Almissa there existed, till the early years of the present century, the quaint Highland Republic of Poljica, which has been styled the "Illyrian San Marino." But, unlike the small Appennine Commonwealth,[1] which still lingers on within the boundaries of United Italy, Poljica has disappeared as a separate State from the map. The great French Emperor, who "bade spare" San Marino, that it might remain "a pattern of a Republic," swept away Poljica in a moment, and thus destroyed one of the most picturesque anachronisms of these South Slavonic lands which Austria had tolerated. But a much more important and interesting Republic perished at the same time and by the same hands. Ragusa is, from every point of view—from that of history, that of art, and that of natural beauty—the gem of the Dalmatian coast, and Ragusa lost her Republican liberties at Napoleon's command. There is preserved in the Ragusan archives a complete list of the Republican magistrates down to the year 1808, when the French forces put an end to Ragusan independence. Much that could have thrown light on the secret story of the Republic's past—and in powers of intrigue the Ragusans were not inferior to their dreaded Venetian rivals—has perished in the flames, to which, on the approach of the French,

[1] Perhaps I may be allowed to refer to an account of San Marino, which I wrote in the *Mémorial Diplomatique* of December 8 and 15, 1894.

the conscript fathers committed their most compromising records. But across the history of the Balkan Peninsula the name of Ragusa is written in letters, not of blood, like that of most Balkan States, but of gold. For the Ragusans were the great traders of the Near East in days gone by. Their "argosies"—said to derive their name from the city which sent them forth—were in every sea; their agents were in every corner of the land, and their lives and liberties were guaranteed wherever they went. Rough Bosnian kings and proud Servian tsars sued for their friendship in return for mining concessions, and "the most favoured nation clause" of modern commercial treaties finds an early parallel in the exceptional trading facilities accorded to them. The great earthquake of the seventeenth century, the memory of which still terrifies the citizens of Ragusa whenever a quiver shakes the white Dalmatian mountains or the trim capital of Carniola, is usually ascribed as the cause of the city's decay, though I am told by the highest local authority[1] that the destruction wrought by that awful calamity was less serious than has been commonly supposed. Masses are still sung in commemoration of it, and a friend of mine once brought all the inhabitants into the streets by telling them that an earthquake was expected. But despite the ravages of these shocks, even now, the streets and gates and walls of Ragusa bear witness to its splendid past. To me no town in the whole East of Europe is so fascinating as this. Against its rocky coast the bright blue waves are ever beating, and I could well understand the patriotic enthusiasm of a much-travelled Ragusan officer who, after describing the beautiful places that he had seen in the course of his travels, exclaimed, "*Aber mein Meer gebe ich nicht auf!*" Ragusa enjoys, too, as

[1] Prof. G. Gelcić, whose book, *Dello Sviluppo Civile di Ragusa*, is a mine of information about Ragusa's art treasures.

its Slav name of Dubrovnik, or "the place of oaks," implies, a vegetation rare in stony Dalmatia. Inside the gates the pigeons and the swallows are flying about by hundreds, and the market-square is alive with people, clad in the most picturesque of costumes. I used to rise every morning at daybreak at Ragusa to watch the peasants in their national garb come into this square to do their marketing. Close as is Ragusa to the Hercegovinian frontier, it naturally attracts the natives of that old Turkish province, where, more than in any other part of the Near East, artistic dress has held its own against the hideous products of the slop-shop, with which the emancipated Oriental too often seeks to disguise his splendid physique. The women from the Hercegovina in long, dark coats, scarlet fezes with a flower behind one ear and white veils streaming down their backs may here be seen buying vegetables and then trudging off in their thick felt leggings, despite the summer heat. But they by no means monopolise the artistic treasures of this *piazza*.

There are other women from the valley of Canali on the road to Cattaro, who vie with their Hercegovinian sisters in the picturesqueness of their headgear—a pleated white handkerchief, contrasting pleasantly with the scarlet and orange colours with which the Ragusan dames love to cover their hair. The men, too, are resplendent in blue and crimson, which show off to the utmost advantage their magnificent stature. The figure of the hero Orlando, which here, as at Bremen, adorns the town, might well have been moulded on that of some stalwart Dalmatian. But the glories of Orlando, and even the restoration of his sword some twenty years ago, are eclipsed by the greater fame of San Biagio—the St. Blazey of our own Cornwall—who has been in all ages the patron saint of Ragusa. If Orlando had the privilege of supporting the standard of the Republic, if the traders of

THE MARKET-PLACE, RAGUSA.

old converted his right arm from the elbow to the wrist into a measure, once known all over the Balkan as the *braccio ragnseo,* or "Ragusan arm," it was reserved for San Biagio to hold the city of Ragusa in the hollow of his left hand. Thus holding his beloved town, the saint in silver gazes at the visitor to his church, while from many a niche in the city walls his figure in stone looks down serenely on the modern fortunes of his chosen people. Go into the old Palace of the Rector, the Government House of the Ragusan Republic, and you expect to see a group of mediæval senators descending the stairs into the court-yard. But here all is still, and there is nothing save a silent statue—that of a shrewd Ragusan corn merchant, who saved his city from the anger of a mediæval emperor, and asked as his sole reward not riches, for he possessed them already, not honours, for none was higher than that of Ragusan citizenship, but the towel which the monarch had tucked beneath his half-shaved, half-soaped chin. Out in the main street, where every house stands detached as a precaution against another earthquake, or up in the steep alleys with their rows of steps, one seems in Italy, were it not for the colour of the dress and the Croatian names over the shops. On an old door you may still see one of those iron knockers, of which the Ragusan patricians were so proud, and which a travelling Englishman once carried off and hung on his London mansion, there to be recognised by the rightful owner. Ragusa is, indeed, essentially a Slav town, and the proportion of Slavs to other nationalities there is four to one. Her admirers have sometimes called her the "South Slavonic Athens," and in some respects the title is deserved. For here arose the "Ragusan school" of poetry, whose best representative, Gundulić, early preached the independence and unity of the Slavs, in his epic, *Osman,* scenes from which now adorn his statue in

PALACE OF THE RECTOR, RAGUSA.

the market-place. At no time, I am told, was Slav the official language of the Republic, which used sometimes Latin and sometimes Italian in its state papers, and had even to employ a Slav interpreter on an emergency, as one volume of the Ragusan records shows. But, though the best Ragusan families, some of whom still pride themselves on their patrician origin, can still speak Italian, the names of the streets are now put up in Slav alone, and that is the tongue of the vast majority of the people. Small, indeed, as Ragusa is—at the last census it numbered 11,177 souls—it possesses the dubious advantage of three separate clubs, the Italian, the Croatian, and the Serb, each representative of the three sections into which Dalmatia is unhappily divided. While the Italians and the Croats have the same Catholic religion but different languages yet the same alphabet, the Croats and the Serbs have practically the same language, except for the fact that the Croats employ the Latin and the Serbs the Cyrillic character, but in religion are separated by the wide chasm which keeps the Roman and the Orthodox Greek Church asunder, and which in South-eastern Europe has been one of the greatest drawbacks to national unity. As in the East ties of religion count for more than anything else, the Dalmatian Serbs are apt to be drawn towards the independent Serb communities outside the boundaries of the Monarchy. Ragusa received many a Bosnian exile when the old Bosnian kingdom fell before the Turks; during the insurrection in the Hercegovina in 1875 she was the headquarters of the insurgents, and the eyes of Prince Nicholas of Montenegro are still directed at times towards the city, which ninety-five years ago his people, with their Russian allies, besieged. The Ragusan newspaper, *Dubrovnik*, does not hesitate to foster this feeling, and during my visit published letters from a correspondent at Mostar which were intended to be as

distasteful as possible to the Austrian Government in the Hercegovina. A Ragusan, too, who had gone to Nikšić, in Montenegro, lately founded a Serb paper with the ominous title of *Nevesinje*—the place in the Hercegovina where the insurrection of 1875 first broke out—for the purpose of fomenting a Montenegrin agitation in the occupied territory. The fate of this paper was, as I anticipated when I saw a copy, to be excluded from the Austrian post-office.[1] It is amusing, too, to notice on the drop-scene of the theatre at Cetinje a picture of Ragusa, so that after a performance of the Prince's political drama, the *Balkanska Carica*, or *Empress of the Balkans*, the curtain may fall and display the "South Slavonic Athens" to the applauding mountaineers. The thoughts of the Croatian party in Dalmatia, on the other hand, are turned towards Agram rather than towards Cetinje. At present Dalmatia sends deputies to the Austrian Reichsrath and has a diet of its own for provincial affairs, which meets at Zara. But the Croats desire the complete amalgamation of Dalmatia with Croatia, which at present enjoys a large measure of Home Rule from Hungary, and has a provincial assembly of its own at Agram. Just before I visited the Croatian capital a learned professor of Agram had made some sensation by demonstrating the historical rights of the old kingdom of Croatia over Dalmatia. As we have seen, Koloman, King of Hungary, united both Croatia and Dalmatia under his sceptre in 1102, and before that date the Croatian rulers had, under one title or another, exercised power over the Dalmatian people. Another section of public opinion at Ragusa is in favour of reviving the Republic—an idea which is almost as unpractical as the dream of a great Serb Empire. The

[1] A similar fate has befallen a violently anti-Austrian book, *Le Balkan slave et la crise autrichienne*, lately written at Ragusa by M. Loiseau, brother-in-law of the Prince of Montenegro's private secretary.

most probable, and also the most practical, solution of these questions is the ultimate amalgamation of Dalmatia with the occupied territory behind it. Until 1878 it was geographically isolated, except where it bordered on Croatia in the north, from the rest of the Monarchy, and was regarded, as an Austrian official once put it to me, in the light of a "transmarine colony." The famous visit of the Emperor Francis Joseph to Dalmatia in 1874, of which the Ragusans still talk, was, however, a new departure, and now, with the occupation of Bosnia and the Hercegovina, Dalmatia is no longer, in Mr. Paton's classic phrase, "a face without a head," and Bosnia and the Hercegovina "a head without a face." More especially will this be the case when the new railway, now in course of construction from Gabela, the next station to Metković on the Metković—Mostar line, to Castelnuovo at the entrance of the Bocche di Cattaro—is finished. This railway, which is primarily intended for military purposes, and, like the Bosnian line, will be of a small gauge, will pass by Ragusa, and a branch is to be made from the Ragusan port of Gravosa to Trebinje in the Hercegovina, which is a most important military point. It is a curious example of history repeating itself, that the outlet of this line should be at Castelnuovo, for that was the spot where Tvrtko I.,[1] the first and greatest of Bosnian kings, founded in the latter half of the fourteenth century a town, which he intended to be the harbour of the whole interior. Under him and his predecessor, Stephen Kotromanić, Bosnia had for the first time a coast-line, and Tvrtko even added the style of King of Dalmatia to his other titles. But at his death this brief union of Dalmatia and Bosnia was quickly severed, and though Hrvoje, the great Bosnian king-maker of the early part

[1] For a detailed account of this I may refer to my article, "Bosnia before the Turkish Conquest," in *The English Historical Review*, for October, 1898.

of the fifteenth century, extended his authority over parts of the coast and some of the islands, it was not till the present generation that Dalmatia belonged to the same *de facto* master as the lands behind it. At two points alone, one in the Sutorina at the entrance of the Bocche di Cattaro, the other at the harbour of Neum behind the long peninsula of Sabioncello, did the jealousy of Ragusa cede outlets on the sea to the Turkish rulers of the Hercegovina, so that the confines of the Ragusan Republic might not march with those of her Venetian rival. But the new railway, when completed, should have other than purely military uses. Connected for the first time with the railway system of the Monarchy by way of Bosnia, Ragusa will then be able to derive far greater benefit from those gifts which nature has lavished on her. The heir-apparent to the Austrian throne remarked last summer to a Dalmatian deputation, which waited upon him, that the natural beauties of the Austrian Riviera were superior to those of the French, but hitherto they have been strangely ignored. The surroundings of Ragusa are, indeed, delightful. Here, almost alone in Dalmatia, rich southern vegetation, the palm, the cactus, and the aloe may be seen flourishing luxuriantly. Take a boat across to the island of Lacroma, where our own Cœur-de-Lion, according to tradition, was shipwrecked on his return from the Crusades and vowed to erect a monastery in gratitude for his deliverance. Among the charming gardens of the Dominican brothers, which a single gardener keeps in artistic disorder, the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian used to wander before he was tempted with the offer of the Mexican throne, and in the cells, which he occupied as his apartments, a number of his English pictures still recall his memory. Here, too, another ill-starred Hapsburg, the late Archduke Rudolph, loved to stay, and his pet dog,

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SPALATO.

one's eyes, with Risano, the oldest town of the Bocche, to which in Roman times it gave its name, and the chief *débouché* of Montenegrin trade, at the end of it. To the right of two fairy islands, each with a church upon it, to which the faithful go on pilgrimage, a splendid bay extends up to the quay of Cattaro, nestling at the foot of the Montenegrin mountains. Along the shores on either side of the Bocche are pleasant hamlets with sweet-sounding names, the home of the ships' captains; and I shall never forget how once, when I entered the Bocche with a favourite captain, many a handkerchief waved from the white villages which peeped out from the trees as the popular commander saluted his friends and relatives from the bridge. On high-days and holidays the *Bocchesi* still appear resplendent in their crimson garments, but at Cattaro costume has almost disappeared from the ancient streets and squares, save where outside the walls a Montenegrin stalks along on his way to the market. Nowadays, Cattaro is essentially a place of arms, and within its quaint old Venetian ramparts, on which the lion of St. Mark still keeps watch, there are swarms of military and naval men. For this is the Austro-Montenegrin, or in other words, Austro-Russian frontier, and it accordingly behoves Austria to keep constant guard at this extreme point of the empire. For one brief moment, in 1813, Cattaro was actually united with Montenegro, whose people had captured it with the aid of a British squadron. But Russia compelled her "little brothers" to hand over the haven to Austria—an event which is sometimes forgotten by those who reproach the Austrians for having taken Spizza. The first time that I arrived in Cattaro I, indeed, thoroughly appreciated, after an experience of the Albanian coast-towns, the remark of a Turkish official with whom I was travelling : "*l'Autriche, c'est le commencement de la civili-*

CATTARO.

sation." Cattaro, with its fine, spacious quay, its old Venetian buildings, and its public garden, where the band plays in the evening, strikes one as civilised indeed after the squalid shanties and rickety landing-stages of the harbours over which the Turkish flag still flies; and if the food is not up to the usual Dalmatian standard one feels here that one is in Europe. Here and there an ancient house with its finely-carved balcony reminds one of the Venetian palaces, or the statue of a mailed warrior in a courtyard takes you back to the days of Cattaro's many sieges. High above the town, at the apex of the triangle formed by the walls, stands the old citadel, perched on a spur of the grey mountain, which seems to push the little town into the gulf at its foot. Shut in by impenetrable walls of rock, Cattaro is moved by no breath of air, and in the hot summer days the temperature is terrible. But the situation is unique in South-eastern Europe, and in sublime grandeur would be difficult to surpass anywhere. No photographer can do justice to the charms of Cattaro and her fiords; but those who have once sailed through them beneath the shadow of the tall cliffs, where the Austrian and the Montenegrin eagles meet, will not soon forget the scene.

CHAPTER II

A PATRIARCHAL PRINCIPALITY: MONTENEGRO

UNTIL the marriage of Princess Helena of Montenegro and the future King of Italy two years ago the European public knew little, and cared less, about the Highland Principality which for five centuries had maintained its independence against the Turks. Well-educated people in London drawing-rooms have asked me whether Cetinje was not the capital of Bulgaria, and whether the Montenegrins were not blacks. The reason of this indifference was partly the isolated position of the country and partly the fact that, alone among Balkan States, the Black Mountain possessed no professional newspaper correspondents, except one laconic individual, whose telegrams were of the shortest and most concise character. A Balkan statesman once observed that happy was the Balkan State, where journalists were unknown, and this form of happiness was for a long time almost monopolised by Montenegro. One official journal, the *Glas Crnogorca*, or *Voice of the Black Mountain*, expressed the opinions of the Prince upon the affairs of the day, and obtained a limited circulation in the Slav districts of the Monarchy. But until the Prince of Naples wooed and won the beautiful Princess, Montenegro, despite her past military glories and her almost unique form of government, was left to blush unseen, save by a few travellers and a handful of diplomatists. Indeed, when I first went

to Cetinje, several of the latter, although they were accredited to the court of Montenegro, resided at Ragusa, preferring the civilisation of the "South Slavonic Athens" to the Spartan simplicity of the Montenegrin capital. But when the news of the Italian marriage took Europe by surprise, immense interest was suddenly displayed in this little Principality. Italian journalists visited Montenegro in swarms, German photographers found the Prince and his people most artistic subjects, and tourists from all lands discovered, to their surprise, that the Near East is not quite so dangerous as many European capitals. Montenegro, in fact, awoke one day to find herself famous, and, so far as notoriety is concerned, the marriage of Princess Helena, followed by that of Princess Anna to Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg, has done more for the country than all the brave deeds of this nation of warriors.

A change has naturally came over Montenegro since she suddenly became of interest to Europe. When I revisited Cetinje this year, I was struck by the alterations in the place. I do not mean mere agglomerations of new houses, although in the last four years the little capital has increased by about a third. Now there are more churches than ever, to the great delight of the Prince, who tells you with pride that his country possesses more churches in proportion to its population than "holy Russia" herself—the standard by which, in Montenegro, everything is measured. Now, too, all the foreign representatives, whose number has been increased by the arrival of Greek, Bulgarian, and Servian agents, live on the spot and in houses of their own, so that the "diplomatic table" in the spacious upper room of the "Grand Hôtel," where once European ministers and Montenegrin senators used to take their meals, is abandoned to young

Prince Mirko's Swiss tutor—one of the standing institutions of Cetinje. The Crown Prince has now a separate establishment of his own, where he lives in state such as no Montenegrin heir-apparent has enjoyed before, and a mausoleum for the founder of the dynasty, erected on the occasion of the Bicentenary, and inaugurated last year, crowns the summit of the Orloff, or "Eagle" Hill, whence the Turkish soldiers fired on the Montenegrin cattle, and so kindled the desire to be done with the Turks for ever. But the changes which one notices most are not expressed by stones and monuments. One sees that Montenegro has reached that critical point at which most States of the Near East sooner or later arrive, when contact with "Europe" and "European" ideas begins to shake the inborn conservatism and primitive faith of a nation.

Prince Nicholas, even by the admission of his severest critics the ablest of Balkan sovereigns, has hitherto solved the problem of reconciling the old order with the new, and so long as he lives Montenegro will go on in the way which he has so ably marked out for her development. The *Gospodar*, or "Lord," as his people call him, is, indeed, one of the most remarkable men of the day. He combines two qualities usually considered incompatible—that of great practical common sense and that of a poet by the grace of God. No one can understand his character, and therefore the policy of his country, which entirely depends upon his will, without taking both of these characteristics into consideration. The Prince most emphatically knows on which side his bread is buttered, and his public acts are carefully calculated towards the improvement of his political position. If Russia offers him, as she has twice lately done, a shipload of rifles and other materials of war, he thankfully accepts the gift, without greatly fearing the givers. If

Austria—that Austria whom he fears and hates so much—provides him with subsidies for his roads and for the public diligence, which now carries the mails and passengers over them, he carries out the biblical precept of "spoiling the Egyptians." When his old enemy, the Sultan, sends him cavalry instructors with characteristic sense of humour—for cavalry is useless in Montenegro—or promises him a yacht, which he cannot afford to keep up, he couches a letter of thanks in that diplomatic language of which he is a past-master. "*J'aime beaucoup les Anglais*," he once said to me, and I do not think that there can be any doubt of his and his people's admiration for Great Britain, though what precisely he expects to gain from British friendship is not clear. He told me that he had brought back from England *des souvenirs et des espoirs*, but of what these "hopes" consisted he did not explain. But ever since the British Government of 1880 secured him his second outlet on the sea at Dulcigno, the name of England in general, and that of Gladstone in particular, has been extremely popular in Montenegro. Chancing to be in Montenegro on the morrow of the Prince's return from his first visit to London, which coincided with Mr. Gladstone's fatal illness, I found both Prince and people fully conscious of the loss which they had sustained. Nowhere in the Near East, not even in the Bulgaria which he helped to free, nor in the Greece whose cause he always pleaded, did our countryman's death evoke such demonstrations of sorrow as in Montenegro. The Prince once said, that had Mr. Gladstone visited his country the whole nation would have formed a guard of honour along the road from the frontier to the capital. He told me, when I last saw him, that never again would any foreign statesman do or care as much for the Black

Mountain. He remarked, too, that if Mr. Gladstone had been in power in 1878, instead of Lord Beaconsfield, the Treaty of Berlin, if it had existed at all, would have been very different. The article which the dead statesman wrote in the *Nineteenth Century* about Montenegro twenty-one years ago was reproduced on his death at full length in the official journal of Cetinje, and column after column about his life was read by every mountain warrior who could procure a copy. But Prince Nicholas, although, like some other absolute rulers, he professes a preference for politicians of Liberal opinions, provided that they are not his own subjects, did not pin his faith on Mr. Gladstone alone. His daughters, during their winter sojournings on the Riviera, had met the Queen, and the charm of their unaffected manners at once won her sympathy. The Prince, who prides himself on his knowledge of English politics, about this time gave a handsome subscription of £80 to the Indian Famine Fund. A little later the Queen bestowed upon him the Grand Cross of the Victorian Order, and expressed the desire to see so picturesque and chivalrous a gentleman. The Prince visited her at Nice, displayed his usual charm of manner, his magnificent national costume, and his smooth, Parisian French. Soon after the world learned that another of his daughters was engaged to a Battenberg, and the Protestant marriage was celebrated at the British Legation at Cetinje. Then Prince Nicholas overcame his dread of the English Channel, and paid his first visit to England, whither his eldest son had gone to represent him at the Diamond Jubilee. Not merely the Queen and the members of the Royal Family, but the people of London, he told me, had welcomed him with the utmost kindness. Nothing, he said, had struck him more on his visit than the extraordinary fact—for such it must have

seemed to a benevolent autocrat like himself—that in the most constitutional country in the world there was so much genuine respect for the Queen and the throne. The Prince's ideal of government is a Liberal autocracy in a Conservative nation; reforms, according to his system of administration, all come from above and not from below, and his conception of his duty is to recognise and bring about such necessary changes as will civilise his people without making them lose their national characteristics. It was thus that he persuaded them to make roads, which hitherto they had regarded rather as a possible source of danger than as a commercial advantage. But he is fully alive to the excellence of our constitutional methods in a land so different in every respect from his own, although he assured me that he had not the slightest intention of bestowing such a doubtful advantage upon Montenegro. His satisfaction at the alliance of his daughter with the Prince of Naples is yet another proof of his shrewdness, for the average Montenegrins, whom one meets, and who judge men by their inches rather than their wealth or position, think less highly of the marriage than those who have more knowledge of the world. And, last year, when Greece threw down the gauntlet to the Turk, and for a moment it seemed as if Montenegro and the other Balkan States might join in the struggle, the Prince checked the natural desire of his subjects to go on the warpath, and earned the encomiums of the Austro-Hungarian and Russian Foreign Ministers, who praised him for his "correct" attitude, the motive for which was undoubtedly the hope of favours to come.

But the other side of the Prince's character must not be ignored. He possesses to an uncommon degree the common South-Slavonic love of poetry, and his masterpiece, the *Empress of the Balkans* is not merely a remarkable piece of writing, which has earned for its

author the title of "the foremost Serb poet," but is a political document of much importance. Into this drama the Prince has put those grand ideas which every Serb imbibes with his mother's milk and cherishes dearly, however unpractical he may admit them to be in his calmer moments. The restoration of the old Servian Empire, which rose with Dušan and fell, I believe, for ever, on the fatal field of Kossovo five centuries ago, is one of the Prince's day-dreams. "The small States, among whose number we are," he says in this play, "ought not to be the counters of the Great Powers." Recent events have greatly accentuated his ambitions. He has followed with the keenest interest the recent racial troubles in the Monarchy, and believes that he may profit by them by attracting to his banner some of Austria's Slav subjects. The uncertainty of politics in Servia and the possibility of King Alexander's abdication, coupled with the improbability of that sovereign's marriage in the near future, have opened up vistas of aggrandisement in that direction also. For Prince Nicholas, whose eldest daughter, now dead, married Prince Peter Karageorgević, the pretender to the Servian throne, considers himself as one of the two chiefs of the Serb people. With King Milan of Servia he was never on good terms, and his feelings were reciprocated by that monarch. King Alexander he has visited at Belgrade and received at Cetinje, and the resumption of good relations between the rulers of the two Serb States led Prince Peter Karageorgević to find that the Lake of Geneva afforded better scope for amateur photography than his father-in-law's capital, where I saw him some years ago. The solidarity of the Serb race is a favourite subject in after-dinner speeches, and in the homely Montenegrin inns you may see rough pictures of the old Servian tsars and the crowning of Stephen Dušan. But it may be

doubted whether the Belgrade politicians would care, in any event—even that of the Obrenović dynasty's collapse—to take their orders from Prince Nicholas, while it is quite certain that he could not govern the Belgrade politicians and his own mountaineers on the same system. With Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria he has exchanged enthusiastic telegrams, and the meetings of the two at Abbazia and Cetinje this year have been interpreted as an attempt to form an alliance of the three Slav States of the Balkans against Austria-Hungary. On the Turkish-side, in Albania and old Servia, his hopes of expansion are brighter, because it is a maxim of diplomacy that, whenever there is a war in the East, the Turk shall provide the spoils for the combatants or the umpires. Besides, Prince Nicholas has managed the industrious Albanian subjects, whom he received twenty years ago, extremely well, and has accordingly shown his capacity for further acquisitions in that direction. He told me himself that these Mussulmans, one of whom sometimes accompanies him on his journeys, had never, even at Dulcigno, given him the least trouble, when he had once, in a notable instance, made it clear to them that *bakshish* was not an argument recognised by a Montenegrin judge. He emphasised also the complete freedom which they enjoyed, and eulogised their loyalty and industry under a proper government. The late skirmishes at Berane do not affect the matter, even if the Turks extend the present railway from Mitrovica to that point, as lately rumoured. For, as every Montenegrin will tell you, there is no fear now that the Turkish Government will molest Montenegrin independence, even though the increase of Turkish prestige by the late war has made it harder for Montenegro, as for the other Balkan States, to deal with the Porte; the only difficulty is, as the President of the Council once said to me, that "the

Sultan fears, and cannot control, his Albanians." The consequence is, that from Albania and the Sandžak of Novi-Bazar bands of Christian refugees come over into Montenegro, as in old days from the Hercegovina, and the poor little Principality is expected to support them.

But nowadays the vital question for Montenegro is not her relations with Turkey, but her relations with Austria-Hungary. With the disappearance of Turkish rule from the Hercegovina and the Austro-Hungarian occupation of that old Turkish province in 1878, the foreign policy of the Black Mountain entered upon a new era, for Austria-Hungary, in the words of Baron von Kállay, has "become a Balkan State." [1] Montenegro is naturally a very poor country, and in olden days the practice had grown up of making forays over the Hercegovinian border when food was scarce at home; for the Hercegovina, though not the most productive of lands, is still fertile indeed by comparison with its neighbour. "You may think Bilek barren," said a Montenegrin to an Austrian official, "but it is a paradise to us who live at Ćevo." In Turkish times these forays did not greatly matter, and were regarded by raiders and raided as all in the day's work; but a civilised Power could not be expected to take the same lenient view of them, and what had formerly been an obscure frontier raid now became a diplomatic incident. Moreover, as the Montenegrin cattle are small, and the Austro-Hungarian import duty is calculated at so much per head, without regard to the size of the animal, a certain amount of smuggling takes place, which leads to bloodshed between the Montenegrin smugglers and the Austro-Hungarian guards. To these material difficulties there are added those awkward historical memories, which disturb the peaceful development of Balkan States. Prince Nicholas does not forget

[1] Speech to the Budget Committee, June 12, 1896.

that his remote forbears came from the Hercegovina, that many of his comrades lie buried beneath its stones, and that the Hercegovinians are of the same Serb race as his own subjects. He has always coveted the land in which he fought against the Turks in 1876, and he still frets against a fate which he was powerless to prevent. Austria-Hungary now holds his Principality as in a vice. Her long row of fortifications hem in Montenegro along the Hercegovinian frontier. The heights above the Bocche di Cattaro are all commanded by Austrian cannon, and the most critical part of the road is held by an Austrian block-house. The road itself is so constructed just above this point as to be fully exposed to the fire of the men-of-war in the bay of Teodo below, and every year sees these precautions increased. The coast line, too, as far as the centre of the shore in the bay of Antivari is in Austrian hands, for Dalmatia, here reduced in many places to a narrow strip of a few hundred yards, shuts off the mountaineers from the Adriatic. The cession of Antivari to Montenegro in 1878 has been largely neutralised by the Austrian acquisition of Spizza, which commands the bay. While I was at Cetinje this summer the Prince was greatly disturbed by the sudden appearance of seven Austrian torpedo-boats in front of his villa on the bay—an event, probably accidental, but none the less ominous of what could be done in certain contingencies. Again, by her garrisons at three points in the Sandžak of Novi-Bazar, Austria-Hungary holds Servia and Montenegro apart, and is able to keep an eye on the Turk at the same time. And, finally, even at Scutari in Albania, she has the Albanians in her favour. As a diplomatist once said to me, "Montenegro is suffocated, for the Austrians surround her on three sides by their territory, and on the fourth by their influence, though the latter is a fact which we never mention, but which we never forget." But even

this does not exhaust the whole of Austria's power over the Black Mountain. Without firing a shot, without drawing a sword, the Austrians could, by one of the ordinary devices of diplomacy, starve Montenegro out. They have but to imitate the policy, for which, with the linguistic approval of a German acquaintance, I once suggested the name of *Schweinfieberpolitik*. Whenever Servia is tiresome and restive, the discovery that swine-fever exists in that country, and that accordingly pigs, the staple industry of the kingdom, cannot be exported to Hungary, is sufficient to quell all disturbance. Should it, for any similar reason, be found inexpedient to allow imports of food into Montenegro—a plan actually adopted this summer by the Pasha of Scutari after the Berane troubles—that country would soon be reduced to the verge of starvation, and even now famines are by no means uncommon in the winter. The knowledge of all these things naturally rankles in the Prince's mind, and the splendour of the new Austro-Hungarian Legation at Cetinje has got on the nerves of the natives, who this summer could talk of little else. Matters are aggravated by the acrimonious Press campaigns which frequently go on between the two countries. Prince Nicholas, like many other public men, greatly exaggerates the importance of newspaper articles, which those who write them well know are forgotten by most readers as soon as they have been read. He accordingly takes to heart every gibe which a Vienna comic paper may level at him, and he complained bitterly to me of the newspaper attacks upon his government. On the other hand, his own journalistic inspirations are sometimes ill-advised, and he repented of his hasty message to a London journal, written, as he said, "on Court paper, when my baggage was buckled and I had no Englishman by my side," in which he quoted Mr. Gladstone's cry of "Hands Off!"

to Austria-Hungary. The whole Press of the Monarchy took this up, and finally the official organ of the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office, the *Fremdenblatt*, administered a severe lecture to the Prince. It may surprise English readers that a great Power like Austria-Hungary should take her small neighbour so seriously; and, in fact, Russia herself hardly causes the statesmen of the Monarchy so much annoyance as Russia's outpost at Cetinje. I never thoroughly understood the reason, until one day a politician, who knew both Austria-Hungary and Montenegro well, explained to me the situation in a sentence: "If a dog tries to bite me, I can kill him; but if a flea tickles me, what can I do?" Montenegro is the flea, constantly tickling the Austrian giant, and one can easily understand, from the Austrian standpoint, the objections raised to the cession of Antivari and Dulcigno to the Principality, as being so many places where Russia can land arms, to be used against—her enemy. The truth of Mr. Gladstone's prophecy that "no Austrian eagle will ever build its nest in the fastnesses of the Black Mountain," the future alone can decide. For the present the salient fact of Montenegrin foreign policy is that Austria, the *Erzfeind*, not Turkey, the *Erbfeind*, is now dreaded at Cetinje.

But Prince Nicholas is not wholly absorbed by questions of high statecraft. Like most able statesmen, he finds time for small matters as well as great. Indeed, he has a hand in every department of administration, and knows everything that goes on in his dominions. When some friends of mine, staying at the "Grand Hôtel," which his paternal care called into existence for the benefit of travellers, found the water undrinkable and the landlord deaf to their complaints, they went in person and laid the matter before his Highness. The Prince at once took the subject up, and issued the proper order for the inspection

of the well. A mouldy Montenegrin ham, which had been hung over the water to cool, was discovered to be polluting the supply, and the landlord was reprimanded by his sovereign and told not to let it occur again. When one of the British Minister's children broke her arm in Ireland, the Prince, as soon as he heard of the accident, telegraphed desiring *une prompte guérison à ma petite amie.* In the midst of a political conversation he paused to express to me his admiration at the way in which our policemen managed the immense street traffic of London, although, as he put it, "there are more omnibuses in one big London thoroughfare than in all Paris." He showed also a just appreciation of the historical treasures of the Tower and Windsor Castle, which, with characteristic curiosity, he explored "down to the kitchens," and was greatly interested in the Sèvres china, the relics of Napoleon I., and the bullet which killed Nelson. On one occasion, when he was leaving his country for a considerable time, he resolved to provide employment for his warriors, who strongly object to any form of work that is not warlike, and at the same time improve the wine trade of the Black Mountain. He accordingly summoned the chief men together and in their presence planted a vine-stock with his own hands, bidding them all go home and do likewise. Finding that the art of farriery was despised by the Montenegrin braves, he is said to have caused a smithy to be erected outside the palace, and there to have hammered a horseshoe for the benefit of his haughty subjects, who were thus convinced that what was good enough for their *Gospodar* was good enough for them. A very early riser, he once called upon a slumbering diplomatist at six in the morning, and I saw him giving orders to his architect and laying the foundation-stone of a new church soon after daybreak. He usually gets through two hours' work before breakfast, as his time is naturally

much occupied. For he is everything in Montenegro and, as a friend of mine once said, "a sparrow cannot fall from the roof without his issuing an Order in Council for its restoration." Besides, in one respect he resembles the German Emperor in that he is perpetually travelling about his country, in each town of which he has a villa. At Njeguš, the home of the first Petrović prince-bishop of Montenegro, the traveller on the way up from Cattaro will see his simple mansion, and he has similar establishments dotted about the Principality—near Podgorica, at Nikšić, at Rjeka, and on the bay of Antivari. He never neglects to attend any national festival, and his hasty return from England was due to his desire to be present at the fortieth anniversary of the Battle of Grahovo, where his late father, Mirko, inflicted an overwhelming defeat upon the Turks.

Unlike Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, whose Court is one of the most formal in the world, Prince Nicholas is not a great stickler for etiquette. I beheld his aide-de-camp bring into the salon of the hotel the Grand Cordon of the Order of Danilo for the Duke of Connaught, wrapped up in a boot-box, while a grave discussion took place in French as to the best means of sending it to England. You may see his Highness laughing and joking on the steps of his palace with his father-in-law, Peter Vukotić, a jovial Montenegrin warrior of the old school, one of the heroes of the war of 1876–7, who speaks only one language, Serb, and is the hero of a hundred fights. In the midst of a Court procession the Prince hailed the postman, whom he spied in the distance, and stopped his carriage in order to seize his letters and newspapers. His portly form, under a vast umbrella, may be observed at the gate of the Russian Institute, an educational establishment for girls, in which he takes a keen interest. On the betrothal of his daughter to the Prince of Naples he

allowed twelve stalwart mountaineers to seize him in his palace and carry him shoulder-high down the main street. Like his namesake, Nicholas I. of Russia, on a memorable occasion, he talks of the Princess as "my wife," and affably invites you to "take a *potage*" with her. There is no pomp, no circumstance about the palace, a comfortable but quite unpretentious two-storeyed building, which opens straight on to the street. From the outside it looks like a French country house or a commodious Swiss hotel. A couple of sentry-boxes painted red and white, the Montenegrin colours, stand on either side of the flight of steps which lead up to the door. Several *perianiks* of the Prince's bodyguard, so called from the *perianica*, or "tuft of feathers," which they wear in their caps, are usually lounging about the entrance awaiting any orders that their sovereign may have for them. Passing through the hall and up the staircase to the first floor, you are ushered into a large reception-room, upholstered in dark red and ornamented with portraits of the Russian tsars and the Prince's uncle and predecessor, Danilo II. Out of this opens the Prince's study, on the walls of which hang portraits of the King and Queen of Italy. The *Gospodar* is, like the Queen of Roumania, a great believer in the national dress, and during his recent stay at Buckingham Palace he purchased his first dress suit. In "European" garb he would probably look very ordinary, but in his full, dark blue knickerbockers and his crimson jacket with flowing sleeves, the breast of which is covered with decorations, he looks every inch the Highland chief. Out of doors he wears the usual Montenegrin cap of crimson and black—crimson for the streams of blood that have flowed down these rocks, black in token of mourning for Kossovo's fatal field—which bears in one corner his initials, surrounded by five strips of gold braid, to signify Montenegro's five centuries of independence.

In his case the cap bears in the front the highest of the nine Montenegrin military insignia. Like every one of his subjects, he carries in the *silaf*, or red morocco pouch at his variegated girdle, the inevitable revolver, without which no Montenegrin's toilet is complete. So long as he lives there can be no doubt that the picturesque national

PORTRAIT OF PRINCE NICHOLAS OUTSIDE BRITISH LEGATION.
(From a Photo. by Miss La Touche.)

costume will be preserved. But the rising generation may not be able to resist the desire to imitate the Serbs of Belgrade and assume "European" garb, especially as the full native dress costs from 32 to 300 gulden (£2 13s. 4d. to £25). The Princess of Montenegro always dresses as the women of Crnagora have done for generations, but her daughters hate the native attire, and put it on only once a year. I noticed, too, among the younger

men who had been to "Europe," a growing disinclination to continue wearing it. It was only by asking it as a personal favour that we could induce Tomo, the charming waiter of the hotel at Cetinje, to cast aside the frock-coat, which some Frenchman had bequeathed him, and resume his *silaf* and his revolver. A theory has been started that these huge revolvers and enormous leather belts which the Montenegrins carry at their waists, injure their stomachs and impede digestion, and Tomo was desirous to have, like the Prince, a small pistol of British make. At the Russian Institute, too, the mistress makes the girls don homely "European" dress, as soon as they enter as pupils, because she thinks that the more artistic national garments divert their attention from their work. This question of costume is, in the Near East, of more than merely artistic interest; for I have observed that the Oriental is apt to deteriorate morally when he assumes Western garb. An American poet has ridiculed the man who "puts off his religion with his Sunday pantaloons." The native of the Balkans seems not infrequently to "put off" his primitive faith and his simple ideas when he puts on a black coat. The frock-coated Balkan politician is not by any means the same ingenuous person as the peasant, who is of the same stock as himself, and the silk hat too often converts an unsophisticated son of the soil into a very poor imitation of a Parisian man-of-the-world. At present, however, there is no fear that the Montenegrin headdress will perish, and the English firm of hatters which asked our Minister as to the best means of effecting a sale of top-hats in the Principality might just as well have sent a sample of their wares to the Polar regions. As a specimen, however, of the absolute ignorance of, and indifference to, national customs, which our traders usually display in the Near East, the incident has its practical as well as its humorous aspect.

Not only the future of Montenegrin dress but much more will depend upon the Prince's successor, whose character is sure to be largely influenced by his future consort. This question of providing the Crown Prince Danilo with a wife is a very difficult and delicate one for Montenegro, just as the choice of a spouse for the young King of Servia is a pressing problem for the other Serb State. Prince Nicholas has been one of the most successful match-makers of his time, and the King of Denmark alone has done better for the princesses of his house. When a visitor to Cetinje once told the Prince that his country was very beautiful and interesting, but that it appeared to have no valuable exports, his Highness replied with a twinkle in his eye, "Sir, you forget my daughters." But it is much easier, as the Prince has found out, to marry a Montenegrin Princess in Italy or Russia than to discover a wife for the heir-apparent. In the first place Cetinje is not a capital where many young ladies of fashion would care to pass the remainder of their natural lives. It possesses few shops, and those that it does possess are exclusively devoted to the sale of the simplest necessaries of existence. Four years ago it did not even boast a dentist, and that branch of surgery was represented in the Principality by such persons as the Albanian tooth-doctor of Dulcigno, whose methods were once feelingly described to me by the Turkish Consul at that place. This Albanian—who, in the intervals of tooth-drawing pursued the calling of a blacksmith—made his luckless patient sit down on the ground with his hands tightly clasped round his knees, while he tugged and tugged at the refractory tooth till it came out. "If some of your philanthropic English travellers," slily added the Consul, "were to see such an operation they would write to the papers, protesting that they had witnessed a poor prisoner being tortured." Even the Princess, who was born in the country, once

remarked, when asked why Cetinje had been preferred as the capital to other and better sites, that it was very convenient because it was so easy to get away from it to "Europe."

There are "European" residents, indeed, who, after five years' residence protest that they would have no objection to five years more, and M. Piguet, the tutor of the Prince's family, has collected butterflies and played whist there for the last thirteen. But, outside the palace, the houses of a few officials, and the diplomatic circle, there is no society, and the means of giving entertainments, even with assistance from Cattaro or Ragusa, are limited. The Princess of Naples had to purchase her *trousseau* in Vienna, and when anything is wanted in a hurry at the palace a messenger must be sent on foot—for that for a Montenegrin is the quickest way — down the famous "ladder" of stones to the nearest Austrian town, seven hours distant by the carriage road. But, it may be said, why should not the Crown Prince marry, like his father, in his own country, if it is so difficult to find him a foreign bride? But to this course there are social obstacles. Prince Nicholas, it is true, played as a boy with other Montenegrin boys in the streets; his old mother, to whom he was devotedly attached, lived and died in a tiny house in a small village outside Cetinje; and the Princess was the daughter of a homely, if very distinguished, Montenegrin. But the Crown Prince has been brought up as an heir-apparent, and was always treated by his tutor as such. Outside his palace two sentries are stationed, and when he drives out to take the air along the Cattaro road in the cool of the day an aide-de-camp accompanies him. He would accordingly regard the women of Montenegro as beneath him, while his father, as a young man, was merely *primus inter pares*. Prince Nicholas, too, has social as well as political aspira-

tions, and is well aware that at the punctilious Court of Germany, for example, in the words of a German Court official, which were reported to me, he is not considered, even now, as *hoffähig*. Compared with the Obrenović dynasty in Servia, whose founder was keeping pigs only a century ago, the long line of the Petrović princes and prince-bishops, which has never dabbled in trade, possesses, one would have thought, sufficient antiquity for even a German high chamberlain, quite apart from the fact that every Montenegrin is by nature a gentleman. But the opinion has been expressed that a Prince of Montenegro will only be fit to associate with a German Kaiser when he has married into the great "European" family of princes. This, accordingly, is what the Prince is anxious that his successor should do, and over four years ago he wrote a poem for the dedication of his eldest son's palace, in which he prayed that Prince Danilo might "lead a happy life with his loving companion." That "companion," who was not, it was added, to be, like his mother, a Montenegrin lady, has not, however, been found, and it is possible that, in the phrase of a Teutonic commentator, *eine dumme Deutsche* will have to be the next Princess of the most poetic Principality in the world. Of the Crown Prince himself it is perhaps too early to write with much certainty. Prince Danilo is a passionate lover of the chase, and his exploits as a mighty hunter have been extolled, but not exaggerated, in an enthusiastic German pamphlet, which I was fortunate enough to have lent me at Cetinje. It is owing to his initiative that a close time has been instituted for various kinds of game, and, even for a Montenegrin, he is a deadly shot. After one of the shooting-parties in the mountains, in which the whole Court took part, his father expressed the wish that the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York would visit

Montenegro for purposes of sport; and the son is an even keener sportsman than Prince Nicholas. He gave a tennis-court to the British Legation, just as his father presented the British Minister with a stretch of fishing up-country, and in every way shows himself an amiable personality. He is also a close observer, and his father told me that he had been delighted to find London exactly as his son had described it. But if appearance be any criterion of character he hardly gives promise of being a great ruler, like his sire. He has not a strong face, and strikes one as being more "modern" than the average Montenegrin. Besides, the history of the Balkan Peninsula teaches the melancholy fact that each nationality in turn produces some great man, who for a brief space makes himself the foremost figure of the peninsula and rapidly acquires a power which is as rapidly dissipated at his death. Bulgaria can point to her mighty Tsars, Simeon and Samuel, Servia cherishes the memory of Stephen Dušan, the Albanians have found a national hero in Skanderbeg, the Bosnian kingdom attained its zenith under Tvrtko I. And so, in a lesser degree, Montenegro has come to fame under Nicholas I. But the absolute government, which the present Prince has so skilfully conducted for nearly forty years, depends entirely for its success upon the personality of the monarch. Now it is not so easy as outsiders imagine to administer a country so small as Montenegro; for the Prince of such a peculiar State has to ignore the advice which Plato sagely gave to despots in all ages, to keep themselves as far as possible from the public gaze. But Prince Nicholas has lived all his life in the public eye; his subjects know every fact of his career, they see him daily in the streets, they can seek his counsel and invoke his aid whenever they choose. Under these circumstances it is no small praise to the Prince's tact and charm of manner that

he has succeeded in remaining a prophet in his own country and that by almost all his subjects he is regarded with unstinted veneration. As an example of this may be instanced the case of one of them, who was thrown into the depths of despair by being deprived for five years of the privilege of kissing his sovereign's hand as punishment for an offence. But now and again, as in one remarkable incident this spring, when a haughty Montenegrin, against whom the Prince had decided in his capacity of supreme head of the judicial system, left the country in indignation and went to Russia, there is evidence that a younger and less experienced man might not be able to impose his will upon this proud race of mountaineers. Besides, it is difficult to imagine that even Crnagora will resist for another generation the temptation to become more "European." All that can be affirmed about it with safety is that the present Prince is emphatically the right man in the right place, and that the heir-apparent is not, so far as can be judged, a second Nicholas. The Prince's second son, Prince Mirko, inherits his father's poetical talents and has already composed songs and dance music; the third, Prince Peter, a dear little boy, means, so he says, "to be a soldier." The two unmarried daughters share their parents' good looks.

Autocratic as he is, the Prince has ministers who carry out his policy. The President of the Council and Minister of the Interior is his cousin, the *Voïvode* Božo (a Serb form of Theodore) Petrović, who has lately obtained European notoriety by his candidature for the governorship of Crete. The real facts about this candidature have never yet been published; the truth was that the late Russian Minister to Montenegro, who disliked the Prince, proposed Božo Petrović in order to annoy his Highness, who was very glad that a body of strapping

Montenegrin gendarmes should be sent to Crete, but was by no means anxious that his cousin should be moved from Cetinje to Canea. During the conversations which I have had with the President of the Council, he has struck me as a shrewd and capable administrator, and, like most of his contemporaries, he won many laurels, which he modestly wears, for his conduct as commander of the Army of the South in the Turco-Montenegrin campaign of 1876. M. Nicolas Matanović, the Minister of Finance, approaches more nearly to one's idea of a European minister, not because of his excellent French—for that is a common accomplishment among the higher Montenegrin officials—but from his grasp of figures and his very diplomatic manner. M. Matanović has on many occasions rendered important services to his country abroad, and three years ago was entrusted with the delicate task of expressing his master's thanks at St. Petersburg for the Tsar's gift of rifles and explaining at Vienna that they were a further guarantee of peace. One of the most interesting figures in the Ministry is that of the *Voïvode* Elia Plamenac, the Minister of War, a bronzed veteran who has spent most of his life in fighting his country's battles, and whom I met four years ago, at a rather critical moment, at Podgorica, when he was on his way to discuss the Albanian frontier question with the Turkish Commissioner. His name, "the little flame," is emblematical of his career, for the fire, which he helped to direct in the last war, was, if small, extremely bright.

To see the Court at its simplest one should be at Cetinje at Christmas-time. The quaint Serb proverb says, "If Christian had been good, he would have stayed at home on Christmas Day," [1] and the Montenegrins

[1] I have had to translate *Božo* in the original by "Christian," so as to preserve the pun on *Božić*—"Christmas Day."

fully share this feeling of reverence for the great family festival of the year. Montenegro observes, like Servia, Bulgaria, and Greece, the orthodox calendar, so Christmas at Cetinje falls on the 6th of January. For several days before, long logs of wood or tall young trees are dragged into the town and placed outside each house. It seems, indeed, as if "Birnam wood" had "come to Dunsinane," for a young forest suddenly springs up before the palace windows and the gates of the Crown Prince's abode. When Christmas Eve arrives every householder throws the yule-log, or *badnjak*, on the fire, which is kept alive for three days and nights. The entrance-hall of every house and one room are covered with straw, and the princely family, like the rest, take their Christmas dinner sitting or lying on this natural carpet. Every orthodox family keeps open house that day, and Homeric banquets are served up, of which pigs, roasted whole, and sheep deftly carved with a Montenegrin claymore, form the principal part, while the air resounds with the crack of revolver-shots—here, as in most countries of the Near East, the favourite mode of expressing the people's joy.

Of all the recent reforms in the Black Mountain, none is greater than the decision, arrived at three years ago, to celebrate the Bicentenary of the dynasty by the formation of a standing army. Hitherto the army had simply been the nation under arms, and every man of the Prince's warrior subjects, with the exception of the Mussulman inhabitants of Antivari and Dulcigno, who were exempt on payment of a capitation tax of 7 gulden a-head, was liable to serve in time of war. Even the women bore their part in campaigns by carrying provisions for the men, in the absence of a proper commissariat, and the Prince's sister was a perfect paladin of warfare. The only nucleus of a standing army which existed was the Prince's bodyguard of 64 *perianiks*, and no special

uniform was worn. It was calculated in 1894 that, in the event of war, the Principality could put into the field, or rather on to the mountain, eight brigades of infantry, consisting of 35,548 men, and eight batteries of artillery, 608 strong. With the artillerymen and officers in charge of depôts, the total strength was 36,222 men. But the Prince, during his visit to the Tsar in the winter of that year, made such a favourable impression upon his namesake, that the latter not only sent him a number of time-expired Russian non-commissioned officers to act as military instructors, but a Russian vessel, laden with 30,000 rifles, not, however, of the newest make—a fact, which somewhat damped the enthusiasm of the Montenegrin people. The next steps were the erection of barracks at Cetinje and the foundation of a military college under the superintendence of native officers, who had studied abroad, at Podgorica. To these barracks, which are the largest public buildings of the little capital, a battalion is sent for three months' training, and then succeeded by another, so that in this way every Montenegrin will have three months' drill every ten or twelve years. The soldiers wear special caps, and the second Russian gift of arms in the present year has provided them with more weapons. But experts doubt whether Montenegro will greatly gain by these military changes. In the first place, the Montenegrin is an admirable fighter in guerilla warfare, but has had little experience of regular campaigns. He is brave to the last degree—only one Montenegrin was captured alive in the last war—and ready at any moment to die for his Prince; but bravery is not everything in modern warfare, and it is doubted whether a regular army of these mountaineers would be of much use against trained soldiers, especially if the war were carried on beyond the limits of their own rocky country. Moreover, a high military authority has

pointed out that the extension of Montenegrin territory since the last war has made the country less easily defensible than before. Roads, too, beneficent as they are in times of peace, may prove to be dangerous in time of war, and it must not be forgotten that the future enemy whom the Montenegrins may have to fight is of a very different calibre from that of their ancient foes whom they have worsted in a thousand battles. The Prince once said that the next war would be, so far as he was concerned, a bloody one; and the Montenegrins are warriors of very different stuff from that of which Greek soldiers are made. But in one respect they resemble the Hellenic army, in that they do much better as freelances among their native mountains, of which they know every hole and cranny, than in a pitched battle, where their crimson dress alone would, in that white landscape, make them an easy target for artillery.

The Prince is very proud of his achievements as a road-maker, and the 156 kilomètres (or 97½ miles) of excellent driving roads which the Principality now possesses are all his work, while 60 kilomètres (or 37½ miles) are in course of construction, and sixty more are fairly good. It is now possible to drive from the Montenegrin frontier above Cattaro into the heart of the country at Nikšić by way of Cetinje and Podgorica, and what is now chiefly wanted, as the Prince pointed out to me, is a road from Nikšić, 40 kilomètres in length, as far as the Austrian boundary in the mountains behind Risano, which would greatly develop the trade of that region. The Austrians have much encouraged and assisted the Prince in his efforts at opening up the country, for obvious commercial and strategical reasons. From 1881, when the late Archduke Rudolph inaugurated the splendid serpentine from Cattaro along the face of the mountain by driving up it

in a magnificent coach, Austria-Hungary paid to the Prince a yearly subsidy of 30,000 gulden (£2,500) for this purpose. Six years ago, however, during one of the perennial Press campaigns between the two countries, the Monarchy stopped this subsidy, for which, in the opinion of its statesmen, Montenegro had latterly done very little road-making. The result was what was expected. The *Glas Crnogorca* moderated its language, and more work was put into the roads. The greater part of the Austrian subsidy is, for very practical reasons, given in materials, such as spades, picks, carts, and blasting-powder, but even so the Montenegrin Government cannot accomplish very much, partly because it has such small funds at its disposal, and partly because spade labour does not commend itself to the sons of Crnagora. Original in this, as in most of his arrangements, the Prince usually waits till a "famine year" comes round, and then distributes the supplies of grain, which he has obtained from Russia, on condition that the recipients earn his charity by working on the roads. In addition to this, all male inhabitants of districts through which roads pass are compelled to give four days' labour twice every year, or to pay 4 gulden (6s. 8d.) towards the repairs of the roads. Until three years ago the Principality was unique among the States of the world in that it possessed no public conveyances of any kind. But Austria-Hungary here again stepped in, and agreed to pay a subsidy of 8,000 gulden (£666 13s. 4d.) a year towards the expenses of a diligence for mails and passengers between Cattaro and Cetinje. The arrival and departure of the two vehicles which perform this duty are now events of every day at Cetinje, and the drivers show that, if the Montenegrins can shout like the war-god in Homer, they can also tootle on the horn in a manner not unworthy of the White Horse Cellars.

But paternal government has left a curious mark upon the rules and regulations of the diligence. Article 13 of this document provides "That the traveller is entitled to the seat marked upon his ticket, but the respect due by the young to the old requires that the former should always yield the best places to their seniors." Of his postal arrangements the Prince has, indeed, every reason to be proud. Montenegro early joined the Postal Union, and her Post Office is well managed, and in every respect the opposite of the miserable Turkish postal arrangements. There is a telegraph to all the principal places in the country, and telegrams are not, as so often happens in Turkey, delayed a week in transmission. I once sent from Santi Quaranta, a place which has since gained European notoriety from its bombardment by the Greek fleet in the war of last year, a telegram to Scutari in Albania, asking for some horses to be sent to the little Albanian port of Medua. I arrived at Medua on the following evening, only to find no horses there, and was subsequently informed that my message had not been received for six days after its despatch. But such things do not happen at Cetinje. The postmaster is a most artistic person, about as different as possible in appearance from all one's ideas of what a postmaster should be. Gigantic in stature even for a Montenegrin, he always wears the national costume and lays his revolver down on his desk as he postmarks your letters. To the philatelic mania of the day Montenegro has contributed two sets of Jubilee stamps and envelopes, one on the four hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the first Slavonic printing-press, the other on the Bicentenary of the dynasty. But the latter issue, picturesque as it is, did not realise the anticipated profit, and was only a month in actual circulation, owing to the prejudice of the best dealers against commemoration stamps. Another

enterprise, the steamship service on the Lake of Scutari, which is partly in Montenegro and partly in Turkey, is, curiously enough, in the hands of an "Anglo-Montenegrin Trading Company," established by a Mr. Hammer a few years ago, and shows each year an increase in the number of passengers and the quantity of goods which it carries. Every now and again there is talk of a railway in Montenegro. Article 29 of the Berlin Treaty

POSTMASTER AND LANDLORD.
(From a Photo. by Miss Chadwick.)

contemplated the construction of a line round the bay of Antivari in conjunction with Austria-Hungary, and a few years ago there were rumours, revived at the Bicentenary, of a Décauville railway. Other more ambitious schemes have at times been evolved from the brains of Servian politicians, anxious to connect the two Serb States together. But, as the Finance Minister said to me, "It is no use to make railways in Montenegro, a country with a population of under 300,000 souls,

because of its small trade." A Montenegrin line would not pay, and at present what is much more needed is an extension of roads into the eastern half of the Principality. There virgin forests still await the woodman's axe, which can only be wielded with profit when some means of transport is provided for the wood.

It was expected after the cession of the ports of Antivari and Dulcigno to the Black Mountain that there would be a considerable development of Montenegrin trade through these outlets to the sea. "Give us a port," used to be the cry of the landlocked mountaineers, "and we shall go ahead." But neither of these openings on to the Adriatic has come up to expectations. Both are exposed to the north and west, and Dulcigno in particular is a mere open roadstead, where the waves beat restlessly against the rocks and foam in and out of the caves, above which the old Venetian town stands in picturesque dignity. Eighteen years ago this old pirate stronghold made a wholly disproportionate noise in Europe by reason of the famous Dulcigno demonstration ; but Count Beust's witticism, *Dulcigno far niente*, has certainly proved to have a great deal of truth about it. A distinguished ecclesiastic, "sent away from Bosnia," as he expressed it, "for political reasons, and now living at Dulcigno as a pensioner of Russia and Montenegro," dilated to me when I was there on the desirability of building a mole across the mouth of Val di Noce, a prettily wooded bay between Dulcigno and Antivari, where a small but safe haven could be formed. But here again the eternal question of funds would arise, and a similar difficulty would prevent the erection of a breakwater at Antivari. Besides, the latter bay is commanded by the Austrian position at Spizza, the place which was awarded to Montenegro at San Stefano but given to Austria at Berlin. Spizza is not otherwise of

much importance, though it looks very picturesque with the old-world fortress on the hill behind it and a twin fortress on the right-hand side of the harbour, but its strategical value makes its loss rankle in the mind of the Prince. Probably, for this reason, little has been done by the Montenegrins with the bay of Antivari ; besides, Montenegro is debarred by the Berlin Treaty from having a fleet, and the yacht *Jaroslav*, which the late Tsar gave the Prince, was a white elephant, and had to be returned. But recently this port has attained to considerable notoriety as the landing-place for those distinguished guests who wish to visit Cetinje without the etiquette of a formal reception by the Austrian authorities at Cattaro. Indeed, had the ruler of Montenegro been easily tempted by cash, this silent bay, on whose shores the Prince's villa, the post-office, and a couple of steamship agencies are almost the sole dwellings—for the ruinous town of Antivari is two miles inland, and remains much as it was after the cannonade of the last war—might have blossomed out into a second Monaco. For some years ago a body of speculators approached the Prince on the subject of building a casino, but his Highness retorted that he was Prince of Montenegro, and had no wish to become Prince of Monte Carlo, so the matter dropped. Antivari is, however, the nearest port to Bari in Italy, with which there is steamship communication, and since the Italian marriage there has been an increased traffic by this route. In order, too, to encourage the Austrian-Lloyd and Italian steamers, which call there, the Montenegrin Government allows them a considerable reduction on tonnage dues. Another difficulty in the way of Montenegrin commerce is the constant blocking up of the river Bojana, which forms the effluent of the Lake of Scutari. This is in Turkish hands, and when it becomes choked, as it does every winter, the lake rises and floods not only

Scutari, but the Montenegrin districts at the other end of this huge sheet of water, the largest in the Balkan Peninsula. Diplomatic notes are periodically sent by the one party, and promises periodically received from the other, but the state of things continues much as before.

Trade, indeed, in Montenegro must always remain small, partly because of the natural dislike of the natives to business, and, even if that were overcome, owing to the natural poverty of the country as a whole. "When God made the world," says a Serb maxim, "the bag which contained the stones burst, and the stones all fell upon Montenegro." Large parts of the Principality resemble nothing so much as a vast sea of stones, a veritable *steinernes Meer*, in which here and there a tiny islet appears in the shape of a minute patch of corn, little larger than a tablecloth. The "new Montenegro," which was added to the Principality after the last war, is more fertile, but, as we have seen, is still largely undeveloped—and whence is the capital to come to develop it? For in Montenegro a man is "passing rich" on £50 a year, and what he can afford to spend he spends on his clothes and his weapons. Podgorica is the only place where any real trade can be said to exist, for Cetinje is entirely a town of officials. The work, too, being largely done by women, except in the case of the Albanians, who live in the country, and those Dalmatians who have settled there, is not such as it might be if the men put their shoulders to the wheel. Successive years show no improvement in the commerce of the country, though I have met Montenegrins who have been sent to Marseilles to study commercial matters. Austria-Hungary has, of course, the lion's share of the imports, but since the establishment of the "Anglo-Montenegrin Trading Company" Great Britain has done better than before, and

easily occupies the second place, other nations being practically nowhere. Were more attention paid to the preparation of tobacco, which grows well in some parts of the Principality, and is usually bought up by the Austrian Regie, much better results might be achieved; and flea-powder is so necessary in many parts of the Near East that that commodity, which is one of Montenegro's staple exports, should command a wide sale. But here, at any rate, there is little prospect of "new markets" for British philanthropists; for even her ammunition, like so much else, Montenegro receives gratis from the benevolence of Russia, while the natives have a preference for *slivovic* over our alcoholic liquors.

Prince Nicholas in conversation with Englishmen naturally avoids unnecessary reference to his close friendship with Russia, and I do not believe that he would for a moment accept the position of a Russian governor. But the Montenegrins are warm admirers of most things Russian, and in their houses and inns you will see pictures of the Tsar and Tsaritsa side by side with those of the *Gospodar* and his consort. No one can deny that Russia has done a great deal for the Black Mountain, and perhaps the fact that, in the words of the Serb proverb, "The clouds are high and the Tsar a long way off," makes the Montenegrins more zealous for Russia than they might be if they were, say, in the geographical position of Roumania, or even Bulgaria. Into the precise pecuniary relations of the two "friends" it is impossible to enter, because, among other advantages of autocracy, the Prince has not to publish a budget, and can therefore keep his financial concerns to himself. But it is generally understood that the Principality receives annual subventions from the Tsar, who is also said to have provided a considerable sum for the dowry of the Montenegrin Princess, whom rumour at one time

had marked out for his own bride. One of the most unqualified benefits which the Russian Imperial family has conferred on the Principality is the Russian Institute, a long building to the right of the hotel, where an accomplished Russian lady is training up sixty girls, the largest number yet known in the history of the institution. About half of these pupils are natives of the Principality; the others come mostly from Dalmatia and the Hercegovina. But I saw one Albanian girl among them, one student from Odessa, and one from Port Said. They all sleep on the premises, and their dormitories and classrooms, which the lady superintendent showed me, are beautifully clean. The education is so good that the daughters of our minister received their early training there, and indeed this is one of the subjects in which the Prince takes a keen interest. He was himself educated in Paris, but holds that it is better to bring up Montenegrins in Montenegro, in which he is probably right. He has accordingly had his own family most carefully educated at home, and provides good elementary schools for his subjects in most parts of the country. It is a curious sight to see the Montenegrin schoolmaster, who is not in the least like any other pedagogue in the world, instructing his class in geography and writing. Their maps and their copy-book headings about their sovereign do them credit, and a merrier or brighter set of lads it would be difficult to find than these children of the Black Mountain. No university exists in the country, and higher education must be sought at Belgrade. But Cetinje, small as it is, possesses a good public reading-room in the same building as the theatre, where the warriors in their superabundant leisure devour the newspapers of the Servian and Russian capitals, as well as the two organs which now compose the Press of the Principality. Sometimes, too, the Prince provides them with

literature in the shape of a new poem of his own, printed in letters of gold, and the eight battle-songs which he composed for the eight battalions of the new regular army were as much admired as the famous ode to the sea which he wrote when his standards for the first time waved on the shore of Antivari's beautiful bay, where a heap of Turkish cannon-balls and cannon, one of which

MONTENEGRIN BOYS.
(From a Photo. by Mr. C. A. Miller.)

once saw Sebastopol, still bear testimony to his prowess in the last war.

Most visitors to Montenegro turn back when they have reached Cetinje, and have therefore little idea of the beauties of Montenegrin scenery beyond the superb views which they enjoy along the road to the capital. I have, indeed, seen few sights which can compare with the panorama of the Bocche di Cattaro as one mounts the serpentine and beholds one fiord after another opening

out far below one. But the country beyond Cetinje has charms too of its own. To comprehend the full fascination of this limestone wilderness, one must walk or ride through it by moonlight. Then the gaunt rocks assume the most fantastic shapes. At one moment one seems to be approaching a populous town or a ruined castle; and then, as one draws nearer, one perceives that the town is merely a vast mass of white rocks and the castle nothing but a crannied cliff. In springtime, too, the bright green foliage relieves the monotony of the limestone, and shows that even in Montenegro trees will grow. From the Belvedere, a picturesque summer-house, built at a corner of the road, about twenty minutes beyond Cetinje, there is a splendid view of the blue lake of Scutari, stretching far away in the distance, with the old Montenegrin capital of Žabliak perched on a hill in the foreground and the snow-capped Albanian mountains bounding the horizon. From here the road winds down to Rjeka, a little town beautifully situated, as its name, "the river," implies, upon a stream which is famous for its fish. These fish, called in Italian *scorange*, are considered great delicacies, and form one of the principal exports of Montenegro. It was near this picturesque place that the first book in the Slavonic language was printed, and the monastery is one of the oldest in the country. Having obtained candles and a guide, we ascended the stony valley of the Rjeka and penetrated the vast underground cavern from which that river issues. After we had been climbing for about half an hour over the huge boulders of rock which form the floor of the cavern, we arrived on the shore of an underground lake, similar to that over which visitors to the salt-mines near Berchtesgaden are ferried by the glare of pine torches. If Montenegro should ever become a haunt of tourists, the grotto of Rjeka, with its fine stalactites and its infernal lake, will make the fortune

of some Montenegrin Charon. It is unfortunate that a place so beautifully situated as Rjeka should, like Antivari, be unhealthy and malarious in summer, though in winter it is patronised by the Prince as an agreeable change from the cold of the capital.

From Rjeka, which boasts of a very fair inn, we drove for four hours to Podgorica along a wild and desolate desert of rocks which soon becomes almost as trying to the eye as the brilliant glare of an Athenian street or the dazzling whiteness of a Swiss glacier. Presently we descended into the plain in which Podgorica, the largest town in the Principality, is situated. By position Podgorica is destined to become on a small scale the Manchester of Montenegro. It is connected by an excellent road with the Lake of Scutari, and lies in a sheltered situation, as its name implies, "at the foot of a hill." Ceded to Montenegro by the Turks after the last war, it still retains the appearance of a Turkish town. In the old quarter may still be seen ancient Turkish houses, with their latticed windows and rambling balconies, while the chief mosque has a beautifully carved doorway. All day the bazaar in the main street is full of people, for the population of Podgorica is about 6,000, and politics and commerce are eagerly discussed. In former times the town was the scene of many skirmishes, and the fine bridge over the river outside it was particularly noted in the annals of this border-warfare. "*Nous sommes toujours en guerre,*" said a native to me, and the remark exactly expressed the conditions of life at Podgorica some years ago. Even now the Prince is said to look upon an occasional frontier incident as good for public morals. Disputes not unfrequently arise out of rights of pasture which have been greatly complicated by the absurd delimitations of the Turco-Montenegrin boundary subsequently to the Treaty of Berlin. The Boundary Com-

missioners so drew the frontier in some places that a man's cottage was in one country and his back-garden in another, and a journey to cut a cabbage was sometimes followed by unfortunate results, for so long as an Albanian has cartridges he feels it his duty to use them, and thinks as little of taking the life of a man as that of a pig. The Montenegrins are naturally ready for a fight, and these quarrels are greatly complicated by the survival of the blood-feud as a leading institution of Albania. In Montenegro the Prince's predecessor stamped it out by his extraordinary firmness, and succeeded, at the cost of considerable unpopularity, in convincing his people that it was the business of the law and not of the individual to punish the murderer. But in Albania, despite the religious exhortations recently addressed by the Sultan to the Albanian chiefs, the blood-feud remains unchecked, and when once it has begun the only method of stopping it is for both parties to meet on the banks of a stream and throw stones into the water corresponding to the number of the slain. The flat ground outside Podgorica produces a good deal of corn, for wherever the Montenegrin women can snatch a few yards from the rocks they will turn them to good use. The fish, fresh from the river, were very fine and large, and it seems a pity that this country is so neglected by the British angler. But the most interesting feature of the neighbourhood is the old Roman town of Dioclea, which claims to be the birthplace of Diocletian, and is about a mile beyond Podgorica, in the angle of two rivers. A considerable part of the ancient remains has been excavated, and the site is well worth a visit, not merely from its Roman associations, but because it was once the capital of the old kingdom of Dioclea, which played a considerable part in the Balkan history of the Middle Ages. From Dioclea we drove along through a beautiful avenue of flowering

acacias up the fertile valley of the Zeta to the busy little town of Danilovgrad. Travellers who have only seen the western part of the Principality have no idea that Montenegro contains any fertile district, but the vale of the Zeta is rich in corn and vines, and the oak is once more visible on the hills. Before the last extension of territory this beautiful valley was the weak point of Montenegro

DANILOVGRAD.
(From a Photo. by Mr. C. A. Miller.)

from a military aspect. It was here, if anywhere, that the mountain fastness was vulnerable; for prior to the Berlin Treaty it was only about fifteen miles across from the Turkish territory on one side to the Turkish territory on the other, so that the eastern and western halves of the Principality could be cut asunder, and the usual Turkish plan of campaign was to despatch simultaneously one army from Albania and another from the Hercegovina.

Danilovgrad was alive with people as we drove up, and the open space between the shops and the river was crammed with rough-looking peasants from far and near who had brought their flocks and herds to sell. There were wild Albanians clad in sheepskins, with the white fez which is the badge of all their tribe stuck on their shaven heads. There were shepherds carrying their lambs on their shoulders, and goatherds, the meanness of whose dress contrasted strangely with the richly inlaid handles of their pistols, driving their goats before them. A knot of thirty soon gathered round us on the bridge as we stood there to take a photograph of this curious scene, for the camera is not yet common in the Black Mountain. Beyond Danilovgrad there is another of those curious phenomena of which the Foïba at Pisino is so remarkable an example. Here the river Zeta disappears beneath the mountain, and flows in a subterranean channel from which it emerges at the head of the valley below the famous monastery of Ostrog.

This ancient monastery, object of pious veneration to every Montenegrin, amply repays the toil of climbing and slipping for three hours over the sharp, jagged rocks which are by a polite fiction described as a bridle-path. Thither once a year the sturdy folk of the Black Mountain go up, prince and peasant alike, and I saw Prince Nicholas and his whole Court leave Cetinje in a procession of five modest conveyances, quite in keeping with the patriarchal traditions of the country. For the monastery contains the bones of the famous *Vladika*, or Prince-Bishop Basilus, who took refuge in Montenegro from the Turks some time in the seventeenth century, and lived and died in this lonely spot. It was thundering and lightning, and the valley of the Zeta far below was hid in mist as we arrived at the lower monastery—for there are two—one on a rocky plateau on the mountain-

side, the other in a cavern of the cliff, half an hour higher up. A ring at the bell was quickly answered, and we were ushered into a plainly furnished cell by a youth without shoes or stockings, who kissed my hand and after a profound bow went in search of the priest. It was extraordinary to notice the respect which the holy father evoked when he entered the room. Our Montenegrin guide went down upon his knees and did obeisance before him, and the juvenile attendant proceeded to go through a series of extraordinary antics and grimaces. He bowed and scraped and crossed himself, and saluted in military fashion, running about the room all the while in quest of refreshment for the guests. After the usual glass of brandy and cup of coffee the priest asked us who we were and whence we came quite in the Homeric style. As soon as the thunderstorm was over we started for the upper monastery, which we could just see protruding from the mouth of the cavern in the rock several hundred feet above us. Arrived at the entrance of this remote hermitage, we knocked at the gate, and a venerable man with flowing locks of snow-white hair, the very picture of the typical man of God in the old stories, came down the steps to greet us after the manner of the early Christians. He kissed us on both cheeks, to our great embarrassment, and then led us by the hand up a winding stair and along a stone balcony into his lonely cell. Refreshments were at once produced, and the hermit taking up two eggs dyed crimson like the pace-eggs which we still see in the North of England at Easter, gave me one of them and requested me to hold it in my hand with the end upwards; he then took another egg himself, and having made the sign of the cross upon his forehead and murmured a prayer in Serb, he struck the end of my egg with the end of his. Having thus cracked one end, he made me turn the other end of my egg upwards and repeated

the same operation with the other extremity of his own, after which he peeled my egg for me and invited me to eat it. This done, he led me by the hand into a beautiful little refectory ornamented with coloured portraits of the Prince, the late Tsar and Tsaritza, and containing a well-spread table covered with Turkish delight, almonds, raisins, prunes, and other delicacies. It was with the greatest pride that he showed me the books of the monastery, some of them being among the earliest productions of the Slavonic printing press at Kiev, the gift of the late Tsar. But the greatest curiosity next to the old hermit himself had been reserved to the last. With much solemnity my host produced a huge key from his pocket and led me by the hand towards the chapel, where repose the bones of the saint. The chapel is hewn out of a cavern in the living rock and the roof is so low that it is just possible to stand upright without knocking one's head. One side is occupied by a large chest covered by a richly ornamented cloth, which the old priest proceeded to remove with reverent hands. The box was soon unlocked, and on the lid being opened I perceived the mortal remains of the *Vladika* Basilus lying in his robes of state. The body was entirely covered up, but the priest permitted me to see the feet of the saint, and looked on with evident gratification, while my guide went down on bended knees and kissed a little crucifix which lay inside the chest. Then the lid was closed and we made our exit, going out of the narrow doorway backwards so as to avoid turning our backs upon the saintly shrine. It was not an easy performance, but as the priest and the guide set me the example I determined to go through with it. Outside in the rock there is a clear spring of water, and, strange to say, a tiny patch of earth about six feet square, where a vine has been planted and is trained against the mountain-side. A quainter spot it would be

difficult to imagine, and it has more than once proved a place of refuge for the Montenegrins in time of trouble. Again and again the Turks have beseiged Ostrog and on one occasion 30,000 of them encompassed it for several months without success. The attacks from the valley below were easily repulsed ; the stones hurled down from the rocks above glanced off the sloping roof of the cave into the ravine far beneath, and although it was defended by only thirty Montenegrins the enemy had to retire. In more recent times the Grand *Voïvode* Mirko, father of the Prince, held this natural fortress with only twenty-six men, and his defence of the place and his subsequent march to Cetinje with the loss of only one soldier, after emerging from the cavern "as black as a coal" are favourite themes with his son. In the last war, however, the Turks captured the cavern and set fire to the monastery below.

Bidding goodbye to the old priest we set out for the pass in the mountains where our carriage was to meet us and take us on to Nikšić, where the road ends. The bridge over the river had been washed away, so that we had to take the horses out and make them swim the stream, while our driver shouted across the river for a raft. The distance for which a Montenegrin's voice will carry is most extraordinary, and some years ago when a murder was committed not very far from the Austrian frontier the whole army was mobilised in a couple of hours by means of scouts, who shouted from one cliff to arouse their comrades on the next, with the result that the miscreants were caught before they could escape over the border. Nikšić, I think, has a future before it. The natural advantages of its position in a broad and well-watered plain would make it a better capital than Cetinje, which is much less central and has a much colder climate in winter. For some years past there has been talk of trans-

ferring the seat of government thither, but the obstacle of expense has hitherto proved insurmountable; besides, until a carriage-road is constructed down to the Austrian frontier, from which a tolerable track has been made to the port of Risano, the trade of Nikšić cannot be developed, for at present everything has to be transported on the backs of mules over a mountain path. The capture of the place from the Turks in the last war after a four months' siege, conducted by the Prince in person, was considered a great feat of strategy, and his Highness is fond of talking about his "Homeric battles" under its walls. By its acquisition and that of Podgorica the keys of both ends of the Zeta valley have been placed in his hands. The old Turkish fortifications are now in ruins, and the Mussulman population is gradually disappearing, while a large new church, the biggest in the whole Principality, is a sign of the new order of things.

The ride from Nikšić to the sea is extremely fatiguing; for ten hours we were in the saddle—a Turkish one—only stopping for a cup of coffee and a glass of cognac at a miserable *han*. One of the Prince's *perianiks* accompanied us as far as the frontier, and, like a true Montenegrin, preferred to stride over the rocks instead of riding. For miles and miles on every side there was not a house, and scarcely a tree to be seen. Everywhere the eye fell upon the eternal grey rocks, which seemed to stretch to infinity. The path, such as it was, consisted of loose stones and went on and on through a succession of valleys and rocky basins. Then we reached the summit of the pass and could see the stony desert of the Hercegovina, far away on the right. Emerging from a deep and rocky ravine, down which the horses scrambled, slipping at almost every step, we saw before us the plain of Grahovo,

the Waterloo of Montenegro. Thence to the Austrian frontier is a short ride, and next day we traversed the mountains of the Krivošije, whose warlike inhabitants gave the soldiers of the Monarchy so much trouble thirty years ago. Nestling at the foot of these mountains, now crowned with many a fort, we saw the town of Risano reflected in the waters of the Bocche di Cattaro.

CHAPTER III

THE MODEL BALKAN STATE : BOSNIA AND THE HERCEGOVINA

WHEN, at the eighth sitting of the Berlin Congress, Lord Salisbury proposed that Austria-Hungary should occupy the Turkish provinces of Bosnia and the Hercegovina, a new era was opened in the history of the Balkan Peninsula. Twenty years have now passed away since the Berlin Treaty regulated the political conditions of South-Eastern Europe, but of the various arrangements then made the most remarkable and, as subsequent events have shown, the most successful was that proposed by the second British plenipotentiary and embodied in the 25th Article of the treaty. The experiment, for such it was, is valuable, not only for its own sake but also because it is calculated to serve as a model for the future guidance of statesmen dealing with the Eastern Question. But before describing what has been accomplished under the auspices of Austria-Hungary in so comparatively short a space of time, it may be well to remind the Western reader of the initial difficulties which the government of Bosnia and the Hercegovina presented in 1878.

Of all the Balkan lands that passed beneath the sway of the Turk, Bosnia and the Hercegovina were the last to be conquered and the least amenable to the administration of the Ottoman authorities at Constantinople. The social condition of the country had been one of

feudalism under the old Bosnian kingship, whose last representative fell in 1463 and now lies a grim skeleton in the Franciscan Church at Jajce; and it remained

COFFIN OF LAST BOSNIAN KING.

under the Turks what it had been in the days of Tvrtko I. and his successors. The sole exception was that the Bosnian landowners embraced, as a rule, the

creed of their conquerors, while their serfs continued constant to the Christian faith. Lord Salisbury was therefore historically accurate when he told the Congress that these were "the only provinces of Turkey where the owners of the soil have, almost without exception, a different creed from the labourers." Called even to the present day in popular parlance *die Türken*, the Bosnian Mussulmans are in reality of the same race and speech as the Bosnian Christians and have almost to a man little or no acquaintance with the Turkish language. Like the Pomaks in Mount Rhodope and the Greek Moslems in Crete, they had religious but no racial affinities with the Turks ; yet, as is usually the case in the Near East, the ties of religion, especially when that religion has been adopted with the zeal of a convert, counted with the Bosnian Mohammedans for far more than the community of blood. But the Bosnian nobles showed repeatedly, as the Albanians still continue to do, that they had no intention of allowing the Sultan's deputies to interfere with their privileges. Geographical and political circumstances tended to weaken the power of the Turkish officials and to strengthen the hands of the native magnates. The mountainous character of *Bosna ponosna*, or "lofty Bosnia," its distance from Stambûl, and the constant changes of the governors sent from headquarters, whose average tenure of office was but twenty months, and two of whom were actually recalled before they had ever set foot in the country, all prevented a complete conquest of these provinces. In a highly aristocratic community like Bosnia, the head of an old family enjoyed far more respect, even though he were poor, than an upstart from Constantinople who had nothing to commend him but his ostentation and his office. Now and again we hear of a Turkish governor, like Usref, the conqueror of Jajce, whose word was

supreme and whose religious endowments were "richer than those in any province of the Empire." But the general rule was that the native nobles were the repositories of power while the Sultan's representative was a mere fleeting figure, here to-day and gone to-morrow. It was not till 1850 that the Bosnian magnates were constrained to allow the Turkish *vali* to fix his official residence at Sarajevo, and nowhere did the well-meant reforms of Mahmûd II. meet with such stubborn resistance as from the fanatical Bosnian *begs*. Bosnia might be "the lion that guards the gates of Stambûl," but it was a lion that had never been properly tamed by its Turkish master. No wonder, then, that one of the Turkish envoys, finding the grapes sour, left the council-board at Berlin with the remark that his Government had never been able to do aught with Bosnia and the Hercegovina during its 415 years of sovereignty, and that no one else could manage such a refractory people. But the Austrians speedily and triumphantly falsified these forebodings of failure. The task of carrying out the mission of the Berlin Congress was only temporarily impeded by the fanaticism of the Bosnian Mussulmans. Sarajevo, after a desperate resistance, fell into the hands of the Austrian forces, the Hercegovina was soon subdued, and the first four years of the Occupation sufficed to put an end to the reign of anarchy which four centuries of Turkish rule had failed wholly to quell. In 1882 Baron von Kállay appeared upon the scene, and with his advent the period of constructive work, which has gone on ever since, began in earnest.

In addition to the Mussulman element of the population, the Austro-Hungarian Government had to reckon with two distinct parties among the Christians of the country. At the last census, held in 1895, the whole population amounted to 1,568,092 of which 42·94 per

cent. were Orthodox, 21·31 per cent. Roman Catholics, and 34·9 per cent. Mussulmans. The Orthodox Serbs of Bosnia and the Hercegovina had racial affinities with Servia and Montenegro, who had gone to war against the Turks after the insurrection of 1875, and who expected territorial compensation as the reward of their efforts. Stimulated by Servian and Montenegrin journals, these feelings of kindred nationality are still apt to influence those who prefer the barren and impracticable glories of the "great Servian idea" to the solid material advantages which impartial European administration alone can bestow upon such a composite country. The Roman Catholics, on the other hand, who had long looked to Austria for aid and naturally welcomed her advent as that of a great Catholic Power, have felt somewhat disappointed that they, who form little more than a fifth of the population, have not been allowed to act as "the predominant partner" in the Bosnian firm. To my mind there can be no better proof of the even-handed treatment which these various confessions have received from the Government, than that such disappointments should be felt. Of this equality of religious bodies in the eye of the law some examples may be given. I witnessed on Corpus Christi Day, in front of the Roman Catholic Church at Mostar, one of the most extraordinary gatherings of peasants from the surrounding villages that can be conceived. All the worshippers appeared in the picturesque garb of the district, and the whole enclosure was one waving mass of white, which swayed hither and thither as the faithful fell upon their knees or rose from their prayers. The red, white, and blue of the Croatian flags was almost universal, and the military band played a stave of the Austrian national anthem. Yet Mostar is one of the three strongest Moslem centres of the whole country, and such was

the local fanaticism in Turkish times that down to the middle of the present century the Mussulmans refused to tolerate a Catholic priest in their town. Now the Mostar Catholics need no protection at their devotions. Again at Reljevo, near Sarajevo, I was present at the annual examination of the Orthodox Training College, where young Bosniaks, assisted by Government scholarships, are educated for Holy Orders. The old Orthodox Bishop of Mostar was greatly delighted at the way in which the

CORPUS CHRISTI DAY AT MOSTAR.
(*From a Photo. by Miss Chadwick.*)

candidates acquitted themselves, and punctuated their dissertations on Anglican theology and the Council of Bâle with exclamations of "*Dobro, dobro!*" ("Good, good!") at frequent intervals. The Russian press is fond of complaining that the Austro-Hungarian authorities interfere with the liberties of the Orthodox Church, but a very marked improvement in the character of that body has been perceptible since the Occupation. Prior to that date, as in Bulgaria before the *firman* of 1870, the eccle-

MOSTAR, HERCEGOVINA.

siastical appointments were all bought and the bishops recouped themselves for their outlay at the expense of their unfortunate dioceses. But although the Orthodox Church in Bosnia is still dependent upon the authority of the Greek Patriarch at Constantinople, an arrangement was made with him in 1879 by which his nominations to Bosnian bishoprics were subject to the approval of the Austrian Emperor. A general purification of religious life and a higher standard of theological attainments have followed this change, and though difficulties sometimes arise, as at Mostar last year, the Orthodox clergy is yearly becoming better educated—a great advantage in an Eastern country where religion plays such a large part in all the relations of life. The Mussulmans, too, enjoy in Bosnia the fullest liberty of public worship. In almost every Bosnian village the mosque and the church may be seen side by side, and the *muezzin* calls the faithful to prayer from the minaret of stone or wood, while the church bell invites the Christians to their devotions. One of the ornaments of the capital is the beautiful *Scheriatschule*, or college for the education of Moslem jurists, which was erected by the present administration, where young Mohammedans are taught, by teachers of their own religion, the *Scheri*, or Mussulman law, and the Arabic language. Within its walls there is all the order of an English college, each student has his room and his shelves of books; a tiny mosque opens out of the fountained courtyard, and a dining-hall is provided for the general use of the students. We noticed that forks were laid upon the table—an arrangement intended, we were told, to familiarise the students with "European" table manners, because they were frequently asked out to dinner. Close to, the Mussulmans have a reading-room of their own, where the latest papers from Stambûl and their own organs in the

MECCA PILGRIMS.

Bosnian press are eagerly devoured, and for their special convenience the Government is building a new hotel at Ilidže, the watering-place of Bosnia. The Austrians willingly admitted those Turkish officials, who entered their service at the outset, to fill places for which they were qualified, so that they might not consider themselves badly treated. I met one of these personages in a small Bosnian town, who, being no scholar, had been provided with a sinecure post as a policeman, and enjoyed the double advantage of an elegant leisure and a regular salary. The administration also affords its Mohammedan employees every facility for making the pilgrimage to Mecca, and eighty to a hundred Bosnian pilgrims annually set out on the sacred journey with the joyful conviction that on their return they will be regarded by their co-religionists as saints, while at the same time they will be reinstated in their old posts. A doctor accompanies the pilgrims, and in times of plague I have seen messages about their safety arrive in the Government offices at Sarajevo. In one case, where a minor official had disregarded the advice of his superiors and had sold all that he possessed in order to make the pilgrimage, his family was supported by them until his return. In the Town Council at Sarajevo, the members of which are elected in proportion to the numbers of the various confessions, there are twelve Mussulmans, and the present mayor, Mehmed Bey Kapetanović, the head of one of the oldest Bosnian families, and a writer and speaker of talent, is, like his predecessor, a Mussulman, while his deputy is an Orthodox Serb. The mayor, who has held office for some years, has won considerable notoriety by his collection of several thousand national proverbs; and a recent speech, in which he illustrated by a racy anecdote the greater security of life and property under the present dispensation, was a striking

tribute to the Austro-Hungarian administration. Finally, even the Protestants, who form only ·23 of the whole population, are encouraged by the Government, which has granted a good site and made a substantial contribution for a Protestant church at Sarajevo.

The Austrians have handled the delicate question of religious education with great tact. There are in Bosnia and the Hercegovina, broadly speaking, two classes of schools—public schools supported by the Government, for all confessions alike, where instruction, including school-books, is absolutely free, and confessional schools for the separate religious communities, partly supported by the State. A parent is not compelled to send his children to school at all, but arguments are used by the local authorities to persuade him of the advantages of education should he desire to keep his offspring ignorant. It is left absolutely at the discretion of the parent to choose between a public school, where his child will consort with children of other creeds, and one of his own religious way of thought. But even in the non-confessional schools there is religious instruction, only it is given to the Mussulman children by Mussulman *hodzas*, to the Orthodox pupils by their own Orthodox divines, and to the Catholic boys and girls by Catholic priests. Care, too, is taken to respect the racial prejudices of the Orthodox Serbs. Practically the only difference between the Croatian and Serb languages is the script. Both alphabets, the Latin and the Cyrillic, are current in Bosnia; but the lesson-books used by the Orthodox pupils are printed in Cyrillic letters, and those studied by the others in the ordinary Latin characters. A similar motive has led to the invention of the term *Bosnisch* for the language of the country, so as not to offend the one party by calling it Croatian or the other by describing it as Serb. In all the public schools the native tongue is the vehicle

of instruction, and in the elementary schools, of which there are 188, the subjects taught comprise reading, writing, arithmetic, a book of literary extracts, and a short compendium of Bosnian history down to the time of the Occupation. The children, so a very experienced teacher told me, are very fond of learning, and like all the Southern Slavs have a special love of history, which has been transmitted from generation to generation in the form of ballads. As, during the Turkish times, there was little or no secular education, and even the well-to-do Moslems had to send their children to the Franciscan schools to be taught, many of the older people are unable to read and write, but it is no uncommon thing to find them learning laboriously with their children, and begging the schoolmaster to lend them a history book to study at home. The boys usually enter the public schools at seven years of age, and remain there four or five years. Their studies are stimulated by prizes, and as an instance, the master of a school, in a place of about four thousand inhabitants, is annually allowed 40 gulden by the Government, to be spent on prize books. Four classes form the usual division of both the boys' and the girls' schools, but sometimes, from lack of space, the four are reduced to two, or grouped together. Above the elementary schools there are two gymnasia, one at Sarajevo and the other at Mostar, a *Realschule* at Banjaluka, a technical intermediate school and institution for the training of male and female teachers at Sarajevo, the lack of whom is still felt, but will be gradually supplied as time goes on. A military school for boys turns out a number of smart lads, who are one of the features of the capital. There is no university in the country, for, warned by the example of Greece, the Government is desirous not to flood so purely agricultural a country with a host of highly educated men, for whom there is

little or no opening, and who would inevitably become discontented members of society. At the same time promising young Bosniaks are sent to study in Vienna at the public expense, on condition that they abstain from joining political associations. This desire to keep education apart from politics explains the selection of Vienna rather than Agram for this purpose. A somewhat similar policy—that of sending the natives to see something of the Monarchy—has suggested the plan of posting Bosnian regiments at Buda-Pesth, Graz, and elsewhere in Austria-Hungary. This system is more expensive, it is true, than keeping the Bosnian soldiers at home ; but the Government considers that the broader views which the Bosniaks thus acquire are well worth the extra cost. As regards the confessional schools, I may cite the instance of a Serb seminary in the Hercegovina, where the children showed me their history books, which contained a complete synopsis of Servian history, in Cyrillic characters, from Stephen Nemanja down to Milan Obrenović. It would be difficult to find a better instance of educational liberty, because the young Serbs are thus permitted by the Government to study the history of that "Great Servia" which the enemies of the Austrian Occupation desire to revive. The most reactionary party in educational matters is composed of the Mohammedan women, who usually have the strongest objection to sending their daughters to school with the Christian girls, for fear lest they should be perverted from those strict usages of Islâm which are nowhere so severely observed as in Bosnia. For while the Bosnian Mussulmans are more conservative than those of other countries, the women are naturally more conservative than the men. Here veiling is practised with far more rigour than elsewhere in the Near East, and the contrast with Constantinople is in this respect most striking. Every effort

is made to respect these customs, and at Sarajevo there is a special school, supported by the Government, for Mussulman girls. A high compliment has been paid to the Bosnian system of education by the Prussian Government, which last year sent one of its inspectors of schools to examine and report upon the educational system of the occupied territory.

It will thus be seen that the aim of the Government from the first has been to make the education of the people thoroughly practical and technical, rather than theoretical and literary. To my mind this is one of the

A MUSSULMAN WOMAN.
(From a Photo. by Miss Chadwick.)

chief advantages which Bosnia possesses over the other Balkan States. Greece, Servia, and to a less extent even the "peasant State" of Bulgaria, suffer from the evil effects of too much higher education, and too little technical training. In all these young countries farmers are more wanted than doctors and lawyers, and the greatest danger is the creation of a *Gelehrten-proletariat*, which takes to politics as a means of getting a living.

Such is not the case in the occupied territory. Here the Austrians have sought to revive native industries, and improve native art on lines not divergent from the national genius. Next year Londoners will have an opportunity of judging for themselves at the Bosnian Exhibition, which is to be held at Earl's Court, of the work produced here under Government auspices. One of the most interesting institutions in Sarajevo is the Government art workshop and school, where sixty persons are employed, all Mohammedans, some in giving or receiving lessons in metal-work, and others in executing highly finished designs in silver, copper, brass, wood, and other materials. With characteristic regard for the religious feelings of the pupils, a room has been specially fitted up as a mosque for the use of these Mussulmans, so that they can perform their devotions without leaving the building. A similar establishment is the Government carpet manufactory, where two hundred girls may be seen at work, and a speciality is the so-called *Bez-weberei* for the production of the veils and dresses of the Mohammedan ladies—an industry in which six hundred workwomen are engaged, in and out of the building and its Mostar branch. Ladies assure me that this Bosnian work is of beautiful quality, and compares very favourably with the fabrics of Brûsa and Constantinople, which in finish are very inferior to it. It need not be pointed out that the amount of employment thus afforded to the natives is very considerable, for these industries either did not exist at all in the Turkish days, or were conducted on the most humble scale. Moreover, the Government is doing everything it can to improve the condition of agriculture by the creation of model farms and similar institutions in different parts of the country. I went over the agricultural school at Ilidže, where nineteen pupils are at present being educated in farming and

the three R's, and whence, when their course is completed, they go forth as apostles of practical husbandry to their own homes. It struck me as an excellent idea that their subsequent careers were carefully followed, for in too many educational establishments the pupil ceases to be of interest to his master as soon as he has left school. Close by is a model dairy, with sixty-six cows in its stalls, a large vegetable garden, and at some distance, near the source of the Bosna, an establishment for scientific pisciculture. At Prjedor, near the Croatian frontier, is a Government poultry farm. There are also model farms at Livno, Gacko, and Modrić, and at the last-named place a certain number of village schoolmasters have every year a six weeks' course of practical agriculture. The course comprises almost every branch of husbandry, and as soon as sufficient schoolmasters have obtained this instruction they will impart it to the pupils in the two upper classes of the village schools. A Government station, for the improvement of viticulture, exists near Mostar, and has done much to improve the wine industry of the Hercegovina. But the Hercegovina possesses another natural product which has been greatly developed under the new *régime*. I allude to its excellent tobacco, the finest of which comes from Trebinje. I inspected the chief Government tobacco manufactory at Sarajevo—there are others at Mostar, Banjaluka and Travnik—and observed all the processes through which all the tobacco passes. This one manufactory employs three hundred girls—all Christians—and one hundred and fifty men—all Mussulmans, because the latter are more accustomed to this kind of labour than the Christian males, while no Mussulman woman would do such work. Here one sees all the twelve qualities of the native tobacco from the best Hercegovinian down to the worst Bosnian—for Bosnia is not so favourable to the growth of tobacco as the Hercegovina,

and the plant is indeed cultivated at three places only in Bosnia proper—at Banjaluka, Foča, and Srebrenica. The output at the Sarajevo factory is 70 centners a day, and in addition to the large quantity of tobacco consumed in the country, there is now a considerable export to Laibach and Fiume for the respective halves of the Dual Monarchy. The paper—and most of the cigarettes have paper mouthpieces—is also made in the country at the paper-mill at Zenica. Efforts have also been made to improve the breed of horses and sheep in the country, and there is a stud farm just outside the capital. During the period of the Occupation, up to the last census, the Bosnian sheep had increased by 2,390,732, the goats by 924,926, the cattle by 655,264, the pigs by 430,354, and the horses by 78,458. These figures are, in a country like Bosnia, a very good index of the national prosperity. At the exhibition at Vienna this year special commendation was bestowed upon the animals which were exhibited in the Bosnian section. It is not the fault of the authorities if the natives do not improve their primitive style of cultivation; but in this respect, as in everything else, the Bosniak is intensely conservative, and even on the edge of the model farms you will find peasants whose agricultural implements and methods have changed little from those described by Virgil.

The land question was indeed a difficulty scarcely less serious than the animosities of rival creeds, when the Austrians arrived in the country. Long before that time it had been a burning problem in Bosnia. It was the real cause of the insurrection of 1875, and had at repeated intervals before that date produced troubles and disorders among the people, which had spread over the border and caused constant friction between the Austrians and the Turks. On several occasions the former had to take upon themselves the duty of chastising the Sultan's

unruly vassals, and at last matters came to such a pitch that the Austrian Government, in the interests of its own subjects, urged upon the Turkish authorities the necessity of land reform. In consequence of these remonstrances the Turkish law of Sefer 14, 1276 (September 12, 1859), was introduced, but like many other Turkish arrangements, this law was admirable in theory but a dead letter in practice. Upon their arrival in the country, however, the Austrians made it a living reality and it still remains in force, having proved itself, after twenty years' experience, to be, in the phrase of a very competent authority, "a golden law for the peasant." The system, which resembles the *Métayer* principle of Southern Europe, is as follows : The landlord, or *aga*, and the cultivator, or *kmet*, share between them the produce of the soil, in a proportion fixed by the custom of the district. The *kmet* has first to pay a tithe in cash to the Government, and one-third, one-fourth, or one-fifth, as the custom may be, in kind to the *aga ;* but on his cattle he pays nothing to the *aga*, and in Bosnia, as we have seen, cattle form a very important item of the national income. The *aga*, on the other hand, is bound to provide and keep in repair the *kmet's* farm buildings. If the former wishes to sell, the latter enjoys the right of pre-emption, and the *Landesbank*, founded some three years ago with a capital of 10,000,000 gulden advances money at 6½ per cent. to those who desire to exercise this right but have not the requisite amount of spare cash for the purpose. The last census proved that a considerable number of cultivators had become possessors of their own holdings, and that the agricultural population consisted in about equal proportions of *kmets* and peasant-proprietors. But the peasant-proprietor is not always better off in the long run than the unenfranchised *kmet*, for the latter cannot be evicted unless he either fails to pay the share due to his

aga or leaves his land uncultivated; the peasant-proprietor, on the other hand, may lose the roof over his head as the result of a bad harvest. Suitable as this system is to the peculiar circumstances of Bosnia, it has not wholly satisfied either party; indeed, if it had, that would be a proof that it had favoured the one at the expense of the other. The occupied territory, it must be remembered, is largely agricultural, and the Bosnian and Hercegovinian peasants have an earth-hunger not less intense than that of the Irish farmer. The Austrians were accordingly besieged on their arrival by cries from the Christians, that the Mussulmans had "robbed them of their lands," and by demands for a general division of the soil among the poor. The outcry sounded plausible enough at first, but diligent investigations proved to the officials that this "robbery," if it had ever been perpetrated at all, dated from the early days of the Turkish rule, and was therefore centuries old. The Austrian authorities therefore resolved to make the best they could of the existing law without risking one of those agrarian revolutions which redress an old wrong by committing a new one. The position of the peasant is now a certain and assured one, while in the Turkish times he was practically the slave of his landlord, and, worst of all, the exactions of the tax-farmers were such that he seldom kept for himself more than a third of his crop. It was this last iniquity which occasioned the outbreak at Nevesinje in 1875, which was primarily directed, not against the Sultan but against the local authorities and against the Mussulman landowners. The *aga*, on the other hand, now complains that the cultivator can no longer be treated like an inferior being. But both sides have gained confidence in the impartiality of the Government which allows assessors chosen from the various religious persuasions to assist the judges with their local experience in the settlement of their agrarian

disputes. Under the Turkish rule the *kmet* was always at a practical disadvantage, in spite of the theoretical equality of all Ottoman subjects before the law, so ostentatiously proclaimed by Abdul Medjid in the famous *Hatti-cherif* of Gul-khané. No Christians were employed in the administration ; the police purchased their places, and reimbursed themselves by extorting money from those whom they were intended to defend ; and, in the words of the British Consul of that day, "all provincial authorities, with rare exceptions," acted, "according to the inspirations of their own personal interest." It would have been impossible to introduce the jury system into the occupied territory, because no Mussulman jury would sentence a Mussulman, and no Christian jury a Christian. So in criminal cases the Austrians have preferred a system of assessors chosen from among the people, known as the *Schöffensystem*. But in civil matters, which are naturally more difficult, assessors are only employed in the least important cases. In some matters Bosnia is even ahead of the Monarchy, for the practice of oral instead of written proceedings existed here before it was adopted in Austria. When a bad season occurs, as was the case last year, there is a *Cassa* for making advances to the peasants. The Government buys corn for them and lets them have seed, not, however, as a free gift, according to the reckless Turkish method, but as a loan, so as not to pauperise them. For the Bosniak, owing to his long subjection to the Turks, lacks that moral strength and feeling which characterises those Balkan races which have never bowed beneath the Ottoman yoke. Owing to the subdivision of land under the Turkish law, which distributes the testator's real property in equal shares among all his children, sons and daughters alike, the *agas* have frequently had hard work to make both ends meet, and they also can get assistance from the

Landesbank. One great advantage of the Bosnian land tenure is that it prevents foreign speculators from buying up the land, and keeps it in the hands of the natives. Another advantage is, that all three parties concerned—the Government, the *aga*, and the *kmet*—share profits and losses among them, according to the yield of the year. Possibly as time goes on and the peasants become better educated, the old Turkish law may be altered; but that will not be just yet. However, the Bosnian *kmet* is better off than the Dalmatian or Sicilian peasant, and a "European," resident in the country for many years, has praised "the admirable sense of humanity and justice exercised by those who are at this moment the highest in authority." In the north of Bosnia there are some large Mussulman landowners, or *begs*, and the prizes which these sporting landlords give every year for the races at Prjedor, to encourage the breed of horses, are only second in importance to those awarded annually at the race-meeting at Ilidže.

The Austrians have had to create practically everything in the occupied territory, for what Crete, Albania, and Macedonia are to-day that was Bosnia in 1878; and nothing was more urgently needed than some decent means of communication. In no respect has the decline of Turkish administration been more marked than in its incapacity to make and keep up roads. The great Turkish Sultans of the past were, like the Romans, celebrated as road-makers, and in the Roman times three great thoroughfares connected Bosnia and the Hercegovina with the Adriatic. But, as everywhere in Turkey, the roads were allowed to fall into ruin, and if an energetic monarch or minister sent a sum of money to a provincial governor for road-making, it invariably stuck in the governor's pockets. Thus in 1878 there was an almost impenetrable barrier between this romantic

country and the civilisation of the West. Miss Irby,[1] who has given so many years of her life to educational work among the Southern Slavs, tells how, when she visited Bosnia shortly before the Occupation, the only means of reaching Sarajevo from the frontier at Brod was the post-cart of the Austrian Consulate which passed once a week each way and took two days and a night or more on the journey. As the vehicle had no springs and the road was truly Turkish, resembling nothing so much as the bed of a river, the delights of the journey may be imagined. The father of a friend of mine was in charge of the first waggon that went from Metković to Mostar. The sole piece of railway in the country was the fragment of Turkish line from Dobrlin on the Croatian border to Banjaluka, which was intended to be the first instalment of a great highway to Salonica, but which, like so many Turkish undertakings, remained a magnificent torso! At the time of the Occupation grass had grown on the track, and Bosnia was still without a single train. The Turks had ordered iron in London for bridges over the Narenta, but this, too, the Austrians found strewn about the country on their arrival. At the present moment the Bosnian and Hercegovinian State Railways, including the Imperial and Royal Military line from Banjaluka to Dobrlin, consist of exactly five hundred English miles of line, the fares are low, and a 4th class has been provided for the use of the peasants. One of the most interesting features of Bosnian travel is to see the doors of the 4th class opened at the stations, and the natives (*die Einheimischen*, as the Austrians call them) descending and ascending in the most picturesque of costumes. Two things are now wanted in connection with the railway system.

[1] "Travels in the Slavonic Provinces of Turkey-in-Europe," i. 2

When the Bosnian line was built, it was intended for military purposes, and was required to be quickly and cheaply constructed. It was therefore made on a very small gauge, so that passengers and goods have to be transhipped at the frontier at Brod, the one normal gauge line being that from Banjaluka to Dobrlin. A new station has lately been opened at Brod, but even that does not obviate the disadvantages of the nocturnal change of carriages at that place, while goods suffer considerably from transhipment. The second want in the country is a direct railway communication with Dalmatia, the natural coast-line of the occupied territory. The Hercegovina, it is true, touches the sea at two points, on the Bocche di Cattaro, near Castelnuovo, and on an arm of the Adriatic near Klek, but the harbour of Neum is of no use, and at present the only direct route by rail to Dalmatia is the line to Metković on the Narenta, whence steamers ply to the Dalmatian coast, down the Narenta Canal, constructed by the Austrians, as the stone monument at Fort Opus relates, "between the years 1881 and 1889." It is now proposed to connect the Hercegovina by rail from Gabela, the next station to Metković, with Ragusa, Gravosa, and Castelnuovo. This line, which will be a small gauge and is primarily intended for military purposes, is to be completed in three years, and another military railway is contemplated from Gravosa to Trebinje, a most important strategic point. The former plan of continuing the Bosnian line from Bugojno to Spalato has been temporarily shelved, owing to the natural difficulties of the mountain route, and still more perhaps to the opposition of Hungary, who does not wish to see her port of Fiume injured by the competition of Spalato. Another suggestion is to extend the existing Dalmatian railway from its present terminus at Knin to a junction with the Banjaluka-Dobrlin line at Novi. At any rate it

is imperative, in the interests alike of Dalmatia and Bosnia, that some direct railway communication should be made between the coast and its natural *Hinterland*. It should be added that the portion of the main line from Zenica to Sarajevo has been so laid that it could easily be adapted to the ordinary European gauge, and there is a plan of making a new broad-gauge line next spring, direct from Buda-Pesth by way of Šamac to Sarajevo. In almost every part of the country where there is no railway the Government has a post or diligence service, so that Bosnia and the Hercegovina are now the easiest of all the Balkan lands in which to travel. Here the wretched *han*, which is all the accommodation that can be found in the country districts of Greece or Bulgaria, is replaced in the principal places by Government hotels, commodiously built and let to some landlord, often an old soldier who took part in the campaign of 1878. This interesting and novel experiment in State Socialism was necessary, owing to the uncertainty of the Austro-Hungarian occupation at the outset. It was naturally improbable in the early days that capital would be invested in a country which might revert to the Turk. On the other hand, it was imperative to provide accommodation for officials and men of business, so the Government took the matter up and built hotels of its own. In Sarajevo, however, private enterprise has enabled the authorities to dispense with this arrangement, and at Brčka on the Save, the headquarters of the Bosnian plum trade, which is one of the specialities of the province, a private individual has, at the suggestion of Baron von Kállay, erected a large hotel. At all the Government hotels there is a fixed tariff for everything, and the traveller is thus spared the constant higgling, which is usual in the East. Elaborate rules are drawn up for the guidance of the landlord by the *Bezirksvorsteher*, or head of the district. It may be of interest to give some

specimens of these rules, which I copied down in the Government hotel at Mostar, and of which the following is a translation :—

"GOVERNMENT HOTEL IN MOSTAR.

Regulations.

1. The management of the Government hotel, including the restaurant, is conducted exclusively by the landlord for the time being, and the whole establishment is at his orders.

2. Any complaints on the part of the guests in respect of insufficient cleaning of the private and public rooms of the hotel, or impoliteness of the attendants, are to be brought before the landlord for immediate consideration.

3. Stairs and passages must be cleaned at 7 a.m and 3 p.m. in the summer months, and at 8 a.m. and 2 p.m. during the rest of the year. After these hours there must be no knocking nor dusting on the stairs or passages. Each visitor's room is to be properly cleaned within 2½ hours, at the most, after it has been vacated by the visitor.

4. In order to avoid any danger of fire, all the doors leading to the roof are to be closed and their keys entrusted to the porter. Under no circumstances, except the utmost necessity, are lights to be taken into the attics.

5. At 11 p.m. the principal entrance of the hotel is to be closed, and persons can only enter it after that hour through the café on the garden side.

6. The staircases of the hotel must be kept lighted all night.

7. It is forbidden to take dogs into the private rooms, and the fabric and furniture are recommended to the care of the travellers, who are liable to make good any damage done.

8. Excessive noise, by which the night's repose is disturbed, is prohibited, and it is the duty of the servants to speak in a low voice in the corridor, and to shut the doors slowly and cautiously.

9. In order to show proper consideration for the night's rest of the visitors, it is requested that, except in cases of emergency, no use shall be made of the electric bell for the purpose of summoning the chambermaid or the boots.

10. Under no circumstances can the landlord be compelled to tolerate in the hotel, or offer accommodation to, persons suffering from an infectious complaint, or desirous of using the hotel for immoral purposes, or else causing general annoyance by their unwarranted demands.

11. Every visitor is bound at once to fill in legibly the notice of his arrival, required by the police."

Where no hotel exists, rooms can generally be found at the *Gendarmerie-posten*, where strangers, officers and officials on service pay 60 kreuzer, or 1s., officers of the lower rank only half that sum.

The increased means of communication and the establishment of hotels have had the natural effect of introducing the commercial traveller to the country in large numbers. Baron von Kállay pointed out in his account of the occupied territory two years ago, that "with few and unimportant exceptions, all articles imported came from Austria-Hungary." A study of our Consul-General's annual reports proves the truth of this statement, though in some respects, such as the trade in salt and the manufacture of sugar, Bosnia is practically self-supporting. The country has, from time immemorial, been celebrated for its salt, and one of the earliest events in its history was the quarrel between the old Illyrian inhabitants over the salt springs, from which later on the Romans derived con-

siderable profit.[1] Under the Turkish rule this, like most other natural resources of Bosnia, was never properly developed, for the officials placed in charge of the salt works of Siminhan, near Dolnja Tuzla, found it more profitable to themselves to keep the output low and eke out their salaries at the expense of the Government. With Austrian administration all that has been changed, and Bosnia no longer needs to import sea-salt from the Dalmatian coast. Similarly, the Government sugar factory at Usora now almost meets the demands of the inhabitants, while petroleum also is produced in sufficient quantity at Brod. British imports are comparatively few, and so long as British merchants continue to send out their circulars in their own language and to express their prices in their own currency they will have no chance of success. As a partial result of the competition caused by the visits of commercial travellers from the Monarchy, the normal rate of interest, which used to be 12, 15, or even 20 per cent. in the Turkish days, has now sunk to 8 or 10 per cent. Some of the native shopkeepers, who previously had a monopoly, make a grievance of this, forgetting that this considerable fall in prices is also partly due to the far greater security of life and property under the new order of things. Even during the last two years I noticed an improvement in the shops at Sarajevo, which is now very well supplied with the necessaries and many of the luxuries of "European" capitals, while it is far ahead of Belgrade and Sofia in this respect, as well as in its picturesque situation and still-surviving Oriental character. Mostar and Banjaluka

[1] It has even been proposed to derive "Bosnia" from the Albanian words meaning "land of salt," and "Hercegovina" from the Turkish phrase for a "land of stones." The usual derivations of the two names are from the river Bosna, in Latin *Basante*, and from the German *Herzog*, because, in 1448, that title was conferred upon Stephen Vukčić by the Emperor. Prior to that the Hercegovina had been known as the "land of Hum," or Zahumlje, from the mountain of that name.

are also well provided alike with Western and Eastern wares. There seems to be a fair sale of books, in both German and the vernacular, at all these three places, and the occupied territory has now a considerable number of newspapers in various languages. There is in German the semi-official *Bosnische Post*, which two years ago blossomed out into a daily paper, and is now also published thrice a week in the vernacular under the title of *Bosanska Pošta*. It contains the latest telegrams, a feuilleton and several articles on political or economic subjects, and used formerly to be edited by a talented lady, Frl. Milena Mrazović, who has published a very readable volume of Bosnian tales, illustrative of the native customs, under the title of *Selam*. Since her marriage she has retired from journalism, and her place is now filled by Herr Oscar Hirth. Another official organ is the *Sarajevski List*, printed in the vernacular. The Bosnian Mussulmans have two organs, the *Bošnjak*, published in Croatian characters, and the *Rehber*, which appears in Turkish. The museum at Sarajevo publishes an illustrated magazine in the vernacular, the principal articles of which are translated into German and issued annually in a valuable scientific work, entitled, *Wissenschaftliche Mittheilungen aus Bosnien und der Hercegovina*, of which, up to the present, five volumes have appeared. It is not too much to say that this work has supplied students of history, folk-lore, and kindred sciences with a vast number of new facts, for under the Turks antiquaries were looked on as either criminals, condemned for a certain time to walk among the tombs, or madmen, and the antiquities of Bosnia and the Hercegovina were neglected. An Austrian official, who has spent many years in the country, tells me that in the early days after the Occupation the natives regarded men of science as lunatics, and, on one occasion, when he sent a Bosniak as guide with

an enthusiastic collector of beetles and butterflies, the man returned in alarm for the sanity of his charge. The *Nada* and the *Bosanska Vila* are journals devoted to light literature, and the Orthodox Church, the Franciscans, and the Archbishopric of Sarajevo all have their organs in the vernacular. A new quarterly represents educational interests. Mostar has one weekly paper, and another is shortly to be issued there. Thus it will be seen that the Bosniaks fully share the South Slavonic craving for news of all kinds. During the Greco-Turkish war of last year the Bosnian Mussulmans took the deepest interest in the success of the Turkish arms, several of them volunteered for service, and I have seen in Moslem houses in the country pictures of the battles and portraits of the Turkish commanders. To this section of the community the Turkish labels on my baggage rendered me an object of interest as soon as I arrived on the platform at Sarajevo.

Although Bosnia and the Hercegovina, which were historically separate, with occasional intervals, in pre-Turkish times, are still geographically and ethnologically somewhat distinct—for the Hercegovinian character differs in several important respects from that of the Bosniaks, just as that of the Montenegrin Serbs differs from that of the Serbs of Servia—the two provinces have been amalgamated together for administrative purposes by the present Government. The Austro-Hungarian system divides the whole country into six *Kreise*, or counties, which are composed of fifty-two *Bezirke*, or districts. The *Kreise* take their names from the six towns of Sarajevo, Mostar, Banjaluka, Travnik, Dolnja Tuzla, and Bihać, and are each placed under an official, known as a *Kreisvorsteher*, while the districts are each administered by a *Bezirksvorsteher*, or in small places by a *Leiter der Bezirksexpositur*. The *Bezirksvorsteher* is the

head of all the various district officials, and the *Bezirksamt*, in which his office is situated, is the centre of local government. It will thus be seen that the machine of local administration in the occupied territory is a very elaborate one, and a special publication, the *Bosnischer Bote*, is largely filled with the names of the officials. The country is administered with the utmost thoroughness, which forms an immense contrast after the slovenly government of the Turks. "We have written more in twenty years than the Turks in four hundred," said a local official to me, as he described how, just after the Occupation, at Žepče, he had found that an old bag of scrappy papers represented the whole of the Turkish archives. Every time that a document was wanted this bag had to be shaken out and its contents emptied on to the floor. Now all papers are filed and docketed, and "commissions" are issued for even the smallest matters, such as the death of a horse. I have heard it said that Bosnia is over-administered, and have met people who regretted the lax Turkish methods, when a single illiterate scribe took the place of the present trim and highly educated officials. But it is difficult to see how the country could have been systematically developed without the collaboration of a large staff of trained men. Moreover, it is much cheaper in the long run to pay officials good salaries and thus secure honest administration, than to follow the usual Turkish practice of giving them little or nothing and leaving them to support themselves by robbing the Government, the people, or both. From a considerable experience of the Austro-Hungarian authorities, not merely in the chief towns and on the beaten track, but up country and off the ordinary routes, I have come to the conclusion that they resemble our own civil servants in their integrity, their absolute devotion to their duty, and their unflagging energy, while, I think, they

surpass the average Anglo-Indian official in their keen interest in the welfare of the people committed to their charge. Every official whom I met, from whatever part of the Monarchy he might have come, spoke the language of the people—a task which is, of course, lighter for the Austrian Slavs than for the Germans and the Magyars. There are in Bosnia examples of Austrian and Hungarian Barons, who might have obtained high posts in the Monarchy, but who have voluntarily sought service in this new and interesting country, where there was a far greater scope for their constructive faculties. Right up in the little country towns you will find gentlemen of the highest culture and the oldest family, who "scorn delights and live laborious days," simply and solely for the sake of their work. One and all, these officials take the utmost pride, as they have every reason to do, in the achievements of the last twenty years, and nothing gives them greater pleasure than to show off the country to the stranger. One *Kreisvorsteher*, who fought in the campaign of 1878 and has since spent all his life in the occupied territory, told me that he would rather have his present work than any other, and spoke in the highest terms of the native intelligence and judgment of even the most illiterate Bosniaks. It is impossible not to be struck by the sympathetic attitude of the officials towards the people, without distinction of class or creed. "*Wir müssen mit den Einheimischen harmoniren*," remarked to me a smart young officer, whose superior had rebuked him for excess of zeal in putting into force the law against fishing out of season. To respect the prejudices of the natives is the watchword of the administration, and it would be difficult to find a more remarkable contrast than that between the Russian methods in emancipated Bulgaria and the Austrian policy in occupied Bosnia. So fast has been the rate of progression that not a few officials complain

of "nerves" as the result of overwork, and their functions grow every year. Many of the district officials have to cover a very wide area, and it is no uncommon thing to find them working early and late, in order to get through their business. The chiefs of the various departments have a happy knack of inspiring their subordinates with their own enthusiasm, and a strong conviction of Austria-Hungary's mission, as the apostle of culture in the Balkans, animates the officials, one and all. Already, too, the minor posts are beginning to be filled by the rising generation of Bosniaks, which has grown up since the Occupation. But, though the natives of Bosnia and the Hercegovina are better than most Orientals, it is said that they still share in the common Oriental defect, a lack of public spirit. For the average native of the East is perhaps more apt than the "European" to consider himself and his family first and the community a long way after those primary interests. Hence the Austrians regard it as still desirable to have a commissioner at the side of the local authorities, whose duty it is to see that the public money is not wasted. In time the natives may attain to larger powers of self-government; but the example of Servia is not encouraging, and at any rate in Bosnia that time has not yet arrived. For my part, I am convinced that the only form of government suited to an Oriental people, lately emancipated from centuries of Turkish misrule, is a benevolent autocracy. Of all forms of political folly the worst is to bestow full representative government upon an Eastern nation before it has had any chance of obtaining a training in public affairs. Disastrous as such a procedure has proved in Greece, in Servia, and to a less degree in hard-headed Bulgaria, it would be worse in Bosnia, because of the mixture of creeds in the latter country. It is the impartial rule of Austria-Hungary, which keeps the various confessions

of the country at peace, while the Monarchy possesses resources, alike in men and money, which no independent Balkan State, no fantastic "Servian Empire" could produce. Unity has never been a feature of the Southern Slavs, except at rare intervals, under the sublime influence of some great man, whose successors were unable to hold his heritage together. Were the Austrians to withdraw from Bosnia the various creeds would be at each other's throats, and the last state of the country would be worse than the first. History and common sense both point to the present system as the best for the peculiar circumstances of this land. That Prince Nicholas of Montenegro should covet the Hercegovina—the land whence his ancestors came, the land where many of his subjects died sword in hand—is not unnatural. But it may be doubted whether the Hercegovinians, after twenty years' experience of the material blessings of Austro-Hungarian rule, would care to become his vassals. Even during the war of 1876–7 there was considerable jealousy between the leaders of the Montenegrin and Hercegovinian forces, and no less doughty a warrior than the old brigand chief, Pero Radović, whose image now adorns cigarette boxes, was on the point of drawing the sword against the men of Prince Nicholas. Every year it is announced that on St. George's Day (April 23rd) the Montenegrins will begin their crusade against the Austrians; then St. Elias' Day (August 1st) is chosen for the invasion; and, finally, November 9th, is selected for the attack. These frequent cries of "Wolf!" have taught the Hercegovinians to disregard these notifications, and since 1882, when there was a small insurrection in the occupied territory, chiefly owing to the Mussulman dislike of serving with the Christians, public security has been undisturbed. The Austro-Hungarian forces, which this year were estimated at 18,881 non-

commissioned officers and men, have been diminished without the slightest risk, and the country, as I know from my personal experience in journeying to and fro across it, is perfectly safe. Neither here nor in Montenegro have I ever carried a revolver, and in neither land have I ever felt the want of one. Financially, Bosnia pays its way, as Baron von Kállay explained in his last budget speech; and when a loan was brought out a couple of years ago for public works, it was at once covered. The budget for the current year shows a considerable surplus, which will probably be increased as a result of the harvest. It is a great financial advantage to the country, that, unlike Cyprus, it has no tribute to pay to Turkey.

It is said by some critics that the natives feel the burden of taxation much more than in Turkish times. To compare the two administrations in this respect is difficult, because the Turkish Government did practically nothing for its Bosnian subjects, and what it did was dear at any price. The present system of taxation consists, first, of the already mentioned tithe—in cash—to the Government, on the fruits of the field, but this does not press as heavily as might appear upon the cultivator owing to the fact that cattle and not crops form the staple industry of the country. There is a tax of 10 kreuzers, or twopence per sheep, the first ten sheep being allowed free. There is no tax on cows, but the tax on goats has been deliberately raised, not for purposes of revenue but in order to prevent further destruction of the woods by goats. The idea of the Government was to make it prohibitive by taxation to keep a flock of goats more than fifty in number. But in spite of the graduated taxation on goats the peasants still keep large flocks of them, preferring them to sheep as being hardier and requiring less attention. The figures already quoted of

the increased numbers of these destructive animals prove that this taxation has not in the least crippled this branch of farming. The Government, warned by the awful example of the bare Dalmatian mountains, is anxious to preserve the fine Bosnian forests, and its success has been proved by the recent request of the Servian authorities to Baron von Kállay to send them an official from the Bosnian Woods' and Forests' Department for the benefit of their own country. Nor can any one who crosses the Bosnian frontier into the Sandžak of Novi-Bazar fail at once to mark the difference between the state of the trees on the Bosnian side and the charred trunks or blackened stumps to which Turkish ignorance or indolence has reduced what was once a waving forest. The Government also derives a considerable revenue from the salt monopoly, and from the mines which are almost exclusively in its hands or in those of companies in which it is interested. The mineral wealth of Bosnia was known as far back as the Roman era. Roman authors extolled the Bosnian gold, of which as much as 50 lbs. were obtained in a single day, and a special functionary presided over the administration of the Bosnian gold-mines. As Mussulmans object to mining and the Orthodox were chiefly employed on the land, the iron ore of Bosnia was entirely worked by the Catholics before the Occupation. The latest returns show a considerably increased output of most of the Bosnian minerals. In Turkish times, of course, as a Bosnian peasant told me, the taxes were collected only once in ten years, and even then it was possible to escape payment by means of those arguments against which the ill-paid Turkish official is seldom proof. But it must be observed that whereas now the peasant has discharged all his liabilities to the Government as soon as he has paid his tithe, in Turkish times, when these taxes were

farmed out the exactions of the tax-gatherer were such that the peasant seldom kept for himself more than a third of his crop. Even if the harvest were a bad one, as was the case in 1874, the tax-gatherer did not on that account diminish his demands, while redress was practically impossible. Those who prefer the irregular collection of taxes, the lack of law and order, the blood-feud, and all the other delights of the Middle Ages have but to go beyond the Austrian military posts in the Sandžak and they will find what they seek.

In one other respect—the health of the people—the traveller will notice a marked contrast. Before the Occupation, small-pox, that scourge of the Near East, committed terrible ravages in Bosnia, as it still does in Novi-Bazar and other parts of Turkey, and the number of elderly people who are pitted with pock marks is considerable. The director of the fine new hospital at Sarajevo, of which Professor Virchow has spoken so highly, informed me that in his experience there had been no case of small-pox in his wards and practically none since the population was vaccinated. Vaccination is not compulsory, but it is very popular with the natives who fully comprehend its advantages—in fact the hospital, which receives about 3,400 patients a year, is much appreciated by Bosniaks of all creeds. As I walked through the wards, which contain three hundred beds, I saw Mussulmans lying comfortably cheek by jowl with Christians ; while I was told that the Mussulman women, who can, if they choose, have a screen to keep them from the gaze of their Christian sisters, make no objection to occupying the same wards with the females of other confessions. This is another hopeful sign for the future. Alcoholism, unfortunately, has become more common than it was, especially among the Mussulmans ; there were two fresh cases of it the day that I visited the

hospital, and it is curious to hear that nervous complaints are not infrequent among this primitive people. The drainage works at Sarajevo, which are now being carried out, will improve the health of that town. It should be added that in all the eight district hospitals of the country and in the large hospital at Sarajevo the natives are treated free of charge, while in the latter institution paying patients can receive superior accommodation in one of the fourteen separate pavilions which compose the building. At present all the thirteen doctors of this institution come from the Monarchy, but native doctors will soon be available. As in the Turkish times there was only a small hospital in Sarajevo, this foundation constitutes a great improvement.

The progress of the last sixteen years has been largely due to the energy and judgment of Baron von Kállay. Not yet sixty years of age, he has played many parts. A Hungarian by birth, he early devoted himself to the study of Slav languages, and during his eight years' sojourn at Belgrade as Consul-General, he not only collected the materials for an excellent history of the Serbs, but made himself acquainted with the character of the Servian people. When, in 1878, the Hungarians opposed the Occupation of Bosnia and the Hercegovina, because they did not wish to increase the Slav population of the Monarchy, he strongly defended the new policy which he had already foreshadowed in a newspaper. Appointed in 1882 Common Minister of Finance for the two halves of the Monarchy and head of the Bosnian Administration, he was on familiar ground, for he had already visited Bosnia during his appointment at Belgrade. Assisted by a "Common Ministry for the affairs of Bosnia and the Hercegovina" which has its seat at Vienna, and of which Herr von Horovic is

SARAJEVO.

departmental chief, and by a staff of officials in Bosnia itself, Baron von Kállay has laboured unceasingly for the civilisation of the country. He possesses an intimate acquaintance with its topography, and a young official told me that when Baron von Kállay appointed him to an out-of-the-way post he gave him offhand a complete description of the neighbourhood. He makes periodical tours of inspection, and has ridden the length of the mountainous frontier of Montenegro and the Hercegovina. Probably no other statesman of the Monarchy understands the peoples of the Balkan Peninsula so well, and in his choice of officials he has been actuated by the desire to obtain specialists as far as possible. The military head of the Government, Baron Appel, has as his *Civil-adlatus* Baron Kutschera, who came to Bosnia seven years ago, in consequence of his large previous acquaintance with Turkey. Baron von Benko, the *Sectionschef* at Sarajevo, was an old comrade at Shanghai of Baron von Calice, the present *doyen* of the diplomatic body at Constantinople, and has had eighteen years' experience in Bosnia and the Hercegovina, where he was appointed at his own desire. Another interesting figure of the official world is Baron von Mollináry, the *Kreisvorsteher* of Sarajevo, who, as head of the tourist club, has done more than any one else to make the beauties of Bosnia known to strangers.

Baron von Kállay's work has been greatly aided by his wife, who is, not without reason, called "the Queen of Bosnia." She passes a considerable part of each year in Bosnia, and her receptions at Ilidže form the centre of society. In her salon representative men of all creeds meet, and officials and natives assemble together. I saw at the race-ball which she gave one of the leading Mussulmans of Sarajevo dancing the Hungarian *Csárdas* as well as the national *Kolo*, while the Chief Rabbi of the Spanish

Jews—for, like Salonica and Smyrna, Sarajevo has a considerable number of Jewish inhabitants, whose forefathers emigrated from Spain in the sixteenth century—sipped his coffee in the midst of Catholics, Orthodox, and

MADAME VON KÁLLAY.

Mohammedans. Baroness von Kállay is absolutely devoted to her husband's work in Bosnia, and as she speaks the vernacular, as well as Magyar, German,

French, and English, she is well equipped for the great social position which she fills and which may be compared with that of a Viceroy's wife in India. She is an extremely practical lady, takes a keen interest in the hospital, and expressed to me her belief in the mistake of some Balkan peoples in sacrificing their material progress to politics, "which bring nothing into the kitchen." She is naturally proud of the success achieved in the occupied territory, and told me how gratified she had been by the desire which the King of Greece had once expressed to her in Vienna, of visiting a country about which he had heard so much.[1] She understands better than most people how to attract the Mussulman women, who come readily to the receptions, which she organises for them, in order that they may see something of "European" ways. Like every one else in Bosnia, she is wrapped up in the country, where she and her daughters pass so much of their time. No function is complete without her, and one sees fountains dedicated to her and springs called by her name of "Vilma."

Although the Emperor takes special interest in the development of Bosnia and the Hercegovina, in which he sees a compensation for the loss of Lombardy and Venetia, he has, for diplomatic reasons, avoided visiting the occupied territory, except on the occasion when he crossed the Save at Brod in 1885 at the spot where his forces had entered Bosnia seven years earlier, and where, in 1697, Prince Eugen of Savoy had started on his dashing march to Sarajevo. But the late Archduke Rudolph, who was greatly beloved by the Southern Slavs, travelled in Bosnia and the Hercegovina, and other members of the house of Hapsburg have also been there. What

[1] The King of Servia a couple of months ago, after visiting the Bosnian section of the Exhibition at Vienna, paid Baron von Kállay a warm compliment on the progress of Bosnia.

the future may bring forth it is hard to say. But to me it seems at once unjust and unpractical that Austria-Hungary should not be allowed one day to reap the reward of her labours in the occupied territory. She has expended large sums of money and a great store of energy in reclaiming this beautiful land from barbarism. Africa, according to the old saying, began at the Pyrenees; Europe, before 1878, began at the Save and the Una. What we have accomplished in Egypt, what in less measure the French have achieved in Tunis, that has Austria-Hungary performed in these wild Turkish provinces. That Bosnia and the Hercegovina should now be allowed to go back to barbarism is an absurdity of which even the "Concert of Europe" would not be guilty. Baron von Kállay said two years ago that "if the state of affairs existing prior to 1878 were to be suddenly restored in Bosnia it would make the whole population thoroughly unhappy." A return to Ottoman rule being thus out of the question, there are only two alternatives to the Austro-Hungarian rule. One, the erection of Bosnia and the Hercegovina into an independent Balkan State is contrary to all the lessons of their past history and would lead to a renewal of those religious quarrels between the various sections of the population which stained with blood the turbulent annals of the old Bosnian kingdom. The other, the creation of a great Servian Empire, of which Bosnia and the Hercegovina would form a part, or parts, is one of those fantastic day-dreams, which are repugnant alike to the teachings of Balkan history and the dictates of common sense. Under no other Government, which is at all within the range of practical politics, would Bosnia and the Hercegovina be so well off materially as under that of Austria-Hungary, and the question now remains, whether the Occupation will last much longer, or

whether annexation will shortly be proclaimed. For a time, undoubtedly, the present system worked better than any other would have done. If it somewhat checked the import of private capital, it had the advantage of postponing the question, to which half of the Monarchy the new province was to belong—to Austria or to Hungary. The Hungarians have certain historical claims to its possession—and history counts for more in the Near East than with us—for they early tried to obtain a footing in the country, and in 1135 we find one of their kings, Béla II., for the first time styling himself "King of Rama"—the name of a river in Bosnia, which Magyar chroniclers applied first to the surrounding district and then to the whole land. From that time onward, whoever the actual possessors of Rama might be, it was always included among the titles of the Hungarian monarch. The Hungarian sovereigns continued to interfere in Bosnian affairs, and, as in Montenegro to-day, so in Bosnia there was no national coinage until the fourteenth century. Even when the rest of the country had been conquered by the Turks, Hungarian viceroys lingered on in the *banats* of Jajce and Srebrenik for nearly two generations. Towards the end of the seventeenth century the house of Hapsburg remembered the ancient claims of the Hungarian Crown and ten expeditions one after the other culminated in that of 1878. The Hungarians, although then hostile to the Occupation, have since become sensible of those rights of which Count Andrássy spoke in 1869. Another solution, the creation of a "Great Croatia," which would include both Dalmatia and Bosnia as well as Croatia, under the House of Hapsburg, is not within the range of practical politics. But the respective claims of Austria and Hungary for the possession of Bosnia might be obviated by its erection into a *Reichs-*

land, on the analogy of Alsace-Lorraine, which would belong to the Monarchy as a whole, not to either half of it. It is the opinion of commercial men whom I have consulted, that the trade of the country would be immensely developed by annexation, while politically a firm and final answer would be given to the intrigues against the Occupation. In foreign politics no policy is so successful as that of the *fait accompli.* At present rumours are constantly being circulated in Montenegro and Servia that Bosnia is about to be annexed, and the twentieth anniversary of the Occupation, coinciding with the Emperor's Jubilee, has this year increased the agitation. Were the country once amalgamated with the Monarchy these disquieting rumours would be effectually silenced. But in any case, whether Austria-Hungary annexes the country or no, the clock of civilisation cannot be put back in Bosnia and the Hercegovina.

CHAPTER IV

THROUGH THE OCCUPIED TERRITORY

IF any one had predicted twenty years ago that the Hercegovina, the scene of the terrible insurrection of 1875, the wildest and least known of all the Turkish provinces, was destined to become a peaceful haunt of tourists, he would have been derided as a dreamer by every one who knew the country. But facts, as usual, have falsified the forecasts of diplomacy, and to-day, after twenty years of Austrian administration, the occupied territory is the newest and not the least charming "playground of Europe."

At the present time there are practically three ways of entering the country. There is the railway route from Vienna by way of Brod, there is the line from Agram to Banjaluka, and there are the steamers from Trieste, Fiume, or Gravosa. It is also possible to go by diligence from Spalato over the Dinaric Alps, through the scene of the terrible Dalmatian earthquake of this summer, down to Livno in Bosnia, and so on to the railway at Bugojno. But the last route, although extremely beautiful, is less used than the other three. For those who wish to combine a visit to Dalmatia with a tour in the occupied territory, Ragusa is undoubtedly the best starting-point. From the Ragusan harbour of Gravosa a tiny little steamer takes you over an azure sea sprinkled with islands, past the famous plane-trees of Cannosa and the old station of the Ragusan fleet at Mezzo, to the harbour of Stagno

Grande, on the peninsula of Sabbioncello, once the seat of a bishopric and a pirate stronghold from which the early sovereigns of the Hercegovina used to ravage the Italian coast opposite. A rickety omnibus crosses the isthmus in half an hour, and drops you at the harbour of Stagno Piccolo on the other side, a little town almost as ruinous as the fortifications which surround it. Here another tiny steamer awaits the traveller, while a whole boatload of men and women, in the picturesque native dress, are

"A WHOLE BOATLOAD OF MEN AND WOMEN."
(*From a Photo. by Miss Chadwick.*)

setting sail for their work on the mainland. The steamer stops at one or two places on the long peninsula, and then goes straight across and enters the mouth of the Narenta Canal. Up the muddy waters it pants along, while weird-looking aborigines, descendants of those old Narentans who struck terror into the hearts of the old Roman legionaries, and were the worst pirates of the whole coast, paddle their primitive coracles in the wash. We had heard much of the dangers of the foul air which is said to arise from these swamps, but since the marshes

have been drained and the sluggish Narenta forced into a single channel, quinine is superfluous and malaria is less deadly, and claims fewer victims at the river towns of Fort Opus and Metković. The latter place, which is the terminus of the steamer, has grown considerably in importance since the canal was made. It is here that the Bosnian and Hercegovinian State railway begins, and five minutes in the train bring you over the Dalmatian border into the Hercegovina. The military character of the line is at once apparent: the smart railway guard with his picturesque fez gives you a martial salute as he examines your ticket; the obsequious porter, clad in all the colours of the gorgeous East, who carries your portmanteau makes a profound obeisance over the kreuzers which he receives. No passports are now necessary for travellers in the country, and all that is required of you is to fill in your *Meldezettel* as soon as you arrive at the hotel. As for the tiny carriages of the State railway, they are fitted up with all Western comforts—only the fourth class, which is provided for the poorest natives, is of that horse-box variety still dear to some English companies. It is true that the train stops—and sometimes stops, as the Austrian officers say, "a Bosnian minute"—at every station, but then no one wants to hurry in the East; besides, there is so much life and colour on a Hercegovinian platform. There being usually only one train a day each way, the whole population comes down to see it. A dancing-man, who performs antics like a bear, will perhaps amuse the travellers while they wait; the water-carrier, too, is a constant figure at every station, and does a large business with the Mussulman inmates of the fourth class. It is as good as a play to see the latter coming forth in solemn procession at the end of their journey, each man carrying the tiny roll of carpet on which he has been sitting in the

train. At the larger stations the natives may be seen squatting on their heels on the platform devouring their food and rolling their cigarettes. The scenery, too, as the train ambles along, is of striking beauty; here, for instance, is Počitelj—"*eine wahre Perle,*" as an enthusiastic traveller calls it—a perfect gem of a town, perched like some Moorish robbers' nest in a semicircle on the grey cliffs above the green Narenta. Before the Occupation Počitelj lived up to its appearance, and its inhabitants were the terror of their neighbours; but law and order now reign supreme, and it is only on the Montenegrin frontier that an occasional affray with smugglers reminds the older generation of the bygone Turkish days.

But the charms of Počitelj pale before the delights of Mostar. An old Turkish poet has sung in enthusiastic verse of "the perfumed air, and the bright, clear water, the laden fruit trees, and the trim gardens" of the Hercegovinian capital. "From Mostar," cries Dervish Pasha, "sprang mighty heroes of sword and pen, from Mostar, the home of all the arts and sciences." No other city can match the beautiful span of the famous old bridge from which the town derives its present name. Antiquaries may dispute as to the origin of this graceful structure of stone, beneath which the narrow Narenta rushes past the rocks on its way to the sea. But whether it be Roman or Turkish work, a few centuries more or less cannot detract from, or add to, its incomparable charm. Below, the swallows are flying by hundreds in and out of the crevices in the cliffs, while from the tall, tapering minarets on either bank the *muezzin* may soon be heard calling the faithful to prayer. In the neighbouring bazar the Mussulman Bosniaks are washing their hands and feet and making ready for their evening devotions. Here, earlier in the day, you will find the East and the West elbowing one another—smart Austrian officers and strap-

ping Hercegovinians, Albanians with their braided white trousers and shaven heads, tall Montenegrins from over the border, and a sprinkling of Dalmatians, easily distinguishable from the rest by their tiny scarlet caps. A peculiarity of Mostar is the costume of the Mussulman

MUSSULMAN WOMAN OF MOSTAR.

women, whose huge blue cloaks cover the head with a projection in front like a vast poke-bonnet. Among the Mussulmans of Bosnia and the Hercegovina polygamy never obtained to the same extent as in the rest of the Ottoman Empire, and one wife is considered a fair allowance for even a Bosnian *beg*. For example, in the

district of Višegrad, a very large one, there are only three Mussulmans who have more than one wife. On high-days and holidays you may see a crowd of Christian women from the surrounding villages, clad in white knickerbockers, thick, woollen, parti-coloured leggings, and *opanke*, or even bare feet. Over the knickerbockers they wear a long white garment of coarse striped cotton,

CHRISTIAN WOMEN AT MOSTAR.
(*From a Photo. by Miss Chadwick.*)

and over that again a Zouave embroidered in colours. When walking or working they usually tuck up the long garment into their girdles. Their headdress consists of a flat fez, covered in front with coins—a decoration called in the vernacular *širit*. Over the fez there is an embroidered muslin or net veil, and round their necks more coins and glass amulets. Others, again, vary the headdress by wearing a fez entirely covered by black silk fringe. The

weekday attire is made of darker materials. Mostar, which is not more than about five centuries old, and was of no importance till the Turkish times, has grown considerably since the Occupation. At the last census it numbered 17,010 inhabitants, about half of whom were Mohammedans, and it is one of the strongest Mussulman towns in the country. A friend of mine who visited it before the Occupation tells me that it was one of the dirtiest towns in Turkey, and had no better accommodation for strangers than was afforded by a few wretched caravanserais, where the beds swarmed with vermin and the daylight poured in at the roof. But since 1891 the place has possessed an excellent hotel, built by the Government, commanding a beautiful view of the river. The porter, a veteran of the campaign of '78, meets you on the railway platform, and tells you the number of your room before you have left the station. But the great disadvantage of Mostar is its climate, for, placed as it is between two bare hills, it is scorching in summer, and when the *bora* blows it is almost impossible to go out. I have fortunately had no personal experience of the *papadači*, a peculiarly venomous kind of mosquito, of which the inhabitants are fond of talking. An official who had spent fifteen years in the place told me, however, that planting had greatly improved the climate since he first came there. There are several very pleasant excursions within easy reach of the town. When the heat of the day was over, and the sun no longer scorched the bare rocks of Mount Hum, we drove behind a capital pair of Hercegovinian horses along the plain which stretches southward from the town. Our driver, clad in the picturesque native dress with a many-coloured *cummerbund* twined round and round his waist, pointed to the flourishing establishment for the improvement of viticulture and fruit-growing which we passed on the

road. A little farther on, an ancient stone cistern by the roadside testified to the care which the Turkish rulers of the Hercegovina had devoted to the storage of water in the fiery summers. At Blagaj, the old capital of the land at a time when Mostar, as a national ballad says, was "only a hamlet," we left the carriage and walked under the guidance of two sharp-eyed lads along the narrow path between the cliff and the stream. These native urchins are as sharp as any London street arab; in a moment they divine the wishes of the stranger, and I had but to make a sign to set them scouring the hillside for flowers and twigs of pomegranate and myrtle. The grey rocks were all ablaze with the scarlet glow of the pomegranate, while masses of white clematis hung festooned on the bushes. A sudden bend in the path disclosed a gigantic rock rising perpendicular from the stream, which flowed clear as crystal from a cavern at its base. A multitude of birds glided ceaselessly over the water or flew in and out of the countless crannies in the limestone cliff, while the fish darted to and fro in the rapid current of the Buna. Nestling under the shadow of the rocks at one side of the cavern, hard by a ruined mosque is a tiny house, the goal of many a pious Moslem's footsteps, containing the tombs of a Mohammedan saint and his faithful servant. On the wall above, the scimitar and battleaxe of the holy man still remind the pilgrims of the unbelievers whom he slew, while every evening the custodian religiously places a jug of water and a towel by the coffin for the saint's ablution. Every morning, so they told us in awestruck tones, the towel is moist and the jug half empty. To a wooden verandah overhanging the stream a skiff is moored, in which, to the immense delight of our two small companions, I pulled myself inside the mouth of the cavern. Huge stalactites hang from the roof and almost kiss the deep-blue water, and in the distance

THE SOURCE OF THE BUNA.

far under the mountain one hears a noise as of thunder. No one has ever navigated this subterranean stream, but the local legend tells how one day a shepherd threw his staff into the Zalomska river, which disappears in the earth some thirteen miles away, and how his father, a miller at Blagaj, found it floating in the Buna. Father and son communicated with one another and resolved to profit by this freak of nature. Every day the shepherd slew one of his master's sheep, threw its carcass into the Zalomska, and so despatched it to his father, who fished it out of the Buna a few hours later. At last the owner of the flock became suspicious, set a watch upon his shepherd, and one day caught him in the act of throwing a dead sheep into the stream. That evening the miller saw in the waters of the Buna, instead of the usual sheep, the headless trunk of his son.

High on the rocks above the source of the Buna there stand the majestic ruins of "Stephen's Castle," or Stjepanograd. There, four centuries ago, Duke Stephen Kosača, from whose ducal title the Hercegovina derived its German name, defied all comers, till his own son made him a captive in his own impregnable stronghold. "Here do I sit a prisoner, Stephen Kosača," says an old inscription, carved on a stone of the dismantled fortress, where now the eagles have their eyrie. Here, too, stood the Montenegrin gunners, when the bitter cry of their brethren summoned them to the Hercegovina in the great uprising of twenty years ago. To-day the old walls look down upon the new life and the modern spirit which Austria has infused into the land, upon the railway which leads to Metković, and the fine, broad road which goes towards Montenegro. Peace and industry now reign supreme where all was once bloodshed; and the very dogs—long, lanky, kind-eyed creatures, very different from the curs of Greece and Asia Minor—fawn upon the stranger and

would follow him back to Mostar, if he would accept their company. Here in the Orient there is no torture of animals such as mars a holiday in Southern Italy, and even the pigeon-shooting at Ilidže is now a thing of the past.

The source of the Buna is not the only beauty of Mostar's surroundings. On Sunday evenings all the rank and fashion of the Hercegovinian capital, the dapper officers of the garrison with their wives and children, and the well-to-do Christians, Catholics and Orthodox alike, betake themselves to the lofty rocks an hour distant, from which the waters of the Radobolje rise and supply the town with water. The local legend tells how, in a time of great drought, an angel struck the rock at this spot, like another Moses, and when the people rushed to drink, cried out to them: "*Radi bolje*" ("Make haste!"), whence the present name of the place. No one who has seen Delphi can help being struck with the resemblance of that famous spot to this unknown valley. But the innkeeper has followed in the wake of the occupying army, and the red vintage and excellent tobacco of the Hercegovina would make one believe that one was in some German *Gartenwirthschaft*, were it not for the melancholy strains of the *gusla*, that favourite one-stringed instrument of the Southern Slavs, which are re-echoed by the cliffs. Of the bygone glories of the ancient Servian tsars, of "the king's son, Marko," the greatest hero of the South Slavonic muse, of Kossovo's fatal field, and of the traitor Branković —so sang the singer, till the shadows deepened and the setting sun illumined with a purple glow the snow-capped range of the Velež Planina.

But no one can have any idea of Hercegovinian mountain scenery until he has travelled along the line which connects Mostar with Sarajevo. For a great portion of the journey the road, the river, and the railway run side

by side. In places the perpendicular cliffs have been blasted away, to make room for trains and vehicles to pass. At one moment you cross the foaming waters of the Narenta on a boldly constructed iron bridge, at another you are winding in and out of a tunnel hewn in the solid rock. For miles the narrow defile of the Narenta traverses the solitude of the mountains, where in the old days no Turkish tax-gatherer ever penetrated. In one lovely valley there dwells to this day a race of hermits whose village, called Drežnica, concealed hundreds of golden pieces bearing the image and superscription of the old Byzantine princes. Once upon a time, so the story goes, these anchorites gave a falcon of striking beauty to the Sultan, who made them free from taxes for all time. A little farther on, the rocks assume fantastic shapes such as one sees in the strongholds of the Dolomites. Here needles of stone point skyward, there vast mushrooms seem to be growing out of the cliff, ever and anon some mountain torrent rushes down from the mountain-side to join the Narenta; and in one place the valley opens and the shining yellow barracks and a modern *landes ärarisches Hôtel* proclaim the spot to be Jablanica, the new health resort which the Government has created in the heart of the Hercegovinian mountains. From the parklike grounds of the trim hotel you look upon the glaciers of the Prenj mountains—"snow-white meadows," as the aborigines picturesquely called them in the old Illyric—which contrast with the green plain and the flourishing cherry-trees around. Not many years ago a filthy Turkish *han* stood in the place of this comfortable house, which is furnished throughout with pretty Bosnian rugs and hangings from the Government workrooms at Sarajevo. The landlady is a most excellent cook, and welcomes the traveller with a geniality which greatly adds to the pleasure of his visit. The bedrooms are spotless, the

prices low, and the trout delicious. While the visitors' book is full of appreciation, the book for complaints is empty, and it is difficult to see how the cuisine and accommodation could be improved. In olden days Jablanica was a centre of the Bogomile faith, that curious, mystic heresy which defied the thunders of Hildebrand, and, by dividing the Christians against each other, made Bosnia an easy prey for the Turk. Scattered up and down the Hercegovina the tombs of the Bogomiles, great square blocks of stone, still tell of their numbers, and the Mussulmans of Jablanica are said to be their descendants. For here alone in Islâm do the women go unveiled—a privilege which their Bogomile forebears reserved to themselves when they embraced the Mohammedan religion at the time of the Turkish conquest. Around this quiet valley the fight must have been very hot, for the hillsides are thickly covered with gravestones, and the banks of the Narenta from here to Konjica, the old frontier town of the Hercegovina, are one vast mausoleum of mediæval warriors. It used to be thought that the Bogomiles were quite extinct as a sect long ago. But it is stated by a recent ecclesiastical historian that only a few years before the Austrian Occupation a family named Heležˇ, living near Konjica, abandoned the "Bogomile madness" for the Mohammedan faith. We saw ourselves a fine specimen of a Bogomile tombstone between Jablanica and this place. It was at Konjica, now the seat of the district authorities, that the parliament of the old Bosnian kingdom met in 1446 to pronounce sentence on these heretics who fled, to the number of 40,000, into the Hercegovina. The document embodying the resolutions of this grand council has been preserved and bears the name and seal of the king. It provided that the Bogomiles "shall neither build new churches nor restore those that are falling into decay," and may be

regarded as the death-warrant of the Bosnian kingdom. Nowadays Konjica is the starting-point for the steep climb up to the heights of Ivan, the watershed between the Adriatic and the Black Sea. Slowly we pant up the cog-wheel railway, traversing on iron girders chasms of appalling depth, until we steam out of the tunnel at the summit and find that we have left the Hercegovina behind us. From this point down to Sarajevo, about twenty-five miles away, the line for the most part descends through pleasant scenery. A short distance outside the capital a small branch diverges to Ilidže, whither the yellow and red carriages of the local trains carry their hundreds during the season; and then the traveller finds himself at "golden Saraj," the centre of official life and society in this land.

Modern Sarajevo differs not a little from the Bosna Saraj of the Turkish times. In the first place, the population has largely increased, and the Bosnian capital bids fair to leave Sofia and Belgrade soon behind it in this, as in several other respects. At the last census Sarajevo contained, exclusive of the military, 37,713, of whom 17,074 were Mussulmans, 10,473 Roman Catholics, 5,855 Orthodox, and 3,994 Jews, the remainder belonging to other confessions. Inclusive of the garrison, this total reached 41,173. In order to accommodate this increased population, which had risen by 43·57 per cent. in the brief space of ten years, there has been a large amount of building in the town, and new quarters have sprung up which did not exist in the Turkish days. Hence the cost of house-rent, which was high in the early years of the Occupation, has now considerably fallen. The large plain, which extends westward and would have been preferred by some as the site of the new city at the time of the Occupation, affords ample scope for expansion, and the principal railway station has been placed at a

great distance from the centre of the town, because it is considered that one day the capital will completely surround it. In point of situation, indeed, Sarajevo is the most favoured of all Balkan capitals. It is traversed by a small stream, called by the poetic name of the Miljačka, or "gently murmuring," which has been dammed up so as to increase the amount of water. Inferior in this point alone to the Servian capital with its two splendid rivers, Sarajevo has many other advantages which Belgrade does not possess. The town lies picturesquely in a hollow between two hills and is commanded towards the east by a castle, from whose bastions there is an admirable view of the old wooden Turkish houses and the modern European buildings. Unlike Athens and Belgrade, it possesses a considerable amount of vegetation. No doubt the modern part of the town has greatly grown at the expense of the Oriental, but Sarajevo is still the most Oriental city of the Balkan Peninsula. In Belgrade and Sofia you have nothing but brand-new edifices, while in Athens there is no alternative between the venerable ruins of antiquity and the modern German town constructed under King Otho. But at Saraj the West and the East meet, and the Oriental houses with their courtyards and gardens have not been improved out of existence as at Sofia. You may take a walk through the bazar or *čaršija*, and imagine yourself in a purely Eastern town, while at a few minutes' distance the shops of the Franje Josipa Ulica transport you back to an Austrian city. In point of picturesqueness the Sarajevo bazar is unrivalled in the Near East. It cannot perhaps be compared with the *sûks* of Tunis or the large covered bazar at Constantinople, because it is almost entirely in the open air. To see it at its best one should visit it on a market-day. Then the country folk come in from all the neigh-

bourhood with their wares, every one of them in costume. Here and there you may see a Bosniak carrying a

"A BOSNIAK CARRYING A RAM ON HIS BACK."

ram on his back, and I noticed one or two of the peasants panting and sweating beneath their living load as far as the castle, while the animals looked on with the

most sublime complacency. A good many of the merchants are Spanish Jews, who wear thick fur coats, like Svengali, in summer and winter alike. They have picked up German remarkably well, and there is no difficulty in making purchases in that language—a fact which is all the more curious because they never showed much aptitude for the Bosnian idiom. Their women are easily distinguishable by their headdress, which consists of an unbecoming stiff silk cap trimmed round the edge with sequins and completely covering the hair. As in all Oriental bazars, each trade has a quarter devoted to its particular industry, so that all the shoemakers are in one part and all the metal-workers in another. There is here far less of the bargaining which is inevitable at Constantinople, and I have known an instance where a salesman was absolutely indifferent to the sale of his goods, and declined to abate a single kreuzer of his price. At Sarajevo only the Bosniaks are permitted to have stalls in the bazar—a privilege which they much appreciate, and which is shared by all the confessions alike. Only one part of the bazar is under cover, and is almost entirely devoted to textile fabrics. In the midst of the bazar is the great beauty of Sarajevo—the famous mosque, called Begova-Džamija, which was built by Usref, Pasha of Bosnia and conqueror of Jajce in the second quarter of the sixteenth century. Usref was the real founder of Turkish Saraj, which under the old Bosnian kingdom had little importance, and of all his works this mosque is the finest. Standing in a cool courtyard, where the plash of a beautiful fountain never ceases, and a splendid lime-tree of vast age gives shade to the worshipper as he perform his ablutions, the Begova-Džamija is typical of that repose which the Moslem so dearly loves, and of that cleanliness which in his religion is not second, but equivalent, to godliness.

THE BAZAR AT SARAJEVO.

Out in the courtyard, too, is a quaint old stone, the top of which is traversed by a groove exactly the length of a Turkish ell. The local legend says that a pasha, hearing how the merchants used various measures, set up this stone, that all might know the exact length of a Turkish ell, or *aršin*. To-day no such necessity exists, but this grooved block still bears the name of "the ell-stone," and reminds the worshipper of that injunction of the Koran which forbids the faithful to use false measures. An old clock-tower and some Mussulman graves, one of the founder, another of the late mayor, complete the picture, while over the way an old Mohammedan school still remains, a striking contrast to the spick-and-span *Scheriat-schule* which we have already described. Of the modern buildings the two handsomest are the new town hall and the Government offices; the former, which stands on the bank of the river, has only been completed within the last few years, and is constructed in the old Bosnian style of architecture and in the two colours, red and yellow, which are those of the country. The rooms inside are extremely handsome, and one of them in particular is expressly adapted for public entertainments. The Government offices at the other end of the town are large and roomy, and their ample corridors are filled every morning by groups of picturesque natives waiting to have interviews with the authorities. Another valuable institution of the new era is the museum, which forms an historical and scientific epitome of Bosnia and the Hercegovina. Even persons to whom the name of museum is anathema cannot fail to be interested in the collection of figures dressed in the costumes of different parts of the country and placed in appropriate surroundings. Here, amidst the old wood-carving of a harem, you may see the figures of Moslem ladies. Here, too, you have tall Hercegovinians, handsomely dressed Bosniaks, and an occa-

sional Albanian and Bulgarian—for the museum is chiefly, but not exclusively, devoted to the inhabitants and products of the occupied territory. The collection of gems and coins is of much historical value, and the fauna and flora are very rich. This collection is indeed one of the sharpest contrasts between Bosnia and Turkey proper, for the Ottoman Government rarely pays the smallest attention to matters of this kind, and, like the dog in the manger, forbids foreigners to do for it what it is too lazy or too suspicious to do for itself.

From a picturesque point of view Sarajevo, like Belgrade and Athens, suffers from the electric tram, which traverses the Appel-Quai, along the right bank of the Miljačka, but this Western mode of locomotion has not been allowed to spoil the shady turn of the river where the Mussulman delights to drink his coffee in the garden of the *Bendbaši*. It is near this part of the river that the town is most artistic. On the left bank tier after tier of wooden Turkish houses peer out of the greenery, with here and there a minaret rising above the foliage. Here, too, the river is not embanked, but left to nature, and instead of a level promenade there are charming contrasts between the undulating shore and the rocks which here and there rise direct from the river-bed. Formerly Sarajevo, like all Turkish towns, possessed a large number of Mussulman cemeteries, whose gravestones stood at all angles, and whose neglected vegetation formed green oases between the houses—for as every one knows the Mussulman loves to live in close proximity to the last resting-place of his kinsman. This was one of the difficulties with which the Austrians had to deal when they entered the country, for these picturesque cemeteries were permanent obstacles to the expansion of the town. Gradually, however, this difficulty has been overcome: some have disappeared, others have been turned into gardens,

"THE SHADY TURN OF THE RIVER WHERE THE MUSSULMAN DELIGHTS TO DRINK HIS COFFEE."

but here and there one still comes across a few stones, while the hills above the town are still covered with Jewish and Mussulman graves. One historic monument has not been allowed to fall into decay—the Mosque of Ali Pasha, towards the entrance of the town, where the insurgents made a desperate resistance to the Army of Occupation on the memorable 19th of August, 1878, when Sarajevo fell, the second time in its history that the Bosnian capital, temporarily occupied by Prince Eugen in 1697, came into the hands of the Austrians. Mohammedan fanaticism now finds vent in the weekly exercises of the dancing and howling dervishes, which take place in the Sinan *tekkeh*, or cloister. When I visited this building I was first of all escorted into a café, where a number of people were sitting, playing cards and drinking coffee. Traversing a stableyard I reached the wooden gallery of the place in which the dervishes perform. I expected every moment that the gallery would fall down, as it was supported by only one pillar on either side, and creaked and groaned with every movement of the spectators. There was also a latticed gallery for women. There were fourteen dervishes in the building, arranged in three lines of one, nine, and four respectively. The leader in front kept bowing his head and kissing the ground, swaying his body, and every now and again uttering cries of "Allah!" and "Mohammed!" The others followed his example, one of them being always late in his movements. This performance began a little after nine, and about ten we were told that there would be no dancing, as at least thirty dervishes were required for that. I afterwards found that the best of the dervishes had gone to the Exhibition at Buda-Pesth, so that here, as in Constantinople, their religious ecstasies have been turned into a show, to which the visitor is expected to contribute a small offering.

Of all their improvements near the capital the Austrians are proudest of the watering-place which they have created at Ilidže, about seven miles distant. It is true that the sulphur-baths of Ilidže were known to the Romans, who built a town there, of which considerable remains have been discovered. In the Middle Ages, too, here was the centre of the Government, and the baths enjoyed considerable reputation under the Turks. But at the time of the Occupation the arrangements were of the most primitive description, so that the history of Ilidže as a bath may be said, like all other civilised institutions in the country, to date from the present *régime.* A constant service of trains takes you out there during the season, and on Sundays and holidays *le tout Sarajevo* assembles at Ilidže. Special compartments are on this, as on all the lines, reserved for Mussulman women, and as a curious instance of Western progress I noted a special van for bicycles, which are very popular with the natives. Three hotels and a restaurant provide for the visitors, and it is the fashion in the season to take supper there, or to reside there altogether, and go into town every day. A very low scale of charges has been drawn up with a view of inducing people to come from a distance—in short, Ilidže has now most of the attractions, without the high prices, of "European" watering-places. The inhabitants take special interest in the three bears, natives of the Bosnian mountains, whose cage is one of the features of the grounds. When we first saw them two years ago, *Mali,* the "little one," was much bullied by Miško, the tyrant of the three, and filled the air with his piteous howls, but this year we found him bigger and somewhat more courageous. Every visitor takes as a matter of course the drive of two and a half miles to the sources of the Bosna at the foot of Mount Igman. The natural beauties of this spring, which is clear as crystal, have

been too much "improved" to my taste, and the artificial embankments, bridges, and gardens might well have been spared. The swimming-bath in the other stream, the Żeljesnica, is a great attraction, and doctors extol highly the sulphur springs of the place. During the race week in June it is impossible to get a room in the hotels, and the presence of Madame von Kállay there gives the place social importance.

From the present to the former capital of the country, which, previous to the middle of the present century, was

STREET IN TRAVNIK.
(*From a Photo. by Miss Chadwick.*)

Travnik, is an easy journey of barely four hours by rail through beautiful country intersected by the yellow Bosna for the greater part of the distance. At two places in this valley, where now all is peaceful, the army of the Occupation had to fight its way twenty years ago. At the junction of Lašva we leave the main line, which follows the Bosna, and branch off to Travnik past one of the chief wood company's establishments. Travnik does not, of course, possess the political importance that

it had when it was the residence of the Turkish Governor. But it contained at the last census a population of 6,894, and is one of the purest Mohammedan towns in the country, although the Catholics are on the increase there. Should this branch line ever be prolonged to the Adriatic at Spalato, its commercial value would be much enhanced, and in the interval between my two visits I noticed a considerable advance in its development. Last year, for instance, the local authorities thought it desirable to build a new hotel, containing a theatre, an officers' casino, and a hall where entertainments can be given, so that it contrasts very pleasantly with most towns of the same size in England. But these modern improvements have not in the least detracted from its Oriental charm. No place in Bosnia is so famous for its Mussulman tombs—huge edifices fenced in with iron railings and covered with canopies, like the immense state-beds of our ancestors. These *türbeh*, which are almost as large as houses, are, for the most part, the last resting-places of the Mohammedan governors of Bosnia. Another historic memorial of a very different kind is the Café Dervent, where the unfortunate Archduke Rudolph drank the Turkish coffee, for which the establishment is famous, during his visit to Travnik. The cup out of which he drank and the glass which, filled with water, invariably accompanies coffee in the Near East, are still preserved ; but the café itself seemed to me more and more ruinous and fly-blown each time that I sat down by the rushing stream in its shady garden. The gardens and the abundance of fresh water are, indeed, the delights of Travnik, whose name means "the grassplot," and whose situation is such as Mussulmans love. The long, straggling street, of which the town chiefly consists, is full on a market-day of the quaintest figures. Then many Catholics come in from the country, and you may see

tattooed women among them, for in the district round Travnik and Jajce tattooing is by no means an uncommon practice of the female Catholics, although it is almost unknown in the other confessions, and not often observed in the case of Catholic men. It is supposed by Dr. Glück, a medical man, who has investigated the subject, that at the time of the Turkish conquest, when conversions to Islâm were frequent, the Catholic priests hit upon this way of preventing their flocks

IN THE BAZAR AT TRAVNIK.
(From a Photo. by Miss Chadwick.)

from going over to the creed of the conquerors. Now that the necessity for such a precaution has ceased to exist the custom is still kept up, and old women usually officiate as tattooers. Another curiosity of the Travnik market was an important Mussulman, armed with a blue stick, who went about sampling the wares which the country folk had brought in. The old castle, which dates from the days of the Bosnian kings, looks down grimly on this variegated scene, while a new Jesuit academy and a modern Mussulman college point to the

difference which exists between the religious toleration of the nineteenth, and the fierce theological conflicts of the fifteenth century. Here, too, one notices the contrast between the extreme affability and pleasant manner of the Slav Mussulman and the aloofness of his co-religionist at Constantinople. Here there seems to be no dislike of the *Schwabi*—an elastic term in which the Bosniaks include not merely Austrians (even Austrian Slavs) and South Germans, but all "Europeans"—while there we are all *Giaours*, but the subjects of the *Aleman Pâdishâh* are by far the most acceptable.

Yet another Bosnian capital—the last stronghold of the Bosnian kings—lies beyond Travnik, and is the goal of every visitor. To travel through Bosnia without seeing Jajce would be unpardonable, for it is undoubtedly the gem of the country, and has a beautiful setting. Past a gigantic poplar hundreds of years old, beneath which a famous dervish lies buried, we traversed a smiling country and then climbed up a steep ascent to the summit of the pass. A pleasing landscape, sprinkled here and there with a Bogomile tomb, lies on the other side, and we are soon at the picturesque little town of Dolnji Vakuf, with its ancient clock-tower and old bridge. From this point one line goes off to Bugojno, from which place a diligence runs through the beautiful valley of the Rama to Jablanica, while another traverses the equally charming valley of the Vrbas, and has its present terminus at Jajce. In old Hungarian days the Keglević family, to which the defence of Jajce was entrusted, commanded this valley with a castle, the ruins of which have survived the Turkish conquest. But nowadays this region is of small strategic importance, and since 1895 there have been no soldiers at Jajce.

Of all the towns in the Near East few have such a beautiful position as this last capital of the Bosnian king-

dom, where the last native ruler of Bosnia sought in vain a refuge from the invading Turk ; where for two genera-

JAJCE : THE OLD BOSNIAN CAPITAL.

tions more a Hungarian garrison held out, as the farthest outpost of Christendom ; where, according to the local legend, the Evangelist Luke is said to have been buried

beneath the Italian tower that bears his name ; and where perhaps the finest waterfall in Europe crashes in thunder from the rocks on which the town is perched into a swiftly running stream below. Round the egg-shaped castle hill, from which the place derives its name of the "little egg," rather than from a fancied resemblance to the Castel dell' Uovo at Naples, cluster the black and white wooden houses, embowered in the foliage of the walnut-trees, while the slim Italian *campanile* of the ruined church looks as if it were out of place in so Oriental a setting. Down in the bazar, outside the old gate, the Bosnian peasants, in their white clothes with red turbans wound round their heads, are chaffering over the wares. Stalwart Dalmatians, in sheepskins and fragmentary scarlet caps, are buying whetstones for their scythes, and the Catholic women here, as at Travnik, with their hands and arms tattooed, are chattering in the old gateway over their children's ailments or their new aprons. These striped aprons, made of wool, and almost square, distinguish the women of Jajce from those of the rest of Bosnia. Here the Catholics and the Moslems are in about equal proportions, and, as is usually the case in Bosnia, these two confessions get on much better together than the Mohammedans and the Orthodox. Even before the Austrians came the Mussulmans of Jajce used to send their children to learn their letters in the Franciscan school, and such is the influence of the Franciscan monks, who have played an important part in the history of the country, that we saw one Sunday a peasant woman crawling on her knees round the church, followed by a boy, either in fulfilment of some vow or as a penance for some misdeed that they had committed. We saw, too, a girl kneeling during the whole service outside the door, and learnt that this was a common punishment for offences against morality. Within the church scores of

men were kneeling, with their quaint pigtails hanging down from their close-shaven heads, as is the fashion in many parts of this country. And, grim relic of the past, beneath a glass case at the side of the building reposed the skeleton of the last Bosnian King, Stephen Tomašević, the skull severed from the neck, just as it was cut off by the treacherous Sultan's orders over four centuries ago. The King had relied upon the pardon offered to him, and had given himself up to Mohammed II.'s lieutenant, who brought him as his prisoner to the Sultan at Jajce—the

PENANCE AT JAJCE.
(From a Photo. by Miss Chadwick.)

same place whence, a little earlier, he had hurled defiance at his conqueror. But the captive King was an encumbrance to the victor. A legal excuse was speedily invented for an act of treachery which justice brands as inexcusable. A learned Persian pronounced the pardon to be invalid because it had been granted without the previous consent of the Sultan. Mohammed thereupon summoned Tomašević to his presence on the spot still called the "Emperor's meadow." The captive came, and

as he approached within reach the lithe Persian drew his sword and, with a spring in the air, cut off the head of the last Bosnian King. According to another account Tomašević was first flayed alive. By the Sultan's command the *fetva*, in which the Persian had composed the captive monarch's sentence, was carved on the gate of Jajce, where as late as the middle of the present century could be read the words: "The true believer will not allow a snake to bite him twice from the same hole." The body of Tomašević was buried, by order of the Sultan, at a spot only just visible from the citadel of Jajce. Curiously enough, just ten years ago Dr. Truhelka, the distinguished archæologist from Sarajevo, discovered on the right bank of the river Vrbas the skeleton of the King just at the spot where tradition described it to have been buried. The skull was severed from the trunk, and two small silver Hungarian coins, known to have been current in Bosnia in the fifteenth century, lay on the breast-bones. Since that date it has found a resting-place in the Franciscan church.

Up on the castle hill another famous Lord of Jajce, Hrvoje, the "kingmaker" of these parts in the pre-Turkish times, the "most respected man between the Save and the Adriatic, the pillar of two kings and kingdoms," had built a mausoleum for himself in the famous catacombs which are one of the sights of the Bosnian royal burgh. What Warwick, "the kingmaker," was in the history of England that was Hrvoje in the annals of mediæval Bosnia. An ancient document has preserved the features of this remarkable man, whose gruff voice and rough manners so disgusted the polite nobles of the Hungarian Court. By the flickering light of a torch one can still descry his coat-of-arms—the helmet, the shield with the lilies, and the sword-wielding hand. It was here that he bade an Italian architect build him a castle, and

his power extended to the Adriatic as far as Spalato and Cattaro ; while the shrewd Ragusans wrote to him that "whatsoever thou dost command in Bosnia is done." The castle is now deserted, and the old walls are abandoned to the lizards and the red admirals ; while from the ramparts one looks down on the trim schoolhouse where the boys of all creeds alike now meet for their lessons. From one of those towers a Magyar and a Turk fell into the abyss below in the struggle for victory during one of Jajce's many sieges. On yonder greensward down by the waters of the Vrbas once danced the maidens of Jajce on a moonlight night to draw away the attention of the besieging Ottoman army from the tactics of the crafty defenders. Here in the meadows above the falls are those *mobilibus pomaria rivis* of which Horace sang at Tivoli. Swiftly rushing in a series of miniature rapids, under a rambling wooden bridge, in and out of green islets of vegetation, the green waters of the Pliva leap suddenly a waving mass into the yellow waters of the Vrbas, which flow through a deep gorge a hundred feet below. A huge rock, which was at some time hurled down by the force of the water, is covered with the spray, which rises and extends as far as the town-park on the other side of the Vrbas. Even the hideous iron edifice which has been erected, most inappropriately, as a memorial of that most artistic of princes, the late Archduke Rudolph, cannot spoil the natural magnificence of this spectacle. Nor, it is to be hoped, will the electric works, which are intended to utilise to some extent the water-power of the Bosnian Niagara, detract from the charms of this beautiful fall. Any damage done to Jajce would be irreparable, and the Government has shown so much sense in preserving the natural beauties of the country that it would hardly permit such an act of vandalism.

Not far away are the beautiful lakes of the Pliva, between which the decisive battle between the natives and the army of Occupation took place. The green cones of the mountains—for here as everywhere the Balkans are conical in shape—reflect themselves in the water, and all is still and peaceful save for an occasional and very primitive boat. Beyond, in the village of Jezero, or "the lake," the Mussulmans are sitting over their thirtieth cup of coffee, smoking their cigarettes until such time as the *muezzin* shall next call them to their devotions from his simple wooden minaret. They are talking of the Bosnian pilgrims gone to Mecca, of the horse-races just over at Ilidže, and of the late skirmish on the Turco-Montenegrin frontier. Here and there an Austrian official or a "European" visitor enters the tourist-house, which is pleasantly situated in a garden on the bank of the stream, and orders a dish of the trout for which Jezero is so famous. An Englishman once talked of fixing his abode here, and a fisherman or an artist would find it a pleasant residence. But as soon as the electric tramway is made from Banjaluka to Jajce this charming district will be overrun with tourists. The Romans, who considered communication between the coast and Banjaluka very important, made one of their three great roads in this country to pass through Jezero; but until three years ago there was no direct communication with Banjaluka, and such as there was took fourteen hours. The highway which now traverses the magnificent defile of the Vrbas between Jajce and Banjaluka has been justly called the "Via Mala" of Bosnia. Following the course of the Vrbas, even in places where there is barely room for aught else than the river between the cliffs on either bank, sometimes penetrating a tunnel hewn in the solid rock, sometimes covered by some projecting mass of stone, which serves as a natural shelter from the rain

or snow, the road pursues its course of forty-five miles. After stopping for a moment to take a last look at Jajce we drove on past a tiny Franciscan church, which the local legend believes to have been transferred thither in the night from the other side of the valley, and which every 24th of June welcomes a crowd of pilgrims of more sects than one. Tunnel after tunnel follows, and now and again some foaming mountain torrent joins the stream and gives us a glimpse of some unexplored side valley, where even the sure foot of the chamois hunter would find no path. Once, when travelling along this road with the landlord of the flourishing hotel at Jajce, I found him ecstatic over the possibilities of sport in these regions. He pointed with a wave of his hand in one direction, and explained that there was nothing but chamois—*alles lauter Gemsen!* Then he indicated another wood-covered hill, and informed me that it was swarming with bears alone—*alles nur Bären.* At the halfway house at Bočac, where a fountain, inscribed "*Vrelo Vilma:* 1894," testifies to the visit of Madame von Kállay in that year, we had time to climb up to the ruins of the old castle, which commands a superb view of the valley on both sides. But the finest scenery of this drive was yet to come. For between Bočac and Banjaluka the road enters a very narrow defile, the approach to which was guarded in olden times by another castle, the ruins of which are still standing, said to have been inhabited by the great Hrvoje himself. This defile is nearly two miles long, and the road has been blasted through the perpendicular rock on the river's edge. When one emerges from it one finds oneself out in a level country, which lasts all the way to Banjaluka. But we had other attractions besides that of the scenery on our journey. We met crowds of peasants returning from the Whitsuntide fair

at Banjaluka in the peculiar costume of the district—the women wearing many coins and richly embroidered jackets, the men clad in turbans and sheepskin coats, worn with the fleece inwards, and adorned outside with tin spangles arranged in elaborate patterns. This work on leather, used also for belts, saddles, &c., is a speciality of Banjaluka. Next morning we strolled through the fair: a very busy scene, where there was a great variety of costume, some of the women's dresses being particularly gorgeous. But in spite of the general merrymaking the salesmen were very stolid, making no attempt to puff their wares or induce customers to buy.

Banjaluka is one of the three most important towns in the occupied territory, and even before the Occupation had acquired a considerable importance as the terminus of the one railway which then connected Bosnia with "Europe." Its name, "The baths of St. Luke," point to an early, if legendary, origin, of which we have already had an example in the tower of St. Luke at Jajce. Its proximity to the Croatian frontier made it an important strategic point for the Turks. Again and again it witnessed combats between the two armies, and earlier in the present century the "Dragon of Bosnia," one of the most picturesque heroes of the country, unfurled here the green flag of the Prophet against the Sultan and his officials. To-day Banjaluka has been greatly Europeanised, although it still preserves the wide, straggling street, the mosques, and the bazar of an Eastern town. Space here counts for nothing: the hotel covers an acre or so of ground, and the street seems as if it would never end. To the artist Banjaluka is chiefly interesting because of the beautiful minaret, certainly the finest in the country, which adorns the Ferhadija Mosque, so called from the Turkish Governor, Ferhad Pasha, who built it out of the ransom which he had exacted for a

"THE BEAUTIFUL MINARET . . . . WHICH ADORNS THE FERHADIJA MOSQUE."

distinguished Austrian captive. At the picturesque suburb of Gornji Šeher, "the upper village," the Mussulman may be seen at his ease, drinking his coffee at the roadside cafés, or going to the baths where once the Romans discovered the hot springs. On the other side of the town the Trappist monastery affords a very different aspect, and the cheese which the worthy monks produce is well known in every part of Bosnia. From Banjaluka to the Croatian frontier by railway—the only normal gauge line in the whole country—the distance is only sixty-nine miles. But, although I have once followed this route, I found it much less interesting than the journey across the hills and down to the valley of the Bosna. The north-west corner of Bosnia is, indeed, rich in pasture, and is well watered by the Sana and the Una, so that the people are in many respects better off here than in other parts of the country. As we passed along we traversed fields of *kukuruc*, or maize, one of the staple products of Bosnia and Servia, and here and there saw a fine-looking *beg* riding a well-groomed steed. One place on the route, called Prjedor, will doubtless one day become a convenient centre for the farm products of this district, while another town, Novi, is likely before long to be an important railway junction, just as in the last century it was a coveted military position by reason of its situation at the meeting-place of the two rivers Sana and Una. From this point onward the latter river forms the boundary between Bosnia and Croatia, and when we had crossed it we saw the last minaret on the Bosnian bank rising from out of the picturesque town of Kostajnica, half of which is in Croatia and half in the occupied territory. In olden days many a conflict took place here on the "military frontier" between the Austrians and the Turks. But Croatia and Bosnia are almost merged now, and, except for the lack of the Mussulman element,

one might almost imagine oneself back in Bosnia for some distance further. Were it not that the Croats wear hats, their costume is not greatly different from that of the Christian Bosniaks, while their language is practically the same. But at Agram we are back in the dull West, amidst all the advantages of European civilisation, while the presence of Bishop Strossmayer at the palace on his way to a watering-place alone reminds us of the Eastern question now behind us, in which he has been a considerable factor.

To reach the Bosna valley from Banjaluka is somewhat difficult without going back upon one's tracks, for there is no direct line joining these two parallels. But we discovered that we could drive to a place called Pribinić, forty-five miles distant, whence we could be conveyed along a private railway belonging to a wood company down to Usora on the main line. We could get hardly any information about the route, which no one seemed ever to have travelled ; but, armed with a letter of introduction to the manager of the wood company, we set out on what seemed to be a tour of discovery. We drove through the finely wooded valley of the Vrbanja to a small place enjoying the grandiloquent name of Varoš, or "town," and stopped for lunch at a very picturesque village known as "Catholic Kotor." Here to our surprise we found an excellent inn kept by an Austrian, who was absolutely amazed at the idea of any one preferring to visit his village instead of going to see the Buda-Pesth Exhibition. Although visitors are scarce, the inhabitants, in true Slav fashion, paid absolutely no attention to us, but were all engaged in endeavouring to catch fish with huge nets. No power on earth could persuade Miško, our driver, to spend less than two and a quarter hours at this place, although we represented to him that we wished to arrive at our destination before

dark, nor when we had started could we induce him to drive his horses at anything much beyond a walk, although the road was excellent during the first part of the journey. In the glades of this woodland country the pigs were feeding in herds with the sheep just as I have seen them in Servia. Then a dense beech forest, which extended for several miles, shut out all the view. I have rarely seen stems of such huge circumference, which go straight up, often without a branch, to an immense height. Down below we could hear the Vrbanja roaring in its bed, but could not see it. Here and there a *kola*, the local waggon of great length and without springs of any kind, which is sometimes offered to you as an alternative to the carriage of civilisation, passed us on the way. After passing the summit the road soon became frightfully bad; for it had been raining hard, and the heavy *kolas*, laden with wood, had worn huge ruts in the roadway. To add to our difficulties darkness came on, and as our carriage had no lights, at last we stuck on a huge stone in a rut, and it was long before the driver could remove it. By way of further impeding our progress he insisted on using his brake all the way, remaining absolutely deaf to our remonstrances. At last we got out and walked at imminent risk of twisting our ankles, for we could not see six inches before us, and the ruts were vast. Through the dark wood the fires of the wood-cutters gleamed picturesquely, while their weirdly clad figures completed the scene. We stumbled on as best we could, leaving our carriage to creak and groan behind us, and at last reached a gendarme's post. Then the moon rose and the road became better, so that after a drive of twelve hours, which ought to have been seven, we arrived as Pribinić at ten o'clock. On entering the first house I found Herr Weichsel, the manager of the wood business, enjoying his evening pipe with a number of other Austrians. The

only bedroom in the inn was full, but our friend at once got us a clean and excellent bedroom in an adjoining house. Next morning we discovered that Pribinić consisted of a few houses, all made of wood, and was the centre of the trade in wood, which is first sawn into small pieces, and then brought down from the forests in *kolas* or on the backs of ponies. We had been somewhat surprised on the previous evening at being asked by which train we would prefer to travel, but we found that the wood trade is so extensive that several trains a day are required to convey the wood down to the main line. It is said that this company has the largest works of the kind in Europe; for, in addition to the trade in timber, it distils alcohol and other products from the wood—a process which greatly interested the Austrian Emperor when he visited the Bosnian pavilion in Vienna. We had expected to travel with the timber, but found that a so-called *Salonwagen*, a comfortable carriage with a stuffed seat all round, like the second-class compartment on a Greek railway, had been provided for our accommodation and tacked on to the end of a long wood train. In this fashion we made a triumphant entrance into Usora, twenty-five miles distant, after a most comfortable journey of three hours along the river of that name. Any natives who desire to travel—and there are six intermediate stations where they can be loaded on with the wood—are stowed away in an open truck or else ride, as we saw one woman and a fowl doing, on the step. As there is no regular passenger traffic, and persons can only use the line by permission, the money which we tendered for our fares was refused.

Usora, although it gave its name to an important military district, or *Banat*, in the old history of Bosnia, is now only interesting on account of the Government sugar factory, while Doboj, close to it, is a much more picturesque

place. From the old ruined castle of Doboj, which was captured by Prince Eugen on his memorable march to Sarajevo, one has an admirable view of the battlefields of 1878 and of the Bosna and Spreča valleys, through the latter of which a branch line runs to the manufacturing town of Dolnja Tuzla, and the salt works of Siminhan. But from every point of view the most interesting place in this part of the country is the little town of Maglaj, on the right bank of the Bosna, rather less than an hour from Doboj. Maglaj, with its quaint wooden bridge, its black and white wooden houses, and its disused fortress, seems to-day the very picture of peace. But it was here that the blackest act of treachery during the whole campaign of twenty years ago was perpetrated. I have heard the story of the massacre of Maglaj told many times, so great is the impression which it has made. On the 3rd of August, 1878, this horrible event occurred. A body of hussars arrived at Maglaj, and were received by the fanatical Mussulmans of the place with the utmost deference, the head man of the place even handing over, as a token of submission, the keys of the fortress. Trusting in the apparent friendliness of the natives, the hussars rode on to Žepče, about twenty-two miles farther, to look for forage, intending to return as soon as their quest was completed. Meanwhile the Maglaj Mussulmans armed themselves to the teeth and lay in ambush on the left bank of the river in some *hans*, between which and the stream the returning hussars were bound to pass. Unsuspicious of their doom the cavalry returned, but when they had reached the fatal spot the people fired upon them and killed them almost to a man. I have heard two stories, both from Austrian officers, which give different accounts of the sequel. According to one, a laconic telegram arrived at the Austrian headquarters from Vienna with the words, "Burn down Maglaj; level it with the

ground." According to the other version, orders were given to abstain from indiscriminate punishment. So far was this carried out that one sergeant, who cut off a child's arm, was, on the complaint of the mother, at once shot by order of the commanding officer, as an example of that justice which General von Filipović had promised in the name of the Emperor-King a few days before. The boy was still living in 1884, and for all I know may be still. No one who visits Maglaj now can fail to be struck by the change in the little place. A monument has been erected to the hussars, and we saw their graves, overgrown with vegetation, in a peaceful little cemetery. Close by the cemetery we were invited to witness a game of tennis on a cinder court just outside the new barracks.

It is not every day that you can see a real live Bosnian *beg* playing tennis ; the popular conception of a Mussulman is that of a lethargic person who considers it beneath his dignity to take violent exercise of any sort, and sits all the afternoon contentedly sipping his coffee and smoking his pipe in mute amazement at the tremendous energy of the Franks. But your Bosnian *beg* differs in this respect, as in many others, from the Turkish landed proprietor, to whom he corresponds in point of position, and among Bosnian *begs* those of Maglaj are among the most advanced in their ideas. "*Fortschrittler*"—such was the commentary with which a little Austrian lieutenant introduced Rifat Beg and his brother, the Mayor of Maglaj. The little lieutenant, *Mali*, as the natives were wont to call him, had a way of patting the tall, strapping *beg* on the back which caused that worthy individual and the rest of the company unbounded amusement, and as his knowledge of the vernacular was about equal to the *beg's* very slender acquaintance with German, the partnership between them was conducted on the quaintest methods. To make the jargon of tongues still

more confused, the scoring was in English, and it was comical to hear the *beg* and his diminutive companion in arms shouting out "fifteen," "deuce," "out," "net-ball," "thirty-forty," and the rest of it in the strangest of accents. More remarkable still, one of the players on the other side was a typical Englishman, to judge from his gait and figure, who yet could speak hardly a word of our tongue, which he had not heard for fifteen years. The son of an English father and a Hungarian mother, he had entered the Civil Service of the Monarchy and was now *Bezirksvorsteher* at this little Bosnian town. He told me in one of the seven languages which he knew that he was trying to rub up his long-lost English by means of *Cosmopolis*, which he had ordered for the purpose from the bookseller at Sarajevo. Rifat Beg soon showed that he was the best player on the ground. As he warmed to his work, he actually threw aside his fez and played bare-headed—a thing unknown in most Oriental lands—and his service was terrific. Every now and then, as a proof of his "advanced" ideas, he took a drink of fresh Sarajevo beer. Meanwhile the privates stood behind the court, two at each end, and fielded the balls.

Our friend the *beg*, having polished off his adversaries at tennis, proceeded to hold forth on the other great pastime of which Maglaj—and Maglaj alone of all Bosnian towns—can boast. By a curious accident this is the only place in the country where the ancient sport of hawking still survives. August is the month when the *begs* take forth their falcons in quest of game, and Rifat told us that he had a lot of these beautiful little birds, all females, for the males are too fierce and tear the quarry. He first caught the young birds in nets by means of a white pigeon or a magpie as decoy. He then trained them up in the way they should go, fastening a piece of leather on to the young birds' feet, accustoming them to

sit upon his fist, putting bells upon their legs, and then when they were quite tame allowing them to practise upon sparrows. Then at last the real business begins, and the falcons are taken out to catch bigger game. They are not hooded, as was the custom in England in former days, but are given full liberty as soon as they have been taught. When once they have seized their prey, usually a quail, the falconer runs up, covers the quail's body with his hand, and deftly cuts off the head, which the falcon carries off, leaving the body in its master's possession. In the early years of the Occupation there were also considerable numbers of wolves on the hill just above Maglaj, but the soldiers shot them off because they killed the peasants' sheep, and as a price is set upon their heads their number has greatly decreased.

On arriving at the Maglaj railway station we were much entertained by the apparition of the town jester on the platform. This fellow—a good-for-nothing, good-humoured Bosniak, who spends most of his time in loitering about the station and doling out water to the fourth-class passengers—had lately been presented by the waggish mayor with a parti-coloured suit, half red, half yellow, with a huge pink patch at the seat of his breeches. The object of our excursion was Vranduk, a small village situated above a bend of the Bosna, which is one of the most curious spots in the whole country. The station is on the right bank of the river, the village is on the left, and the only means of reaching it is a boat constructed out of a hollow tree. By means of shouts, taken up by some children on the opposite bank, we succeeded in summoning the boatman. This worthy requested us to sit down in the bottom of this primitive boat—there were no seats—and skilfully ferried us across the swollen stream, which the heavy rains had made as yellow as the Tiber. We then scrambled up a narrow path to the

VRANDUK.

top of the hill, on which the wooden houses of Vranduk are clustered exactly like so many swallows' nests. The place seemed absolutely deserted, for all the men were away minding their herds on the hills, and the few women whom we saw hid their faces and fled at our approach. There was no place where we could get food or drink, and no hospitable *Gendarmerieposten*, for that had been removed to the next village, five miles away—in fact there was not even a Mussulman café like that at Maglaj, the proprietor of which had pounded for us the most delicious coffee in the hollow of a tree, according to the custom common in Bosnia. A band of children, however, quickly guessed that we wished to see the sights, and one of them ran and fetched the key of the old castle, a lovely old ruin the inside of which is now converted into a garden full of trees; from the old battlements we had a commanding view of the river on either side. We realised at once the important strategical position of Vranduk in former days, which earned it its name of "the gate of Bosnia." The road now goes right underneath the castle by means of a tunnel, which bears the name of the Emperor. We could find, however, no traces of the well which is said to go down to the level of the river. The inhabitants seem to live almost exclusively on Indian corn, which is stacked in large wicker edifices of rectangular shape fastened together with pieces of wood. Thanks to the kindness of the stationmaster, whose whole apartment, including the chandelier, bore evidence to his marvellous talents as an artist in fretwork, we were enabled to refresh ourselves while he discoursed on the great and unexpected development of the traffic on the line. We then returned to Maglaj, and went back next day to Doboj. From there to the frontier at Brod there is nothing of great interest, except the beautifully situated little town of Dervent. As one approaches the Save the country becomes flat, but still

preserves its Oriental character until the river is crossed. Then one feels oneself transported all of a sudden into another and a much more commonplace world. Slavonia has fine grassy plains, it is true, which stretch as far as the eye can reach; but there are no more bright costumes at the stations, where every one goes about in the dull, serious garments of Western civilisation. And when, at the end of this journey, I reached Belgrade, I found that the Serbs of the Servian capital were far less artistic than those of the occupied territory.

CHAPTER V

'TWIXT AUSTRIAN AND TURK: THE SANDŽAK OF NOVI-BAZAR

OF all the arrangements made by the Berlin Treaty the most remarkable was that part of the 25th article which entitled Austria-Hungary to "keep garrisons and have roads" in the district, or Sandžak, of Novi-Bazar. This district is situated between Bosnia, Servia, Montenegro, and Turkey, forming, theoretically at any rate, a part of the Ottoman Empire, but occupied militarily at three points by Austro-Hungarian troops. It is therefore, perhaps, the most anomalously governed part of Europe, with the possible exception of the present "temporary" administration of Crete. The best means of reaching it is from Sarajevo, whence a military post performs the journey to Plevlje, the chief of the three occupied towns of the Sandžak, a distance of ninety-nine miles, in about two days, while a private carriage takes a little longer.

We left Sarajevo early in the afternoon, in one of Sarajčić's vehicles, and drove up the defile of the Miljačka, past the "Goat's Bridge," which is one of the favourite drives of Sarajevo. In the Napoleonic days the route between Salonica and Sarajevo, by way of the Sandžak of Novi-Bazar, was one of the main arteries of commerce; for during the Continental Blockade provisions were carried this way on the backs of mules. Even to-day there is an immense traffic in wood in carts

drawn by bullocks. The first village, Han Pale, contains some pretty villas among its splendid beech woods, one of them belonging to the British Consul-General. As we drove along we saw yellowhammers on almost every bough, and as it grew dark the fireflies flitted through the gloaming. On a fountain at which our two horses, Pram and Miško, wished to drink, the inscription, "*Kako ti si?*" ("How art thou?") greeted us, and reminded us that it is the fashion in the vernacular to address everybody in the second person singular, a mode of address which our Bosnian driver always used to me, even when he "raised me to the peerage" by styling me "*Herr Baron.*" We spent the first night at Prača, a quiet little village with a very clean inn, which boasts of a Roman sarcophagus in the grounds of a mosque opposite. On the hill above the village we saw for the first time the initials of the Austrian Emperor, "F. J. I.," in large wooden letters. It is a common practice in this part of the occupied territory, and at the Austrian stations in the Sandžak, to erect these letters in wood, or to mark them out in stones on the hillsides, where they are illuminated on his Majesty's birthday and other great occasions. After a couple of hours' drive through a magnificent beech forest we reached Han Bare, the summit of the pass, where a fine Bogomile tombstone was standing, according to the driver a hundred years old—his usual phrase for great antiquity. The most splendid view is usually to be had from the next stopping-place, Ranjen-Karaula ("the watch-house of the wounded"); but it was so misty that we could barely see the outlines of the grand Montenegrin mountains, the highest of which, Mount Dormitor, was quite hidden. About midday we reached Gorazda, a little town which lies in a complete hole, and is very hot. The blue Drina flows past it under a new iron bridge, built, as the inscription says, in 1891; in fact civilisation

has made great progress at this spot. There is a very good hotel here, in the dining-room of which is a thrilling picture of the surrender of Maglaj, and one shopkeeper in the bazar describes himself as "*Civil und Militär Šnajder*"—a praiseworthy attempt to spell the German word for tailor in the Croatian alphabet. We then climbed up through the woods, and reached, towards

ČAJNICA.
(*From a Photo. by Miss Chadwick.*)

evening, the pretty Alpine town of Čajnica, situated on the edge of a deep ravine, in a beautifully bracing atmosphere. The *Bezirksvorsteher*, Baron von Nagy Barcsa, a Hungarian ex-hussar officer, showed us the sights of the place. He took us over the new Servian church, which is very rich, having a capital of 50,000 gulden (£4,167), drawn from the pilgrims who flock there at the Festival

of the Assumption of the Virgin (August 27th) and on her birthday (September 8th), called the great and the small festivals of Mary. So great are the numbers of the worshippers that a large building has been erected in the courtyard of the church for their reception. The new church contains a famous picture of the Virgin and child, with John the Baptist in the background, said to be by St. Luke. The old church, close to the new one, is very small, and is now almost unused, though it is memorable for the girdles of the Servian women whose husbands had been slain by the Turks, which were hung there as soon as the slayer had been killed.

The *Bezirksvorsteher* then took us to the chief mosque and to two *türbeh*, in one of which is the tomb of the great Bosniak, Sinan Pasha, who was a native of this place. Čajnica is a very good specimen of what has been accomplished by the officials. The opponents of the Occupation are fond of saying that a certain number of places, on the beaten track, have been worked up to a high pitch of civilisation, in order to impose upon the visitor. Russia, it may be remembered, initiated this plan, and Potemkin ordered the erection of model villages on the route by which Catharine II. was to travel. But the road from Sarajevo to the Sandžak is probably the least frequented by foreigners of any in the country, and no journalist had visited it since Herr von Mack, of the *Kölnische Zeitung*, two years ago, yet I found that in all the places along the route just as great progress had been made, in comparison to their size, as at the more frequented spots to which tourist agencies take their excursions. Here at Čajnica, for example, the *Bezirksvorsteher* has laid out and planted, opposite his office, a public garden, and made a path through the woods, past the ice-cold spring called the *Appel-Quelle*. In his official capacity he has six different authorities

under him, and takes especial interest in the building of the new and larger school which is to supersede the present one. For in this small town there are already a hundred children of all confessions in the public school, in addition to those who frequent the Serb educational establishment. He is beginning to find that his offices are too small for his ever-increasing work, for, as he said, "Our duties increase, our bureaux remain the same." He has at his own house, where I was his guest, a fine collection of Bosnian embroideries, some ancient pottery, and Roman remains, of which Bosnia is still full, and a splendid bear-skin as well as a stuffed baby bear. His talents as an organiser were put to a severe test four years ago, when he provided food and entertainment in the wilderness of Glasinac for the Anthropological Congress, which numbered two of our own countrymen among its members.

Leaving Čajnica next morning we reached, after a two hours' drive through splendid forests, the frontier between Bosnia and the Sandžak, a place called Metalka-Sattel, 118 kilometres (or about 74 miles) from Sarajevo. As its name in German denotes, Metalka-Sattel forms the "saddle" between the two hills on either side of it, one of which on the right is crowned by the Austrian, the other on the left by the much smaller Turkish, barracks. An Austrian toll-bar crosses the road at the frontier, where we descended from our vehicle and went off to lunch at the Austrian barracks. Two lieutenants, in the temporary absence of their captain, did the honours. These two are known among their acquaintances as *der weitschönste, und der zweitschönste, Lieutenant von Metalka,* although no one has been unkind enough to specify which is which. The military doctor from Čajnica, and two Austrian ladies from Plevlje, made up the party, and the view from the arbour was very beautiful. After

lunch one of the lieutenants took us to the house of the Turkish Customs official, a very affable personage, with whom the Austrians get on very well and who, in the course of his eight years' sojourn at Metalka, has picked up a considerable amount of German. Of course the Turk insisted on giving us coffee and cognac, and passed our baggage without opening it ; while, as a token of the excellent relations which exist between the Austrian military, and the Turkish civil, authorities at the frontier, the lieutenant and he marched off arm in arm as we departed.

But before going any further, it is desirable to state the conditions under which this remote district of European Turkey has been governed for the last twenty years. The same article of the Berlin Treaty which entrusted Austria-Hungary with the Occupation of Bosnia and the Hercegovina, gave her also the right of occupying military points in the Sandžak—a word which means literally in Turkish "a flag," but is used figuratively by the Turks to denote a district. "As the Government of Austria-Hungary does not wish to burden itself with the government of the Sandžak," so runs this article, "the Ottoman administration shall continue to act there as before. None the less, Austria-Hungary reserves to herself the right of keeping garrisons and having military and commercial roads throughout the whole extent of that part of the old *vilayet* of Bosnia, so as to secure the new political situation and the freedom of the population." But, although this arrangement remains fully in force, the present situation is settled by a Convention, dated April 21, 1879, and entitled, "*Convention entre l'Autriche-Hongrie et la Turquie, à l'égard de Novi-Bazar.*" Article 8 of this Convention provides that: "The presence of the troops of H.M. the Emperor and King in the Sandžak, shall not in

any way hinder the functions of the Turkish administrative, judicial, or financial authorities of any kind, which will continue to act as in the past under the exclusive and direct orders of the Sublime Porte." Article 9 provides that nowhere in the Sandžak shall the Porte place irregular troops. The most important part of the Convention is the *Annexe*, which runs as follows: "It is understood that in the actual circumstances, the Government of Austria-Hungary has no intention of placing garrisons except at three points, situated on the Lim, between the frontiers of Servia and Montenegro. These points shall be Priboj, Priepolje, and Bielopolje. The number of troops at present destined for the service of these garrisons shall not exceed the number of 4,000 to 5,000 men." The *Annexe* goes on to state that, if circumstances should require it, Austria-Hungary may place troops at other points of the Sandžak, by giving notice, according to a form provided in article 7. The only exception to this is the case in which Austria-Hungary should desire to place troops "*sur les points du Balkan de Ragosna*." In this case she must make a direct arrangement with the Porte. Almost as soon as this Convention was signed, Bielopolje was changed for Plevlje, and the Austro-Hungarian troops never went to the former place at all, but came direct to Plevlje on September 10, 1879. There are now under 2,000 Austro-Hungarian troops in the whole Sandžak, placed at the three above-mentioned points, and at a few watch-posts between them, *e.g.*, Boljanić and Gotovuša, between the frontier and Plevlje; Jabuka between Plevlje and Priepolje, and Uvac beyond Priboj. It will be observed that the most important words of the *Annexe* are "actual" ("*actuelles*" in the original French), and "at present" ("*actuellement*" in the French, and "*vorläufig*" in the German version). Austria-Hungary

has only one civil official in the Sandžak, who is called colloquially Consul, but whose real title is *Civil-commissär.*

This official, who has been longer in the place than any one except the Turkish Pasha, and has therefore almost unique knowledge of its conditions, exercises considerable judicial powers. He has full jurisdiction in all civil cases, as he was kind enough to inform me, where both parties are Austro-Hungarian subjects. In civil cases, between an Austro-Hungarian and a Turkish subject, the Turkish tribunals have legal jurisdiction, provided that the *Civil-commissär* is present at the trial; but, as a matter of fact, Turkish subjects prefer to come to the Austrian Commissioner. In criminal cases, where both parties are Austro-Hungarian subjects, the Commissioner has jurisdiction, if the matters are of small importance, such as an insult, or a blow on the ear; but in bigger criminal cases the Commissioner draws up the preliminaries at Plevlje and then sends them to the home of the accused person, in the Monarchy, where they are tried by the local criminal court. Finally, in mixed criminal cases between a Turkish and an Austro-Hungarian subject the same theory and practice prevail as in mixed civil cases, *i.e.* the Turkish Court has legal jurisdiction; but as a matter of fact, the parties usually prefer to go before the Commissioner. The Austrians have a military post of their own, for which Bosnian stamps are used. There is also an Austrian wire, but this is only available for military men, and when I wished to despatch a message by it I had to write it out beforehand and ask an officer to send it for me. There is, for ordinary purposes, the Turkish telegraph, and parcels for Plevlje have to pass through the Turkish custom-house there, which is managed on the same happy-go-lucky principles as everywhere else in Turkey. Time is absolutely no con-

sideration, and one day is as good as another to the Turkish official. The Austrian officers, however, who enjoy exceptional privileges to compensate them for their exile in the Sandžak, are exempt from payment of customs dues, and the Turkish eight per cent is much less troublesome than the delay usually caused by the necessity of paying it. Both currencies, Austrian and Turkish, pass in the Sandžak, the medjidieh, having however, as in other parts of Turkey, a variable value for all non-official payments. It is worth twenty-six piastres at Plevlje and twenty-two at another place, while for official payments it is taken at nineteen piastres. The piastre is reckoned at eleven kreuzers.

A glance at the map will convince the reader of the importance of this Austrian outpost in the Balkan Peninsula. Whether it be considered as a wedge between Servia and Montenegro, or as a stepping-stone on the way to Salonica, the Austrian position in the Sandžak possesses great strategic importance. It will be observed that the number of soldiers which the Monarchy is entitled to keep here, is entirely dependent upon the circumstances of the moment. At the present crisis in Balkan politics, those circumstances are more likely to arise out of friction between Austria-Hungary and Montenegro, that from any immediate desire to take up the policy of Count Beust and "run down to Salonica." I have discussed this point with a great many persons, Austrians and others, who are resident in the Balkan Peninsula, including inhabitants of Salonica. Of course I found among them considerable divergence of view; and for my own part, as I hope to show in a later chapter, I consider it for the real interest alike of Salonica, of Macedonia, and of Western Europe, that this route to the Indies should be in the hands of the only civilised power which is sufficiently strong and suffi-

ciently near to hold it. But I have reason to believe that for the present and the immediate future, the Austrian Government will not go beyond its present out-posts in the Balkan Peninsula, as against Turkey. It has of course, by virtue of the Berlin Treaty, the right of going as far as the farther end of the Sandžak, close up to the terminus of the Macedonian railway at Mitrovica. If the Austro-Russian agreement, about which so much has been written, be really a fact, and the two rival empires have really agreed upon their respective spheres of influence in the Balkan Peninsula, Austria possesses at Plevlje a starting-point from which she can go forth on her mission as an Eastern Empire. But personally I must confess that I have no great faith in the permanence of arrangements based upon international agreements. Supposing, as seems probable, that the Austro-Russian agreement really exists, its validity will no doubt continue just so long as suits the convenience of Russian policy in the Near East. There are Austrian officials who think that the Monarchy gains no material advantages from this purely military colony in the Sandžak, and who even regret that their Government has extended its military power so far. But the main idea of the military occupation in Novi-Bazar was not so much to defend Bosnia from the Turks, whose mission as a conquering power seemed in 1878 to be, and probably still is, over, as to keep the two Serb states of Servia and Montenegro apart. For these two countries the Sandžak possesses great political and historical value. Servian writers are fond of reminding us that their remote ancestors inhabited, not merely Servia and Montenegro, but Bosnia, the Hercegovina, and the Sandžak as well. It was here too that Stephen Nemanja, one of the greatest names in Servian history, formed the nucleus of his power; and this district, which, in those days included,

under the name of Rascia, the modern Turkish *vilayet* of Kossovo as well, was always regarded as the appanage of the Servian heir-apparent. It was in the famous monastery of Milešovo, not far from Priepolje, that the remains of S. Sava, the apostle of the Serbs, were deposited. The constantly recurring idea, which this summer has been considerably discussed, that in the event of a termination of the reigning dynasty in Servia the two Serb states should be united under Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, is rendered absolutely futile so long as the Austrian troops are in the Sandžak. Had the Treaty of San Stefano been carried out, in this as in other respects Montenegro would have gained and Austria-Hungary would have lost. But at no other point is the famous definition of the latter power as the "Sentinel of the Balkans" so accurate as in the Sandžak, which is certainly the most critical position in the whole peninsula, and one of the most beneficial to the preservation of European peace.

The Austrians themselves are under no illusions as to the feelings of the inhabitants of the Sandžak towards them; the natives, mostly Serbs, who have not forgotten the Treaty of San Stefano, are liable to be moved by the promptings of national feeling or of nationalist agitation against the "European" garrison. When we were there, there was some fear of disturbances, and the lieutenants at the isolated posts never went out without firearms. Between the Turkish authorities and the Austrians very friendly relations prevail, and this lack of friction, just where it might have been anticipated, is largely due to the tact and experience of Ferik Suleiman, the Turkish Pasha of Plevlje, who has held that delicate position for eighteen years—in fact almost ever since the Austrians came. But although there is so little difficulty with the Turks, the Austrians believe that they are

regarded as intruders, whose benefits to the trade of Plevlje are fully recognised, but whose departure would be acceptable to the Ottoman authorities and subjects. Wherever the Turkish Empire is concerned, anomalies seem to be so inevitable that this particular anomaly of the Austrian garrisons co-existing with a Turkish civil administration is likely to continue until the next great liquidation of the Balkan Peninsula. It should be added that with characteristic ingenuity the Turkish authorities have kept up their dignity by creating a separate Sandžak of Plevlje out of the three points occupied by the Austrians, and have reconstituted the rest into a new and smaller Sandžak of Novi-Bazar which contains the town of that name. "Europeans," however, still give the latter name to the whole district.

From the frontier at Metalka-Sattel to Plevlje is exactly twenty-five miles, and there is an excellent road all the way. One notices as soon as one crosses the frontier that one has reached Turkish territory, for the country has become, through the carelessness of the Turkish authorities, bare and stony, though a hundred years ago it is said to have been covered with wood. There are small rocky basins in the ground, just as one sees in Montenegro, and here and there an occasional *han* is the only sign of human habitation. At the first Austrian post, called Boljanić, an officer at once stepped out to meet us, clicked his heels together and said that lunch was ready. When we told him that we had already lunched, he insisted on our at least drinking the Samian wine which is one of the privileges enjoyed in this remote corner of Turkey. At first sight it would be difficult to conceive of anything more lonely than the position of an officer posted at a solitary hamlet like this. He is usually here for a year at a time, and except for the soldiers whom he has under his command, he has no society on the spot.

But he has one great mitigation of his loneliness in the fact that there is communication by telephone between all these stations and with Plevlje. In this way each officer is able to hold long conversations with his friends, of which we had many examples. As we were sitting in the lieutenant's room at Boljanić, a message came by telephone from Plevlje to ask where we were; and after replying, he told us that he had heard of our arrival at Gorazda on the previous day by similar means. After Boljanić, the country is perfectly bare, as all the trees had been burnt off to the stumps, just as if an army had ravaged the country. The barrenness of the country would alone have sufficed to explain the curious inscription cut in German on a stone, "*Mensch, auch hier ärgere dich nicht!*" ("Man, even here vex not thyself!") But the officers say that the inscription was placed here because the road winds in serpentines at this point, so that the rear of an army had the vexation of seeing the van apparently a short distance above them, while at the same time they well knew that they had to make a long detour in order to reach the summit. Traffic there is hardly any; only goats can get a living in this bare country. One misses too the cheery salutation of "*Dobor dan*" ("Good-day") with which the peasants greet one in Bosnia; for here the natives pass one in gloomy silence, being naturally suspicious of any one who is not wearing a uniform. The next Austrian post, Gotovuša, is in a less desolate situation than its predecessor and commands fine views of the mountains. The neighbourhood seems also to have considerable botanical merits, for the officer in command there politely handed two elaborate bouquets of wild flowers to the ladies of my party, which he had specially prepared for them. Like his comrade at Boljanić, he declared that he never felt dull, for he studied a great deal and was a great naturalist.

Certainly his spirits did not seem to have suffered from his temporary isolation. Here, too, in the midst of our conversation the telephone began to tick, and a message arrived from the last station to know if we were there, followed by another to the same effect from Plevlje. It was obvious, therefore, that even in the wilds of the Sandžak the whereabouts of the traveller could be ascertained at any moment by means of the telephone; and when during our visit the telegraph wire was found on one

PLEVLJE.
(From a Photo. by Miss Chadwick.)

occasion to have been cut by some mischievous person, the precise spot where the telegraphic communication had been broken was speedily ascertained by means of the telephone. It is of course, from a military point of view, essential that these advanced posts should be connected with Bosnia. After Gotovuša we descended rapidly, and after crossing the "Appel Bridge" we saw the towers of the Plevlje aqueduct and arrived at the comfortable rooms provided for strangers in the officers' quarters.

The town of Plevlje, or Tašlidža, to give it its Turkish name, is by far the most important of the three points occupied by the Austrians, and even in Roman times was the site of a considerable settlement known as Sapua, which was connected by a road with the Adriatic coast. Plevlje, which has greatly grown since the Occupation, consists of two entirely distinct parts—the Austrian cantonments on the slope of the hill as you enter from the Metalka road, and the Turkish town which lies in a complete hollow. All the hills around are perfectly bare, but are picked out in several places with the initials "F. J. I." (in one place surmounted by a double eagle) and the crescent and star, in white stones. The only shade in the place is that provided by the trees of the park which the Austrians have laid out, and before they came Plevlje was destitute of vegetation. The barracks of the Austrian and of the Turkish soldiers are, of course, quite distinct. The town is of considerable size, and there is a good Turkish bazar. The inhabitants are all either Mohammedans or Orthodox, except four Catholic Albanian families who attend the Austrian church and are said to be very devoted to the Austrians. These Albanians do a good trade in the little silver filigree coffee-cups and ornaments which they alone make, and which are usually on sale outside the officers' casino. One of the most remarkable features of the town is the Serb women, who here wear curious short kilts over their long garments. The centre of military society in Plevlje is the officers' casino, a large roomy building, where one evening, on the occasion of a military inspection, we saw some sixty officers sit down to mess. The hall was decorated with flags—the Turkish among them in honour of a recent visit of the Pasha—with pictures and busts of the Emperor and Empress, and with devices, all the work of the officers, made out of fir-branches. There is a stage

at the end of the room where gipsy music is performed during dinner; one of the performers being a left-handed soldier who enjoys a high reputation in the country. The stage is at other times used for amateur theatricals, and dances are held in this room. For Plevlje, remote as it is, possesses a considerable amount of military society. There are no less than twenty-four ladies there, mostly from Vienna, as the present regiment, largely composed of Hungarians and Roumanians from Transylvania, spent five years in the Austrian capital before it came for three

"THE SERB WOMEN, WHO HERE WEAR . . . KILTS OVER THEIR LONG GARMENTS."
(From a Photo. by Miss Chadwick.)

years to Plevlje. The sudden change from the Austrian capital to this place was no doubt much felt at first, but Plevlje enjoys the reputation, as one officer remarked to me, of a true marriage-market, and the girl who comes to Plevlje is certain speedily to find a husband. The General, Baron de Goumoëns, Chamberlain of the Emperor, who is in command of the troops is, curiously enough, of Scotch descent, for his ancestors hailed from either Glasgow or Stirling.

The Pasha whom we visited with the Austrian Commis-

sioner at the konak is a man of fifty-six, but looks older. He received us in full uniform outside his house, and took us into his sitting-room, furnished with two book-cases, in one of which I noticed a French translation of Lord Palmerston's private correspondence. The Pasha, who speaks French, is rather nervous in ladies' society, although his manners are charming. He sat on the edge of his chair while we smoked cigarettes and drank coffee and syrups. He has no wife, but lives with his old mother, and has probably stayed longer in one post than any other Turkish official, for the usual practice of the Sultan is to move important functionaries from one end of the empire to another, lest they should gain too much influence. He took us over the Turkish barracks, which adjoin his small konak. The soldiers are mostly Anatolians, but some are Albanians, as is the Pasha himself. They looked fine, healthy fellows and are said to be well-fed, but, as is usual with most Turkish employés, their pay is never forthcoming, and their turn-out was horribly bad. Those who have only seen the Turkish soldier in Constantinople sometimes have the pleasant delusion that his undoubted bravery and fine physique are accompanied by a smartness and neatness such as we are accustomed to in European armies. But go to the provinces, to Crete or to Novi-Bazar, and the soldiers of the *Pâdishâh* are seen to be very different, so far as their outfit goes. In these last two places one naturally notices their defects of dress and drill all the more because one sees them side by side with well-dressed and well-drilled European troops. Of course, the provision above mentioned which excludes Turkish irregulars from the Sandžak, has had a most excellent effect upon the state of that district, which has thus been spared the performances of the Bashi-Bazouks, so active in Crete.

Apart from its political and strategic importance, Plevlje

possesses, in the Serb monastery of *Sveta Troica*, or the Holy Trinity, an historical monument of considerable interest. The monastery, which is situated about twenty-five minutes from the town, in a bend of the mountains, is quite hidden from view by the trees of the ravine until one is close upon it. One of the monks, who entertained us there, told us that there were fifteen of them altogether, and on the occasion of any great national or religious festival, the great courtyard and the rambling wooden balconies above it are crammed with people. In the

THE BAZAR, PLEVLJE.
(*From a Photo. by Miss Chadwick.*)

courtyard are the monuments of the abbots, and an old church which contains some quaint mediæval frescoes emerging from the whitewash. There are also old pictures of several ancient Servian rulers, such as Uroš, Milutin, and Helena. The church also contains the pastoral staff of S. Sava, which was bought from the Turks by some devout Serb when they pillaged the monastery at Milešovo, a few miles away, and brought here. Half underground in the courtyard we saw a small library, which boasted a curiously illuminated Serb Bible, with some extraordinary

pictures; but most of the books seemed to be modern and all of them were mouldy with the damp—for here, as in most places in the East, the monks seem to know and care very little about literary matters.

From Plevlje to the terminus of the Macedonian line at Mitrovica, it takes four days to ride over a very rough country. I am told that the Turkish officials are not desirous of carrying out the original plan, and continuing this line to Plevlje. On the contrary, they prefer to place as many obstacles as possible in the way of travellers. For example, the road which formerly existed between Priboj and Priepolje was purposely placed under three separate Turkish authorities so that traffic over it might be made as hard as officialdom could make it. When a great inundation destroyed this section of the road at the end of 1896, nothing was done to make good the destruction; and though the Pasha, like all Turkish officials whom I have met, was "just telegraphing" or "had just telegraphed" to have it repaired, I suspect that it will be long before any carriage will be able to perform the circular route from Plevlje, *viâ* Priepolje and Priboj, back into Bosnia.

The importance of direct railway communication from Salonica, by means of an extension of the present line from Mitrovica, through the Sandžak to Sarajevo, it would be difficult to exaggerate. There are considerable natural difficulties to be overcome, but the political obstacles are probably greater at present. One day, however, but not under Ottoman auspices, as a former Sultan dreamed, Plevlje will be a station on the "quick route" to India, and Brindisi will have ceded to Salonica the privilege, which she has enjoyed since the days of the Romans, of being the chief port of departure for the East. Of one thing we may be certain, that the Sandžak is bound to play an important part in the history

of the future, just as it did in that of the past. But under whose auspices, those of Austria-Hungary, or those of the two Serb states on either side of it?—that is the question. But that the Turk will ever recover his full and exclusive overlordship of this at present anomalous district, I do not believe. For one has but to talk to the Ottoman officials in Albania, to find that they regard the wave of Turkish conquest as spent in Europe. The Sandžak is, at present, its high-water mark; but no one considers the present situation as final. The French proverb, *Ce n'est que le provisoire qui reste*, has been tolerably true so far of the arrangements made for the Near East at the Berlin Congress. Yet no diplomatist regards them as the final settlement of an almost eternal question—to whom shall the Balkan Peninsula belong?

Bidding good bye to our hospitable friends at the casino, who, on the last day of our stay, drank to the health of the two ladies as "the only Englishwomen who had ever visited Plevlje," we returned to the Bosnian frontier, and, after a short delay, caused by the desire of the captain that the ladies should visit an old Mussulman woman, we drove down through the dark woods, illuminated by fireflies, to Čajnica. On our arrival we found that the *Bezirksvorsteher* had arranged for us, during our absence, an excursion on a raft down the Drina from Gorazda to Višegrad. These *Flossspartien*, as they are called, are a peculiarity of Bosnia. The river Drina flows through the occupied territory, and for a considerable part of the way forms the boundary between Bosnia and Servia, finally joining the Save. It is thus an excellent means of conveying wood from the Bosnian forests down to Belgrade, or even further, the raftsmen returning on foot. When the state of the water is favourable, it is customary to form large rafts of the wood, partly composed of sawn planks, and partly of rough beams of timber.

When travellers are invited to make the journey in this way, a seat of planks is provided in the middle of the raft on which they can sit, or if necessary stand, while the raft is temporarily submerged when passing the rapids. During the Turkish times, these rapids were much worse than they are now; for a scheme which had been drawn up for blasting the rocks away was pigeon-holed for a number of years in some Ottoman bureau. The men in charge of the raft are generally two in number, and stand

OUR RAFT ON THE DRINA.
(From a Photo. by Miss Chadwick.)

at either end grasping the handle of an immense rudder. They are usually Mussulmans from the little town of Foča, which lies some distance above Gorazda. We had also a third native on board, who earned his passage by taking a turn at one of the rudders, and who skilfully jumped off the raft at a place on the shore near his destination. We embarked just below the bridge at Gorazda, and glided slowly down the stream, every now and then racing hurriedly along as we shot the rapids. The men amused themselves in the intervals of steering

by throwing pieces of wood at the wild ducks which were constantly swimming or flying over the river, and as the heat became more intense, lay down on their stomachs and lapped up the water like dogs. For the greater part of the way the Drina flows between high cliffs covered with trees, and when we reached the mouth of the green Lim, the two rivers composed together a considerable stream. We stopped at one small Mussulman village called Medjedje, where we landed a barrel of wine for the gendarmes stationed there, and then went on to Višegrad,

OLD BRIDGE AT VIŠEGRAD.
(From a Photo. by Miss Chadwick.)

having been seven hours on the water. We landed at the foot of a conical hill which has considerable fame in the local legends, on account of the tower of "the King's son" Marko, the favourite hero of the Servian ballads, who is said to have been imprisoned there for nine years, and then to have sprung at one bound across the river. The ruins of the tower are still standing, and near the water's edge one is shown the footprint of the hero and his horse's hoof-marks.

Višegrad is now only a small place, for it has not yet recovered from the inundations of two years ago, when the Drina swept away 156 houses and rushed right over the old bridge, one of the finest Turkish monuments in Bosnia, built by a distinguished native of the place, Mehmed Pasha Sokolović, or "the falcon's son," a member of one of the oldest Bosnian families, who attained to high rank in the Turkish service. It was constructed in consequence of the frequent lamentations of

GIPSIES, VIŠEGRAD.
(From a Photo. by Miss Chadwick.)

the people, who were unable to cross the river; and still bears two long Turkish inscriptions on the subject. In the middle of the bridge there was formerly a small edifice, which has been removed, and almost the entire coping of the bridge was destroyed two years ago—as if to belie the South Slavonic saying, "firm as the bridge at Višegrad"—and has since been repaired. The town is being gradually rebuilt, and its position only six hours distant from the Servian frontier, which is clearly visible, assures it an important trade with that country. The

Montenegrins who desire work in Servia, but who generally fail to obtain it, pass and re-pass through Višegrad every year. The population is half Mussulman, half Orthodox, and there is only one Roman Catholic in the whole town, a curious instance of the remarkable disproportion of the three principal confessions which one finds in various towns of Bosnia.

We finally quitted the raft at Višegrad, and set out to drive back to Sarajevo. The climb up from the valley of the Drina is tremendously steep, and as the sun was

A STREET SCENE, VIŠEGRAD.
(From a Photo. by Miss Chadwick.)

blazing, and as there was hardly any shade, we were not sorry to arrive at Han Semeč, the inn at the top of the pass which is kept by a loquacious Jewess from Galicia, who talked incessantly about her six children and deplored that there was no school for them there. Thence to Rogatica the road was all downhill, and the situation of the latter place amply repaid us for the trouble of reaching it. It is, indeed, one of the prettiest places in the country, for it lies, as one might expect of an almost entirely Mussulman town, in a leafy valley watered by abundant streams. Out of its population of 3,300, only

300 are Christians, and it is thus one of the most conservative towns in Bosnia. Thus the Mussulmans have strenuously refused here to allow their daughters to go to school with the Orthodox girls, and have opposed the erection of a new girls' school on that ground. In times of fasting, too, the Mussulman mayor goes round to the cafés to see that none of the faithful are smoking, or even inhaling the smoke of the infidels' cigarettes ; any offender is severely punished. Yet in spite of this severity

CHILDREN AT VIŠEGRAD.
(From a Photo. by Miss Chadwick.)

on the part of the Mussulman majority, the small Christian minority, which is entirely composed of Serbs, lives peaceably with the other section of the community. Here, too, the Mussulmans are noted for their learning, and many of them are *begs*. In fact, Rogatica boasts of having produced a former *Sheik-ul-Islâm*, or head of the Mohammedan hierarchy at Constantinople, who founded a mosque here called after his name. A more interesting mosque, however, is that "of the Mufti," in the courtyard of which is a fine Roman tomb—for a Roman road used, at one time, to pass through this place, and Roman

remains have been found in large quantities here. The Mussulmans, with their usual disregard for classical antiquities, calmly added two steps of masonry to this ancient piece of stonework, so that in bad weather, when it is too wet to go up to the minaret, the *muezzin* can mount on to it and call the faithful to prayer. Another stone of a very different kind is a huge Bogomile monument, bearing a very long inscription in Cyrillic letters, which is built into the wall of the new Orthodox church. The builders of this edifice, by way of showing their impartiality, have committed another horrible act of vandalism by cutting in two a fine Roman plaque representing a man and a woman, and putting one piece on either side of the door. Other Roman stones have also been employed by the masons, and the gardens of the barracks and the charming little public garden contain several more. The latter grounds have been beautifully laid out on the bank of a small stream called the Rakitnica or "Crabs'-brook," and are really a model of what a small public garden should be. It is here that the Moslems delight to come and take their ease over their coffee, supplied from a Turkish *kavana*, while in the evening they may also be seen performing their ablutions at the spring called *Toplik*, which flows out of the rocks near the old Roman road.

After leaving Rogatica we came to the vast prehistoric burying-ground of Glasinac, which is one of the archæological wonders of Bosnia, but of which the average man would see nothing, if he were not aware beforehand of its existence. Only a few heaps of stones here and there mark the level surface of the plain where four years ago the Anthropological Congress held a meeting. The theory is that the bodies were laid upon the ground, without burial of any kind, and that stones were piled upon them as a tomb—a practice which was common

enough among other prehistoric peoples. We passed two monuments of modern interest, both of which commemorate the battles of twenty short years ago. A little farther on we arrived at Podromanja, a huge white barrack standing alone in a treeless plain, and so called because it lies "at the foot" of the Romanja range of mountains. The position is one of considerable importance, for not only does the main telegraph wire from Vienna to Constantinople pass along this road, but also

OUR CARRIAGE AT PODROMANJA.
(*From a Photo. by Miss Chadwick.*)

the building commands the country in all directions. The captain, two lieutenants, and a Catholic priest, on his rounds, entertained us at lunch and presented us with picture postcards of this out of the way place, on the understanding that we should send them some with views of England. After a climb and a drive between meadows purple with vast masses of campanula, we reached the pass of Naromanja, an Alpine spot. On the other side we had a superb view of the country; here and there a shepherd was piping to his flock in quite idyllic fashion,

and an occasional village of wooden houses diversified the plain till we rejoined the Sarajevo road at Han Derventa. Of all the journeys which I have made through the occupied territory—and I have travelled through seven hundred miles of it, and most of the distance more than once—this was perhaps the most interesting. One saw here, better than elsewhere the daily life of the people, while the forest and river scenery is perhaps finer than elsewhere in the country.

CHAPTER VI

BARBARISM AND CIVILISATION : THE ALBANIAN COAST AND CORFÙ

IT is a great change from the Dalmatian, or even from the Montenegrin, ports to the Albanian harbours which fringe the Adriatic. Albania is one of the riddles of the Eastern question. It seems incredible that a fine country, with at least two harbours possible of development, and within a few hours' steam of Italy, should be the most uncivilised land in the Balkan Peninsula, and that for centuries no "European" power should have made any serious attempt to acquire it as a colony. The Turkish Government has merely nominal authority over the country, and I remember well, when a few years ago the Turkish Minister in Montenegro desired to visit the Albanian town of Scutari, he could find no one who was willing to drive him, for fear of those bullets of which the Albanians always carry such a quantity. Here the real power is not vested in the Governors sent from Constantinople, but in the native chiefs whose word is practically the only law current in the country, and whose recommendations are more efficient than any Turkish *teskereh* for any traveller visiting the country. One British consul told me that when, some years ago, he travelled in Albania, he found the company of his wife the greatest safeguard, for the Albanians, though perhaps somewhat idealised by Byron, do not shoot women, or

men in their company. It used to be said that Italy had certain designs upon this country. In the first place, a large number of the Albanians are Roman Catholics, and the Roman Catholic clergy has considerable influence among them. Then, Signor Crispi is of Albanian descent, and this fact was not lost sight of when he guided the policy of Italy, in the south of which there are several Albanian colonies. But Albania, like most of the Balkan lands, is split up between contending religions, and it may be doubted whether the Mussulman Arnauts would not strongly resist the attempt of a Christian power to annex their country. Moreover, since her African disasters Italy is hardly strong enough to cope with one of the most warlike nations in the world. Austria is also regarded as a possible candidate for the reversion of Albania, and the Catholic Albanians are, in many places, on the side of that power. Some of the Mussulmans too, since they found that their co-religionists were well treated in Bosnia, while the *Pâdishâh* was slack in his payments to them when they served in the ranks of his army, are said to have turned their eyes in that direction ; but Austrian officers have told me that in their opinion it would be a very difficult matter to conquer Albania, and at any rate such a project is not within the range of practical politics. A curious fact about the Albanians is their inability to form any close national union among themselves. With the single exception of their legendary hero, Skanderbeg, they have never produced a great man who could rally the whole people round him. In 1880 it is true, at a time when the Albanians were alarmed at the proposed extension of Montenegro at their expense, an Albanian league was formed which was partly spontaneous, and partly perhaps the result of arguments more or less substantial supplied from Constantinople. This year, too, an Albanian propaganda was being carried on

in Rome by an Albanian leader, who was desirous of forming some sort of independence for his country. In the meanwhile, Albania, whose people are probably the oldest inhabitants of the peninsula and have even been identified by some with the ancient Pelasgi, remains in a state which would be scandalous for a negro republic. There, in the words of the philosopher, "one man is a wolf to another." Human life is of absolutely no value whatever, and roads are almost entirely lacking. Yet the Albanian possesses excellent qualities. In Montenegro and the Hercegovina he works industriously for his living. His physical courage is undeniable, and in the case of the Albanian Mussulmans, this natural courage is increased by the teachings of their religion, which makes them seek eternal happiness in a warrior's death. I shall never forget the devotions of an Albanian chief on the deck of a steamer, performed with the utmost unconsciousness before the other passengers. Of all the Sultan's soldiers, the Albanians are the best, and among the various races of the Balkan Peninsula they have no equals in military prowess, save their hereditary enemies, the Montenegrins. But, if the Arnauts are a guard, they are also a terror, to the *Pâdishâh*, and that timorous, if crafty, sovereign has not the power, if he has the will, to reduce Albania to a state of order. Thus what might be one of the finest countries in Europe, is left in a condition such as nowadays disgraces few Central African tribes. An occasional philologist, anxious to study the difficult Albanian language, a chance sportsman, and a few explorers, may traverse Albania, and an enterprising Englishman has built a house at Scutari, where he spends a part of the year. But with these exceptions, the land of the *Skipetar*, as the Albanians call themselves, is almost a *terra incognita*, a waste land in an age when all the great powers desire to

find new countries for their superfluous sons and new markets for their unnecessary wares.

The first Albanian port at which the steamers stop on the way to Corfù, is called by the grandiloquent name of San Giovanni di Medua. One day, perhaps, the place may do something to deserve such a title; for every now and then a newspaper correspondent at Constantinople reports that the long-projected line is to be made from Medua to Scutari-in-Albania, of which it is the natural port, and then continued to Servia and possibly Roumania. Land-locked Servia would then find her long-sought outlet on the sea at this unpretending spot, instead of at Salonica—the dream of the Servian enthusiasts—or among the Dalmatian fiords, as was the idea before the Occupation of Bosnia placed a solid wedge between Servia and the sea. It is quite natural that Servia, the only country in our continent, except Switzerland, which has no sea-board, should feel the want of a haven of her own, whence she can export her pigs, which are now almost exclusively sent through the Hungarian frontier town of Semlin. But it is very doubtful whether the Sultan will grant permission for such a line to be made, or whether, even if he consents, his orders will be carried out. At any rate, during all the centuries that the Turk has been owner of Albania, he has not succeeded in making such a simple thing as a carriage-road between Scutari and Medua. I could find no difference whatever in the condition of the latter place, when I re-visited it after an interval of four years. There had been grandiose talk in the Turkish papers about the employment of several hundred soldiers on the road; but the British Consular *cavass*, who had come down with those of the French and Austrian Consulates at Scutari to fetch the Consul's letters, told me that it still took eight hours' hard riding to reach that important

town. In what other country in Europe except Turkey, could such a state of things exist? The result is, that this naturally fine harbour, perhaps the best in Albania, which suffers but little from a sandbank near the shore, is left almost abandoned. The Austrian-Lloyd steamers have the practical monopoly of the coasting trade, which is largely composed of skins and logwood, and nothing is done to open up the interior by making better communication between it and the sea. All is now miserable at Medua. One wretched *han* represents the sleeping accommodation for a traveller, compelled to spend the night there on the way to Scutari. A few rickety cottages, a barrack on the hill, where the ragged Turkish soldiers are drilling, and the cosy house of the Lloyd agent—here, as at all the Albanian ports, the one vestige of civilisation—such is the Medua of to-day. One splendid sight, indeed, it possesses—the superb men of the Mirdite tribe, all armed to the teeth. Of course, every one carries weapons here; but these Mirdites are the proud owners of old swords, pistols, and flint-locks which would delight the heart of a collector. Fierce as these warriors are, they take it as a compliment when any one desires to examine their armoury, which they transport about with them, and allow a stranger to handle their weapons with the same easy nonchalance with which, under other circumstances, they would shoot him at sight. When, however, some Albanians from Medua came off to our steamer in a boat, and demanded instant employment from the captain, a regular fight with the oars ensued, and only the presence of mind of that officer prevented swords being drawn and pistols fired. A rougher looking set I have rarely seen than these furious boatmen in their sheep-skin coats, which gave them, indeed, the appearance of beasts rather than human beings.

If Medua be one of the Turks' many lost opportunities,

Durazzo, the next place on the coast, is a terrible example of fallen greatness. As one walks through the poor and ill-paved streets of this decayed town, followed by some Turkish spy, suspected by every ragged soldier that one passes, one can scarcely realise that this was once the flourishing Dyracchium, the starting-point of the great Egnatian road to Constantinople, which Cicero chose as his place of exile because it was "so conveniently near to Italy," which once saw Cæsar and Pompey disputing the mastership of the world on the plains outside its walls, which was much later the coveted goal of great Bulgarian conquerors, and which witnessed the strange adventure, and owned the temporary sovereignty, of a French princelet in the confusion of the dark ages. A paltry town of five thousand inhabitants is all that is now left of so much greatness, and the most interesting thing at Durazzo is its ruins. For there, rather than in the squalid shops, you will find some connection with its past. Here and there on some old house fine pieces of sculpture have been stuck into the brickwork, and, in the ancient gate in the walls, on the country side of the town, I noticed several beautiful specimens of sculpture, one, very perfect, representing a centaur, but all washed over with the bluish lime of the Turkish official. The prevalence of Italian, too, as the language of the traders, shows that the old communication with Italy is kept up. But so long as the Turkish flag waves over the crumbling fortifications of Durazzo, where the fig tree alone is flourishing, the great days of the town's past will not return. There is talk, indeed, of a railway from Monastir, in Macedonia, the terminus of the present Salonica-Monastir line, to Durazzo, or to Valona, the next harbour along the coast. Since the late war, the omnipotent Germans have urged the obvious military advantages of this means of connection between the Ægean and the Adriatic. In

fact, some years ago the line was surveyed, at the instigation of the late Baron Hirsch, from a commercial point of view. The surveyors then reported that it would not pay, and the experience of Baron Hirsch's other Turkish railways has not been encouraging—to the Turks. So Albania is likely for some time to remain without a railway of any kind; indeed, even if the Turkish Government were willing, the native chiefs would probably object, just as they objected to the existing line from Salonica to Mitrovica, which was only allowed to be made on condition that it did not pass near their particular preserves.

Durazzo has nothing else of interest, unless it be the picture of the Madonna in the church of Santa Lucia, which is said to be a portrait of the late Austrian Empress—a likeness which did not strike me when I saw it. Valona, or Avlona, which is the largest place between Durazzo and Corfù, is a much more cheerful town. The harbour, sheltered to the south by the end of that rather insignificant range, the "Acroceraunian" mountains, which Horace prayed that Virgil might escape on his travels to Greece, and which Shelley found a sonorous ending to a verse, is a large one, and is further protected by the islet of Sasseno, which, although forgotten by some geographers, is in reality the northernmost possession of the Greek kingdom. The landing-place is a mere collection of sheds, chiefly important as a *scala* for the Albanian capital of Joannina; the town of Valona is half an hour's walk inland, and seems to be a fairly flourishing Turkish mart, prettily situated amid trees and meadows, where the white-befezzed Albanians were busy with the hay. A large house on the left, on which the storks were perching, attracted my attention, and I found on inquiry, that thereby hung a tale. Its owner, a rich local magnate, suspected by the Govern-

ment at Constantinople, was summoned to put in an appearance at the capital. Fearing to go by land, lest he should be murdered on the way, he escaped by a sailing-boat to the nearest Italian port of Otranto, whence he made his way by sea to the Turkish capital, only to discover that he was expected to remain there as the prisoner or the guest—the terms are almost synonymous—of the *Pâdishâh*. When I returned to Valona, I found his house falling into decay, so I conclude that he is either dead or in the same dubious position as before. Of course, such cases are extremely common, from Ghazi Osman Pasha, the prisoner of Yildiz, downwards. Even our inoffensive party attracted the greatest suspicion at Valona, and a Turkish soldier, who saw our camera, thought it his duty to follow us from the town to the landing-place, and was not satisfied till he had accompanied us on board the steamer.

From Valona southward stretches an iron-bound coast without a tree and almost without a habitation, until one reaches the poor little town of Santi Quaranta, so called from a ruined chapel of the "Forty Saints," which, after an almost unknown existence of many a long year, suddenly obtained historic reputation in the Greco-Turkish war of 1897. For the bombardment of this unimportant hamlet, which consisted before the war of a few houses, an old semicircular fort near the shore and a bigger new one on the hill above it, commanding the road to Joannina—for this, like Valona, is a *scala* for the Albanian capital—was the one achievement of the Greek fleet. I saw Santi Quaranta a few days after the bombardment, and found little changed there. As a matter of fact, such destruction as was done was at the expense of the Greek inhabitants; for here, as in most Turkish seaports, the population is chiefly Hellenic. The sole prize of victory was a cargo of vegetables, which was towed

over to Corfù in triumph and received with acclamation. Aristophanes, for whose genius the late war was exactly suited, would have made an admirable scene out of this incident with a sly allusion to Euripides, the "son of the vegetable-seller," included. The solitary cypress—that favourite Turkish tree—which was always the most conspicuous object at Santi Quaranta, still stands there, and seemed to wave farewell to us, as we crossed over from Epirus to Corfù, from barbarism to civilisation.

Of all the islands that swim in the blue Ionian sea, Corfù is by far the most delightful. Often as I have visited it, alike in time of peace and in time of war, I have never ceased to remember the first impression which it made upon me when I reached it after a long imprisonment in the fogs of London. No one, landing in this climate amidst this vegetation, where the roses and the orange-blossom scent the air, where the olive grows like the oak with us, and the atmosphere is so clear that you can see every line in the bare Albanian mountains opposite, can wonder that Homer chose this spot as the scene of his hero's reception by the Phæakian king, or that Horace described the life of a Phæakian as being the ideal of idleness. Away with the dull commentators, who would rob Corfù of the honour of the Odyssey! Who would not prefer the time-honoured legend, still strongly rooted in the place, which identifies every incident and every scene in that marvellous narrative! Over on the farther shore of the old harbour, where the fishermen have stretched their nets, they show as the olive-grove where Nausikaa found the Ithakan king asleep. Out at the mouth of this disused creek, a cypress-covered islet with a tiny white chapel on it is said to be the famous Phæakian ship, which was struck by the sea-god in his wrath and turned into a rock. There are several claimants to this honour round the

OLIVE GROVE, CORFÙ.

coast of Corfù; but none is so graceful as this, and no other islet answers so completely to the Homeric description. And, as you drive out to the "one-gun battery," which commands, or rather commanded, the spot—for the gun has gone with the English who placed it there—you are reminded by the very names of the villas and the roads—"Road of the Phæakians," "Villa of Alkinous"—of the dim heroic past of Corfú. Even the very drop-scene at the little theatre, where good Italian plays are performed before one of the most critical audiences in the Near East, represents the entertainment of Odysseus by his Phæakian hosts. And, as Mr. Stillman, perhaps the highest authority on such a matter, once remarked, the Homeric hero of many wiles and many wanderings is a not uncommon type among the islanders of to-day. No wonder that in this marvellous island, for which nature has done so much, and upon which the first of poets has cast the charm of the earliest and freshest of romances, the late Empress of Austria should have "built her soul a lordly pleasure-house." But the gleaming white villa, "Achilleion," which rises from among the olive-groves of Gastouri, now knows her no more. The poetic dream of the Empress is over, and the frescoes, and the stables, and all the rest of her fancies are to be converted to the use of some public institution of the most prosaic kind.

Corfù is, indeed, a place of memories. Its glories, one fears, are rather of the past than of the present. Few persons in England seem to realise the mistake which the British Government made in handing over the Seven Islands in 1864 to the Hellenic kingdom. I do not mean merely from the point of view of British interests in sacrificing to popular clamour a superb position, upon which Napoleon I. in his time had set the utmost store; but I refer to the material interests of the Islanders them-

selves. Nowadays in Corfù, one is told on every hand that the prosperity of the island ceased when the British left, and I remember hearing one excited Corfiote lady upbraid the British Government of that day for what she called "an act of desertion"! Desertion, forsooth, when Ionian patriots and newspapers of the fifties and early sixties, let loose by Lord Seaton's unwise reforms, implored Great Britain to withdraw the Protectorate, which she had exercised since 1814, and when Great Britain took them at their word and let them enjoy the blessings of "liberty," "nationality," and "the great Greek idea" to their hearts' content! It is pitiful to think of what Corfù has lost by this triumph of eloquence, expressed in faultless Greek—for some of the anti-British orators, whose speeches I have read, had all a clever schoolboy's facility of imitation, and had obviously chosen Demosthenes as their model. Even the Corfiote historians of that time admit the great material blessings conferred by our rule on the island. After travelling through continental Greece, when one comes back to Corfù, one notices more than before what every one had pointed out at one's first visit, that the Greek mainland has no such roads as those which the British constructed in Corfù, Cephalonia, and Zante. These fine highways are now neglected; but the aqueduct which was made by a British Lord High Commissioner still supplies the town of Corfù with its admirable drinking-water. A gentleman who lived in the island, under British rule, told me that he could well remember the time when eight British regiments were quartered here, and when thrice every year, on the festival of S. Spiridion, the patron saint of Corfù, the whole of the garrison formed a line around the Esplanade, while the Lord High Commissioner, in his robes of office, his white silk stockings and buckled shoes, followed the body

of the saint as it was borne in solemn procession through the town. This respect for their religion greatly pleased the Orthodox Greeks, and when Mr. Gladstone came out here in 1858 to inquire into the grievances of the islanders, and made his celebrated tour of inspection, nothing that he did delighted the Ionians more than his tactful obeisances to the Corfiote hierarchy, whose hands he kissed, like a faithful son of the Church. The presence of so many British soldiers and of several very highly paid British officials, naturally caused a large amount of money to be spent in the Islands, especially in Corfù. In those days "St. George's Cavalry," as the English sovereigns were called colloquially, circulated in large numbers in the Islands, while now the paper money, which does duty in Greece for coin of the realm, is always depreciated. Since the three Powers guaranteed the Greek Loan, the exchange has been considerably more favourable to the Greeks than it was, and it dropped from forty-four drachmai to thirty-four for the sovereign (which is nominally worth only twenty-five drachmai), the day that the telegram announcing this fact reached Corfù. No country indeed, except perhaps Turkey, has such an unsatisfactory currency as Greece. Gold and silver have disappeared from circulation, though silver curiously enough is found in Crete; their place has been taken by paper notes, usually dirty and greasy and sometimes almost crumbling to pieces from age and use. Occasionally the notes become so emaciated that they have to be fastened together by slips of paper. Besides, to the confusion of the foreigner the notes for ten drachmai are frequently cut in halves, each half being equivalent to five drachmai, quite independent of the other. As notes exist for sums so low as one drachma it may be imagined how serious

this question is. Trade has naturally fallen off to a great extent in Corfù since British days. Our Consul told me that the whole commerce of the island was not worth more than £250,000 a year now. Yet the population of the island has increased from 71,736 in 1864 to 90,660 at the last census in 1896, that of the town from 25,581 to 29,070. Socially, of course, the change is enormous. In the British days there was quite a brilliant society in the capital. The station was an extremely favourite one, and many of the modern Nausikaas of Corfù found husbands among the British officers of the garrison. It was, therefore, perhaps not unnatural that the Corfiote aristocracy, descendants of Venetian noble families, who alone among the Greeks still use their Venetian titles, were strongly opposed to the union. Now, socially, Corfù is changed, though there is reason to hope that it may become, in the future, a favourite resort for the winter and spring. Although the town and island of Corfù, as being the seat of the Lord High Commissioner, benefited most from the British protectorate, I have heard the same regrets expressed at Zante, which was not so highly favoured. During the late war there was actually current a story that some Zantiotes intended to hoist the British flag, in their despair at the misfortunes of their country. These facts have practical importance at the present time, because it has been suggested by a high authority that Crete, like Corfù, would be better prepared for ultimate union with Greece, if she first had half a century of Western administration. It is also possible that after such an experience the Cretans might not desire to be formally annexed to Greece.

The main grievance of the Ionians against the Greek Government is that whereas, in British days, the taxes were lower, and were then spent in the improvement of

education, roads, and sanitation of the Seven Islands, they are now higher and are shared between the Greeks of the mainland and the Islanders. It is contended that, in common with all the other Greek provinces, the Ionian Islands are comparatively neglected, while everything is spent upon Athens and the Piræus. The Corfiotes, in particular, complain that the King, who was received with enthusiasm on the cession of the island to Greece, now hardly ever visits the charmingly situated villa of Mon Repos, which he possesses there. Every year there is a rumour that he is coming, but still he never comes. Yet this villa, the grounds of which are thrown open to the public, commands a view almost unequalled in Greece, and was intended as the winter resort of the late Tsar, at the beginning of his fatal illness. Beneath the terrace is the azure sea, with here and there the bright red sail of a fishing vessel, and in the distance the faint outline of a Greek gunboat, while opposite is the long range of the Albanian mountains. All around is a most luxuriant vegetation. Giant aloes and hedges of prickly pears, a forest of orange trees which recall the golden gardens of the Hesperides, huge masses of roses, feathery palms, fig trees with the fruit just beginning to colour, the eternal olive, and the solemn cypress are all here in wild profusion. Here the dust and din of modern Athens are absent, and all is peace.

There are still remains of the British time, besides the roads and other public works, to be found in Corfù. Where once the Ionian Assembly harangued and intrigued and petitioned for union with Greece, the English chaplain now holds his service, his vestry is the old guard-room, the altar stands where once stood the chair, and the pews are placed in the former room of the Government and Opposition benches. I saw in a room of the

deserted palace, the former residence of the Lord High Commissioner, where once the Upper House of the Ionian Legislature met, the historic parchment containing the final vote of that body in favour of "union with the Hellenic Kingdom, under his Majesty King George I. and his successors," with the signatures of the Ionian legislators beneath the vote. It was the last Act

ROYAL PALACE, FORMER RESIDENCE OF BRITISH LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER.
(From a Photo. by Mr. C. A. Miller.)

—the swan-song—of the Ionian parliament. Where once the senate of six met, there is nothing now save a few portraits; the stone figure of Britannia has been long removed from the roof of the palace, and the trireme of the Phæakians, turned into stone like the vessel that brought Ulysses to Ithaca in the old Homeric story, alone crowns the edifice. The temple, erected to "King Tom," the first and most autocratic Lord High Com-

missioner, is still to be seen on the great open space in front of the old Venetian fortress. The public library is still crammed with English law reports. The older men retain a considerable knowledge of English, while the rising generation plays a species of cricket, which is evidently a survival of the British Protectorate. Not a few of the English-speaking Greeks in the Levant tell one that they learnt our language in the old days of the Septinsular Republic, and you may still see English signboards in the narrow streets of Corfù, which inform you that this place is the "public-house of the British Navy," or that the liquors cost so many "pences" a glass.

But the prevailing feature of the town of Corfù to-day is its cosmopolitan appearance. Long before one has set foot on dry land, a flotilla of little boats puts off to meet one, and soon a crowd of Jews, Greeks, and Italians, clad in all sorts of costumes, looking exactly like the typical banditti of an Italian opera, swarms up on to the deck. I shall never forget the enthusiastic greeting which awaited us during the war last year when we arrived here on a steamer bearing a number of Italian volunteers. I had witnessed on the previous evening the send-off of the Italians at Barletta, a little Apulian town on the railway between Ancona and Brindisi, and very striking it was. But that was nothing compared with the scene which awaited them, and, indeed, I may say us—for all the passengers were included in the welcome—at Corfù. When our steamer turned the corner of the little island of Vido, into the harbour, a shout of greeting rose from the dense crowds which lined the esplanade and thronged the quays. Frantic cries of *Evviva l'Italia* rent the air as the red shirts of the Garibaldians were spied from the shore, cries which were transformed into *Evviva la solidarità dei popoli*, when the Corfiotes noticed three

Danish nurses among the passengers. There were no speeches on landing, that being an honour reserved for Ricciotti Garibaldi, to whom on his visit M. Nicholas G. Cotsakis, the eloquent President of the Court of Appeal at Corfù, had delivered a patriotic address in flowing French. But when, later in the day, the steamer proceeded on its way to Patras, the garrison turned out to do honour to the departing volunteers, while a long file of carriages conveyed a bevy of nurses of all nationalities down to the harbour amidst the waving of handkerchiefs, the firing of revolvers, and other demonstrations of patriotism and gratitude. In war time of course all communication with the Turkish mainland was cut off, for the treaty of 1864, by which the Seven Islands were finally and formally ceded to the young Hellenic Kingdom, stipulated for the perpetual neutrality of Corfù and Paxo. At that time no one opposed this declaration of neutrality more strongly than the Greeks themselves; but the fears of Austria, anxious for her Dalmatian possessions, prevailed with Great Britain, France, and Russia, the three "high contracting" Governments of the one part, and last year the Greeks were reaping the reward of that decision. So at Corfù we were like spectators, privileged to look on at the conflict, without the least risk of being involved in the fray. Indeed it was difficult to believe that one was living in a country at war with its neighbours. And the contrast was all the more remarkable because that neighbour's territory is only separated from us at Corfù by a narrow channel, in one place barely three miles across. From the grass-grown heights of the grand old fortress, which the ubiquitous Venetians erected here in the days of their long supremacy, we could see through this clear, blue atmosphere every line and every fold of the rugged Albanian mountains, with here and there a scattered hamlet far up above the coast.

Thence in ordinary times come rough mountaineers in their national costume, with their huge baggy trousers, vast cloaks of frieze and big turned-up shoes with great tassels fastened on the toes. Then there are the up-to-date Corfiotes, with the conventional top-hat of Western Europe, and numbers of Italians, Jews, and people of other nationalities from all parts of the East. The

"ROUGH MOUNTAINEERS . . . WITH THEIR VAST CLOAKS OF FRIEZE."
(From a Photo. by Miss Chadwick.)

women wearing the graceful Greek headdress, and the barefooted urchins who run about the streets and beg for halfpence or offer boxes of matches after the fashion of the youthful Londoner, complete the picture. In the evening the cafés on the esplanade are full of people reading the Athenian or the local papers, of which there are three every week, and discussing politics over their

cups of coffee with the ardour which the modern Greek always exhibits when he turns his attention to public affairs, for there is no country in which so much interest is taken in politics. During the war the hotel here was a microcosm of the whole Eastern question. From Saturday to Monday we had the commander of the Greek fleet vainly bombarding Prevesa, the cannonade of which was distinctly audible across the sea. We had the official Turkish view represented by Georgi Pasha Berović, the ex-Governor of Crete, who fled to Corfù after abandoning his post as untenable, and had been living with his wife, a Greek lady, to whom he was absolutely devoted, in a pretty villa at Santi Deca, a village not far from this town. He had come into the hotel, preparatory to starting for Scutari-in-Albania. Then, in marked contrast to the gloomy and crestfallen ex-Governor and the glib Greeks, who made faces as he passed, there was his Montenegrin attendant, a giant of immense strength, who sat all day outside the hotel longing for the steamer which should take him home to his beloved Black Mountain. This sturdy Highlander of Crnagora regarded the warlike enthusiasm of his Greek neighbours with utter indifference. It was not his business, this Greco-Turkish war, for his Prince had resolved to be neutral. But the giant's sunburnt face brightened as I addressed him in his native Serb; and on learning that I had stayed in Cetinje and had been honoured with an audience by his *Gospodar*, he slapped me on the back and told how in the Turco-Montenegrin war of 1877 he shot seven Turks with his revolver and cut off their heads afterwards with his shining yataghan. Like a true son of the Black Mountain, he showed me this self-same revolver, with every barrel loaded, and then went off into praise of the Prince of Montenegro and the fine air of his mountain capital. Contrast number three: we had an intensely

patriotic Greek lady, the wife of an Englishman, who was ever ready to defend her countrymen against criticism; the Corfiote Judge alluded to above, who was never tired of denouncing the Powers for what he picturesquely described as their "assistance of that crowned assassin, the red Sultan"; and the Mayor of Corfù, who took a calmer, but not less patriotic, view of the situation. No one here talked of anything, thought of anything, dreamed of anything, but the war. The populace spent its whole time in studying maps in the streets and its spare *leptá* in buying little scraps of paper—telegrams from Athens. Every evening a street orator could collect a crowd in a moment, and the Greek passion for politics was now gratified to the utmost. Indeed, so absorbed were the postal authorities in Athens with the war that they forgot to send to Corfù a supply of postcards, so that this island presented the unique spectacle of not possessing a single postcard. But beneath it all there was a strong and resolute feeling of nationality which none could help admiring. Such was Corfù in war time.

It was extraordinary how even in Corfù the old dread of the Turks and their methods of warfare prevailed. One poor young fellow, the son of the innkeeper at Skripero, a charming little Corfiote village, all embosomed in a forest of olives, blew out his brains rather than trust himself to the mercies of the terrible Turks. He and a number of wounded comrades were lying on the field of battle; and, as they lay there helplessly, the victors came round and smashed in the heads of their prostrate enemies one after the other. The young Corfiote knew that his turn would come soon, so he begged his wounded neighbour to shoot him first. The latter shrank from taking the life of his companion-in-arms, and refused. "Then," said the other, "give me your rifle, and I will do it myself," and to this pitiful appeal his comrade

yielded. No wonder that the people here regard the Turks with horror, although the Ionian Islands, more happy than all Continental Greece, have never known the direct rule of the Ottoman. Thrice did the Corfiotes and their Venetian masters drive back the full tide of Turkish invasion, and the famous repulse of the Musulmans in 1716, when even the women and priests fought in the defence of their beloved island, is still kept in the memory of the inhabitants by the fine statue of Marshal Von der Schulenburg, a German soldier, who commanded the garrison on that occasion, and who still stands in marble on the Esplanade. But the Ionians are no less zealous against the Ottoman foe than their fellows of the mainland, and made great sacrifices during the late struggle. You met every day in the streets peasants who had left their labour in the vineyards and the fields for the war, and who had been awaiting orders from Athens for the last fortnight. In the absence of the regular authorities, the town was policed by special constables, who paraded the narrow thoroughfares and winding Venetian lanes with their rifles, presenting a very unmilitary appearance. But there was absolutely no disorder, and the only quarrel which I saw was between a civilian and an officer who resented the former's criticisms.

To see the town of Corfù at its best one should ascend the old fortress built by the Venetians, and still bearing traces of the lion of St. Mark upon its walls. From its ramparts there is a magnificent view in every direction, the town and harbour lie at one's feet, and in this clear atmosphere one can see as far to the south as the island of Santa Maura, whence Sappho leaped into the sea for love of Phaon. A drive to Pantaleone gives one a grand view of the interior of the island, with its streams in which the Corfiote maidens are washing their clothes,

and its high mountains, only broken by the swampy plain in the centre, which a patriotic Corfiote has left money to drain. But of all excursions in the island, the finest is that to the monastery of Palaeokastrizza, on the west coast. A more heavenly situation was never chosen by monks for the site of their earthly abode. We drove for fourteen miles through a forest of olives—for in Corfù the olive is a forest tree—amid the aromatic odours of

"A HUMBLE *HAN*, . . . SUPPORTED ON WHITEWASHED PILLARS."
(From a Photo. by Mr. C. A. Miller.)

countless flowers and shrubs. Here and there a humble *han*, or roadside inn, supported on whitewashed pillars, like a miniature temple of some heathen divinity, gleamed out from the green olive leaves, and the landlord would hasten to stop our carriage, not to offer us coffee, or *mastícha*, or ginger beer, that curious relic of the English days in the Ionian Islands, but to ask us for the latest news of the war. Was it true, as the false but flattering

rumour had it, that Joannina had fallen before the Greeks, that the hero Smolenski had won a great victory, that Edhem Pasha was meditating a retreat? No; it was not, but the Greeks are a sanguine people, and their newspapers pander to the national and not unnatural desire to believe what is favourable. So we stopped at every halting place on the road, to allow our driver the luxury of talking politics and discussing the latest telegrams with his friends, and it was nearly three hours before the azure blue sea in front of us indicated the proximity of the monastery. Along rocky bays, with here and there a spit of white sand which invited a sea bath, and up a steep ascent we drove until we pulled up at the door of the convent on the top of a narrow peninsula. A pleasant-looking monk, Gregorios by name and second in command to the *hegoúmenos* of the monastery, received us at the entrance, and in a mixture of Italian and Greek bade us enter. Luncheon we had brought with us to our great regret, for Gregorios eloquently depicted the resources of the monastic kitchen and cellar, which he offered to place at our disposal. But we gladly availed ourselves of the table in a corner of the courtyard to which he escorted us. We sat down at his bidding beneath a *loggia*, from which we could see the blue waves of the Ionian sea sparkling in the sunlight far below us. Out in the bay a huge rock rose, like some marine monster, from the waters; on the hills to the right and left of us two ruined fortresses added charm to the landscape. But no fortress ever occupied a more picturesque position than the monastery of Palaeokastrizza itself, which, as its name implies, was in its time an "ancient castle." An old Venetian cannon is all that now remains of its warlike panoply; but in the days of mediæval warfare the rocky peninsula on which it stands must have been well-nigh impregnable.

PALAEOKASTRIZZA, CORFÙ.

The monks, twelve in number, looked, indeed, with the exception of Gregorios and the venerable abbot, like wild men of the woods, with their long, shaggy, raven locks, their unkempt beards, and their miserable raiment, green with age and dirt. After luncheon Gregorios took us into the reception room of the *hegoúmenos*, a small but comfortable apartment, the walls of which were covered with roughly coloured pictures of Mount Athos and the environs of Jerusalem, and the portraits of reigning European sovereigns, not excluding the Sultan of Turkey. From his cell, which opened out of this apartment, the abbot came forth to greet us and bid us welcome to the convent. In the summer, it seems, the Corfiotes come here for the sea-bathing in considerable numbers, and an English artist told me that he spent several nights in the guest-chamber of the monastery, for, like most of the Greek convents, this is an inn as well as a place of devotion. But my artist friend did not find that the worthy monks practised that virtue which is said to be next to godliness, and he accordingly made a practice of washing up his own plates and dishes after every meal, so as to ensure their cleanliness. Down in an arched passage below the guest-chambers the mules of the convent were standing, as we descended, laden with skins of wine, which is here permitted to retain its natural flavour, without being embittered by the addition of resin, as in Continental Greece. After many heroic attempts I have never succeeded in swallowing a glass of *retsinátο* without pulling a wry face, for to the foreigner's palate no medicine could be more horrible than this national drink. No wonder that they have so little drunkenness in Greece when their most popular beverage is so inexpressibly nasty. The importation of *retsinátο* into England might, if its consumption were made compulsory, obviate the need for any temperance legisla-

tion. Even the most brackish of water is more appetising than the best of this resinous wine.

When we had seen the little church of the convent, Gregorios asked if we would give him a seat in our carriage back to Corfù, as he had some purchases to make in that town. Thanking us for our ready assent by the customary sign of touching his breast with his right hand, the good monk went off to put on his best robes, and then seated himself in our vehicle with many polite remarks. On the way back he told us the simple story of his life. He said that he was forty-seven years old, and had passed twenty-two of them at the monastery, which he had entered when a young man of five and twenty from one of the neighbouring villages. He had never been out of the island in his life, and, like most of the Greek monks, was the son of a peasant. Yet he was shrewd enough in his ideas, and possessed some education, for he knew ancient Greek fairly well. He told us, too, how many olive trees the convent owned, and showed us how to distinguish them by the red initial letters and the cross marked on each tree, according to the Corfiote custom. When they are given as a dowry, they bear the lady's name. But we paid rather dearly for the pleasure of his society and for our visit to the monastery, for that night our sleep was broken and our limbs lacerated by the tiny denizens of the convent, who had transferred their affections to us. I agree, as a rule, with the Frenchman who said under similar circumstances—*ce n'est pas la piqure, dont je me plains, c'est la promenade.* The fleas of Palaeokastrizza are equally terrible, whether they bite, or whether they simply stroll over the body of their victim.

I was fortunate enough to be in Corfù on Ascension Day, and to witness the open-air festival which is held on that occasion about a mile outside the town. The spot,

which is not very far from the King's villa, is itself called *Análipsis*, the Greek for Ascension, and is a perfectly ideal situation for a celebration of this kind. Through the olives the "countless ripples" of the blue water glistened in the sun, just as they did in the days of Aeschylus, while on the greensward beneath the trees the Corfiote peasants stood in laughing groups, or reclined at their ease. From Santi Deca, from Benizze, from all the straggling white villages of the island, and even from the treeless mountains of the inhospitable mainland, they had come to this annual gathering. Unluckily, the badness of the crops had led many of them to pawn their finery, but still there were not a few smart dresses to be seen, the brides being especially gorgeous. Their hair was tied up in bands, and on the right side of the head they wore a huge bunch of artificial flowers; every ring that they could muster gleamed on their fingers, and their garments were a marvel of bright colours. Conspicuous among them were the Albanian women, with their quaint metal head-dresses, like coronets. Of actual dancing there was less than in more prosperous years; but one had seen quite enough to give one an idea of what an ancient Greek *panégyris* must have been.

Cephalonia is a great change after Corfù. Instead of the giant olive-groves of the Phæakian Island one has a barren expanse of mountain swept by the wind, and almost without a tree. An old resident told me that in the British days Cephalonia, too, boasted its forests, for the British authorities made stringent regulations to prevent the ruthless sacrifice of timber, in which the average Greek indulges. Whenever the Hellene sees a tree his one desire is to destroy it, and every year the shepherds of Greece set fire to such forests as remain. This habit and the ravages of the War of Liberation have made modern Greece, with one or two exceptions, a land with-

CORFIOTE WOMAN.

out trees. So strong, indeed, is this sentiment of destruction in Cephalonia, that the British guardian of the forests was murdered by the natives. Nowadays the mountains which surround the Bay of Argostoli have broken out into patches of red and yellow, and look as if they had contracted some infectious complaint. But in spite of the unpleasant impression which the island makes upon the traveller, its soil produces excellent wine which fills the enormous cellars of Mr. Toole. These cellars contain huge vats of wine, much of which is sold in Western Europe and used for sacramental purposes. The island possesses a great natural curiosity in the sea-mills. The sea-water after turning the wheels disappears in the rocky ground, no one knows whither. The British endeavoured to discover the secret of this phenomenon by pouring large quantities of oil into the water, and searched all round the coast to find if it reappeared. But all their efforts were in vain, and since that time nothing further has been done to elucidate the mystery.

Zante is, next to Corfù, the prettiest of the Ionian Islands. The first time I visited it was in the year after the great earthquake. At that time nothing had been done, in spite of the large sums of money contributed for the purpose, to rebuild the fallen houses. When I landed I found that the poor people were still encamped in tents, or in rickety shanties made of boxes, along the sea front, while a most appalling stench arose from what might have been a fine promenade. The theatre was just as it had been shaken by the earthquake, the stage was still standing, but the whole of the auditorium was in ruins. Here and there, in the main street, tottering houses were bolstered up by beams, or held together by iron cranks. Talking with one of the natives, I expressed surprise that the town of Zante, with such large funds at its disposal, had not been promptly restored. My informant laughed

at my innocence, and told me that the committee appointed to administer the relief fund had applied it for the benefit of the rich inhabitants first. However, on a subsequent visit, four years later, I found that the poor Zantiotes had at last been provided with habitations, and that the town had resumed its normal appearance, the theatre alone being still in ruins. The old Venetian fort, on a hill above the town, which is of considerable dimensions, has stood these shocks much better than the modern buildings. From the hill one sees stretched out before one, like a map, the green plain which composes the greater part of the island. Nearly all the flowers that one buys in the Athens market come from Zante, and the currants of the island have always been celebrated. But nowadays the difficulty is that Greece produces too many currants to make their sale profitable. Every year fresh schemes are devised for preventing this over-production, and during the King's recent tour in the Peleponnesus, the question was continually brought before him. Zante, however, is not devoted to currants alone; it is remarkable for its European culture. The town possesses an excellent club where English magazines may be found, and one sees Italian newspapers and French reviews in the shops. It has also produced a considerable number of political celebrities. The present Speaker of the Greek Parliament is a Zantiote; and M. Lombardos, who played a very prominent part in the anti-British agitation in the Islands, and lived to be the "father" of the *Boulé*, came from this island. Here, in fact, as in Corfù, one finds traces of the old Venetian life, which disappear as soon as we have crossed the narrow strait which separates the "flower of the Levant" from the coast of the Peloponnesus.

CHAPTER VII

GREECE : THE COUNTRY AND THE CAPITAL

MY first experience of the Greek mainland was at the little port of Katakolo in the Peloponnesus, just opposite Zante. It was also my first introduction to that remarkable survival of the barbarous ages, the Greek country inn. In respect of accommodation for travellers Greece, with the exception of a few big towns, is still in much the same condition as Turkey. The traveller is provided with a certain amount of space in which to get such repose as he can, but is expected to bring with him such requisites as he needs. Even food is sometimes not provided by the management, which thinks that it has discharged its duties as a caterer, if it has furnished the guest with a cup of Turkish coffee in the morning. Accordingly after several days spent in the comfortable hotels of Corfù and Zante, and the neat cabins of the Greek coasting-steamers, it was a rude awakening to find oneself landed and stranded at Katakolo, at ten o'clock at night, with no other place of refuge in prospect than the miserable shanty which called itself the inn of the place. Under the guidance of a boatman, redolent of garlic, my companion and I were led to a barrack-like building of wood, two stories high, with a balcony running round the whole of the first floor. The door was opened by a woman, who told us that we could have beds for the night, but that supper and breakfast were out of the question. This was cheerful intelligence,

but it was Hobson's choice, and we were ushered upstairs to a room with four beds in it, which proved to be the common sleeping-place of any wayfarers who might require a rest for the night. A casual inspection of the sheets by the light of the miserable rushlight which was our only illumination, proved beyond a doubt that the beds were literally alive, while the rugs which covered the beds evidently contained lodgings for various choice specimens of the lower insects. Sleeping in bed was out of the question, so we wrapped ourselves in our overcoats and endeavoured to court repose as best we could. But scarcely had we composed ourselves to rest than a loud knocking at the bedroom door proclaimed the advent of another guest, and in spite of protestations and remonstrances, we found that a Greek priest of unkempt locks and unwashed appearance was to share our bedroom for the night. The holy father had no scruples about his bedding, and before long he was snoring on his pallet, while we were longing for the approach of dawn, and mourning the absence of a packet of Keating. But the attacks of our winged and unwinged enemies were not the only unpleasant incidents of the night. A crowd of boatmen collected on the verandah outside our window and talked for an hour together; and when a Greek talks it is at the top of his voice. Then the packs of dogs, with which every Greek village is infested, began to bark in chorus, and the whole township appeared to be running up and down the wooden staircase past our room. Sleep came at last, but when we awoke in the morning we found that we had been almost devoured by mosquitoes and our uneasy little bed-fellows, and our cup of sorrow was full when we discovered that there was only one jug of water for washing between ourselves and the priest, and that that jug was half empty!

From Katakolo it is only a short railway journey to

Olympia, and every one who goes to Greece goes, as a matter of course, to see the historic scene of the old Olympic games. Of the racecourse, where every four years the athletes of Hellas were wont to compete, little is left except the low wall which marked the starting point and the broken pillar which served as the goal, and which we found lying in the middle of a large field, which a picturesquely clad peasant was ploughing with a somewhat remarkable team, composed of an ox and a mule yoked together. But the boxing-ground is in good preservation, and you can still see the pavement of the famous "ring" where the Corbetts and Mitchells of antiquity strove together. A great number of pillars and many statues from the temples, which once stood on the spot, have been excavated, and the museum which an Athenian banker has generously built for the purpose is full of some of the choicest specimens of ancient art. I could not help feeling surprised, however, that strangers are allowed to walk about the ruins without a guide, and indeed without inspection of any kind. At Pompeii no one is permitted to enter the excavations without the presence of an official, and at Delphi I was informed that I could not even photograph the remains. Considering how valuable the fragments at Olympia are, it certainly seems rather careless to allow any one and every one to walk about among the fallen pillars and ruined temples without the slightest supervision. The authorities surely are not of the opinion of the Roman general, who, old Philistine that he was, told his men that if they injured any of the ancient statuary, which they were transporting, they must replace it by new. The place, as I saw it, looked the perfection of an old ruined precinct. Trees were growing between the stones, and the air was perfumed with the scent of hawthorn and wild thyme, while among the currant-fields which fill the valley of the

Alpheus, the chattering magpies were flying to and fro, lizards of metallic hues kept darting in and out of the crevices in the stones, and in the stream below the frogs were croaking in a way which reminded one of the famous frog chorus in the play of Aristophanes. The Greek frog has one national peculiarity, he always expresses his views at the top of his voice, and in the evening the plain of Olympia resounds with his raucous music.

The railway from Olympia to the Piræus is the longest which Greece possesses, and except as regards speed is an excellent line. Greece has now 591 miles of railway. The railway carriages are well-appointed, with comfortable seats and plenty of light and air; the fares are reasonable and the officials most polite. The train only travels about fifteen miles an hour, and stops at most of the stations, but when one wants to see the country the slow train has its advantages. At all the larger stations the same curious scene presents itself. There are all the typical figures of the modern Greek nation on the platform—the priest with his high coif and long black robe, the swarm of merry little shoe-blacks with their blacking brushes and boxes slung over their arms and ready to act as porters for the travellers at the slightest sign of assent. All sorts and conditions of hawkers parade the platform, selling lottery tickets, sweetmeats, newspapers, and even stockings. Then there are one or two soldiers armed to the teeth, for the military are much in evidence in modern Greece, and a band of peasants in their quaint dress. At all the small roadside stations the costumes of the people are still more picturesque, and as you approach Patras the train is literally boarded by commissionaires and touts long before it has stopped at the platform. So a railway journey in Greece has distinctive features of its own, but the politeness and attention of

the officials, who never worry the foreign traveller with unnecessary regulations, as in some parts of the Continent, make it very pleasant. It is astonishing how well the Greek railway men can talk, and I shall never forget the way in which the stationmaster at the little town of Aigion described to me the political situation in the Balkan Peninsula in the most fluent French and with an amount of information and common sense which some statesmen might have envied.

Patras is the largest town in the Peloponnesus and the third in the whole country, and does a good business in currants and wine. One passed in the train through hundreds of currant-fields, for this is the favourite district of that miniature grape. The wine of Patras, too, is of a superior quality, and the German company which introduced the Teutonic method of viticulture here has been very successful, and in one year sent about 2,000,000 litres out of the place. As the port through which most Western travellers pass on their way to or from Greece, Patras has additional commercial importance, though it is now behind the Piræus in this respect. I saw it at its best during the Exhibition of Greek Industries this year, when the King was staying there, and the whole town was one mass of bunting in his honour. But there was none of the enthusiasm which in many countries follows the steps of a sovereign in a provincial town. Five splendid *évzonoi*, or soldiers of the guard, clad in spotless petticoats, were drawn up outside the royal mansion, forming a strange contrast with the small and shabbily-dressed soldiers of the ordinary regiments, who stood beside them. But there was no sound of any kind from the small crowd, which had collected to see the King go out for his afternoon drive. There was, indeed, nothing majestic, except the stalwart *évzonos* on the box of the royal carriage, about the undersized man in naval

uniform who drove through the streets. Even less king-like did he look, when in the evening he strolled along the quay to meet the Queen, who arrived by train from Athens. Yet there was something pleasant in the evident delight of the two to see one another, and the palace that evening presented the spectacle of quite a family party, in which the pet dog, which came down the stairs to meet the King and waited to be patted by his majesty, played a homely part. How different, we thought, from the scenes of the previous year, when the King had had little time for this quiet family life !

The Greek Church has always played such an important part in the national life, and the Greek convents of the Levant have exercised such a remarkable fascination over the imagination of Western travellers, that I was anxious to visit the most typical of them. In Greece itself, it is true, these institutions are no longer so numerous as they once were, and it is outside the boundaries of the Hellenic Kingdom, on Mount Athos, that the system is to be found in all its primitive perfection. Under the presidency of Capodistrias in 1829, a measure somewhat similar to that adopted in England under Henry VIII. was passed, and a number of the smaller monasteries were disestablished and disendowed. According to the latest figures available, there are now 161 monasteries and nunneries, all belonging to the Order of St. Basil, but differing entirely from one another, according as they are administered on socialistic or individualistic principles. There are monasteries the inmates of which share all their worldly possessions in common, and receive their food and clothing out of this common fund, managed by the abbot, or *hegoúmenos*. In other convents, again, the monks retain their own money, are the proprietors of pieces of land, which they cultivate as they please, and enjoy the right of bequeathing their

property to their attendants. They elect their own officers, who are called *epítropoi*, and generally exercise the privileges of freemen.

The convent of Megaspelaion is the largest in all Greece, and was founded six centuries ago. The approach to it was until quite recently attended with such difficulties that few foreigners, except pilgrims, ever set foot in it. It lies up a wild and savage gorge, through which a mountain torrent forces its way down to the southern shore of the Gulf of Corinth. But in 1889 a mountain railway on the Abt system was begun at Diakopto, a station on the line between Patras and Corinth, and was completed as far as the little town of Kalavryta in 1894. The line, which may be called the Rigi of Greece, seeing that it is the only railway on the cogwheel principle in the whole country, was estimated to cost £15,000, but as a matter of fact has cost over £69,500, and involved the original contractor in bankruptcy. No one who uses it can wonder at the enormous expense involved, although the distance from Diakopto to the other terminus is little over ten miles; for the number of bridges and tunnels is very considerable, the gradients are steep in places, and the narrow gorges through which the train passes are almost barricaded by huge boulders of rock, which had to be blasted by dynamite. Scenery such as even Switzerland or the Tyrol can hardly surpass unfolds itself as the traveller advances, and when the train stops at the little station of Zachlorou for the monastery, after a steep climb of nearly two hours, the foreigner has seen some of the wildest and grandest country of the Peloponnesus. Zachlorou, usually the quietest spot on earth, was all animation when we arrived. For a wounded soldier, a native of the place, was in the train, and the whole village had turned out at the station to welcome the

warrior back from the war. It was, indeed, a picture to see the people crowd around him, some grasping his unwounded hand, others kissing his cheeks, and all hanging on his lips, so as not to lose a single word that fell from him. Then and there, on the platform, they all sat down and listened open-mouthed to his descriptions of the battles in which he had fought. Even the budget of Athenian newspapers which had arrived with the train proved a less attraction than this eye-witness of the great national conflict. When we left with our mule and Vemo, our guide, for the monastery, the soldier was still holding his audience entranced with his story.

A steep and winding path leads up from the station to the monastery, which is built, as its name, Megaspelaion, or "the great cave," implies, into a huge cave in the sheer face of the cliff. From below it looks like a row of swallows' nests perched above an immense wall, which forms the basis of the structure, and the birds which fly in and out of the rocks in great numbers appear to be its inhabitants. The lower portion consists of storehouses and cellars stocked with wine-casks of gigantic proportions, which, like the mammoth tuns in the Rathskeller at Bremen, have names of their own, and date in some cases from the last century. Above the wall are the cells and oratories of the monks, of whom there are between two and three hundred altogether. A quaint belfry occupies the centre of the building, the top of which mainly consists of the cavern roof. As soon as we entered the precincts of the convent our guide took off his cap and stopped his mule's bell, and inside the gate the *xenodóchos*, or brother, whose duty it is to receive and entertain strangers, led us to our room in a sort of inn. No charge is made for bed and board, but the traveller is expected to give according to his

means, placing his offering in a box or handing it to the *xenodóchos* on his departure. The accommodation, if not luxurious, is at any rate superior in cleanliness to that of the average Greek or Turkish *han*. The beds, it is true, were mere planks laid on trestles, and covered with bright-coloured rugs. But, in spite of their hardness, they were free from vermin, to our great surprise, while the convent fare was better than we had been led to expect. The inevitable lamb made its ungarnished appearance, of course, and the wine was resinous to the last degree. But the eggs were excellent, and our good host, the *xenodóchos*, and his satellites unremitting in their attentions to us. In the evening we all sat by the glowing fire of logs in the kitchen and discussed the war, in which the monks were deeply interested, over our coffee and cigarettes. Bartholomaos (such was the name of the *xenodóchos*) was overjoyed at the enamelled Greek flag which my wife was wearing—for ladies are admitted as guests to this monastery—and immensely gratified at the cigarettes which I gave him. It was rather comical to find him addressing me after such a brief acquaintance by my Christian name, Gulielmos, as if I too were one of the monks. He and another monk, named Zacharias, kept digging me on the shoulders, one on either side, to emphasise their views on the war, while two small youths who were scholars at the convent school, watched us open-mouthed, and seized every available excuse of examining all our belongings. What pleased Bartholomaos most was a map of Greece which I had with me, for this afforded him the puerile delight of picking out the places of which he had heard or read.

In the morning he showed us the chapel, which contains, in addition to some quaint Byzantine work, a wax figure of the Virgin, piously believed to be the handiwork of St. Luke. The most interesting feature of the

library was a splendid firman of the Sultan Selim III., who gave the monks a number of privileges during the Turkish occupation of the Morea, for which they naturally paid very dearly. But perhaps the price was not too high, seeing that one of their stipulations was the exclusion of Turkish visitors. Even to this day they go through the formula of disarming every armed traveller at the door—a curious relic of the days when brigands roamed the Peloponnesus. Yet their favoured condition under the Turkish rule did not prevent them from welcoming with enthusiasm the outbreak of the war which gave Greece her independence. It was within these walls that the authors of that movement laid their plans; and it was from these gates that the Archbishop Germanos sallied forth in April, 1821, to raise the standard of revolt at the neighbouring monastery of Lavra, where it was once more unfurled at the beginning of the late war. Furious at this action of the monks, Ibrahim Pasha laid siege to Megaspelaion, but in vain. Brother Bartholomaos showed us the spot whence the Turks had hurled down rocks and trees upon the convent. But the sheer cliffs sheltered it from the missiles of the enemy, and the monks maintained a vigorous cannonade from the front of the monastery, with the result that their assailants were repulsed. A cannon and a cross on the rocks above still serve as memorials of that victory over the Crescent, and may console the inmates for the recent defeats of the Hellenic arms. And so, with a last look at the gateway of the convent, on one side of which a Greek inscription tells how the two Kings of Greece, Otho and George, both visited the monastery, we quitted Megaspelaion and the Middle Ages for the railway and the nineteenth century.

I have seldom seen a rougher or wilder set of men than the steerage passengers on the little ship by which I sailed down the Gulf of Corinth for Delphi. I looked down

from the bridge of the *Prince George*, whither the captain had invited me, upon a crowd of Albanian and Ætolian mountaineers lying asleep in their rough frieze coats on the deck below, huddled up together like so many sacks. They were migrating with their belongings, most of which they carried on their backs, from one end of the Gulf to the other, and they presented an extraordinary contrast to the more polished Greeks on board. Parnassus appeared, all covered with snow, as we approached Itea, the landing-place for Delphi, and the snow-white peaks of the mountains all round the Gulf stood out in high relief against the deep-blue sky and sea.

A very remarkable Eastern institution indeed is the native saddle. When the horse upon which I was about to ride to Delphi was brought round to the door of the hotel at Itea, I gazed in amazement at the extraordinary edifice of wood which I was expected to bestride. Instead of the neat saddles to which we are accustomed in England, my steed bore upon its back a wooden frame with two big pieces of the same material projecting in front, while this peculiar structure was covered with a number of rugs and cloths, in the centre of which I ensconced myself, to the satisfaction of an admiring crowd of bystanders. But, once in the saddle, I discovered there were no reins, unless one can dignify by that name the thick iron chain with which the horse-boy presented me. The stirrups, too, were marvels of native workmanship; great pieces of iron with savage-looking spurs attached to them, such as one sees in the specimens of cavalry equipment of the time of Cromwell. The Greek *cavalleria rusticana*, I notice, usually ride side-saddle—men quite as much as women — and that is the most comfortable method of horsemanship under these novel conditions. As your horse never by any chance gets beyond a gentle trot, there is not the least prospect of falling off, even if you

sit sideways on the saddle and dangle your feet in front of you. But when once we had begun to climb the steep slopes of Parnassus, I recognised that the Greek horse is a

DELPHI.
(From a Photo. by Mr. C A. Miller.)

first-rate mountain climber, and picks his way among the rough stones and boulders with the most marvellous skill. Unfortunately there was too much snow on the famous

poetic mountain to admit of our ascending to the summit —or rather summits, for there are five separate peaks in all. The French Government, which has done so much for archæology in Greece, has purchased the houses and site of the little village of Kastri, which has grown up on the ruins of ancient Delphi. The whole of the village has been pulled down, and a new place of residence has been erected on the other side of the hill for the use of the evicted inhabitants, who have gained in every way by the exchange. The genial keeper of the antiquities took me into his house on my arrival, and after giving me an excellent glass of cognac, kindly dispatched his attendants, east and west, and south and north, to obtain me a lodging for the night, for Delphi had then no inn. The result of his inquiries was most satisfactory, and I found myself quartered upon a hospitable Delphian, Basilis Paraskevas by name, whose cottage contained a wooden partition behind which the guests slept. The hens pecked about in the sitting-room, and the water for washing was emptied out of the window, but the place was scrupulously clean, and from the visitors' book which lay on the table I learned that this humble roof had sheltered many distinguished Englishmen. Among other entries I noticed an autograph signature of Mr. Chamberlain, who, accompanied by Mr. Jesse Collings, had come up, it seems, to consult the Delphic oracle in November, 1886, affer the defeat of the first Home Rule Bill. What response he may have obtained is not recorded, but it is well known that in ancient days the Pythian priestess was an expert in the science of political meteorology. Lord Curzon's name also figured in the volume, for the new Viceroy of India made an exhaustive tour of Greece some years ago. The size of his retinue, when he traversed Thessaly, made such an impression on the unsophisticated natives, that they believed the English traveller to be the

Crown Prince of Greece on his honeymoon. Students of the late war will remember that the Crown Prince travels with large quantities of luggage.

One could not help feeling a little disillusioned with the Castalian spring, in which the visitors to the shrine were wont to dip their hands before consulting the oracle, and which has been sung by bards innumerable. When Cobden visited Athens he was amused to see the Athenian washerwomen washing their clothes in the waters of the classic Ilissus. When I was at Delphi, I observed the Delphic laundresses putting the fountain of Castalia to a similar base use. But, after all, they must wash their things somewhere, and it is certainly better that the water should be used for washing than for drinking, for an English gentleman who indulged in it rather too freely told me that he had repented of his hardihood in the midnight watches.

The Gulf of Corinth was very rough indeed as we sailed away from the little harbour of Itea, alongside of which a troop of camels was drawn up, this being the only place in Greece where they are seen. It was only when we reached the canal that we had smooth water. The Corinth canal is a magnificent piece of engineering. It is perfectly straight from end to end, and you can see right through it from the entrance. Cut through high cliffs of sandstone which rise like enormous walls on either side, it is three miles and a half in length, and a hundred feet broad. A Greek gentleman on board the steamer told me that the people regretted now that the canal had not been made a little wider, so that big vessels and men-of-war could go through it. Our steamer, however, which was of a fair size, found plenty of space to move, although there was a barge in the canal at the same time. The footways on either side take up a good deal of room, and one of them perhaps might be cut

away. The canal, although it has been opened for five years, is not used so much as was expected, in spite of the immense saving of time which it effects. The

THE CORINTH CANAL.
(From a Photo. by Mr. C. A. Miller.)

dangerous currents and the high tolls charged have proved deterrents to the traffic, and in the earlier days the electric lighting along the cutting was not always in

order. There is nothing new under the sun, so that one is not surprised to notice at the entrance an ancient tablet which is a relic of the canal which the Emperor Nero began, but never finished, nearly two thousand years before the present work was completed.

Of all places in Greece with a great past, Corinth is perhaps the most disappointing. The ancient town, which nestled at the foot of the gigantic citadel of Akro-Corinth, has almost entirely disappeared. A few columns of an old temple are all that remains to mark the site of what was, in St. Paul's day, the most luxurious city of Greece. The modern town, which has sprung up three miles away, is a growing place and a railway junction, but has nothing interesting about it. If, as some suggested in the early days of modern Hellas, it had been chosen as the capital of the Greek kingdom, it might have revived some at least of the ancient glories of the isthmus. Unless destroyed by an earthquake such as that of which I once had a taste here, when a portion of the ceiling fell into my basin, modern Corinth may develop into a commonplace edition of Patras. But of the splendours of the ancient city it is as destitute at present as are the modern maidens of Corinth of that marvellous beauty for which the frivolous Corinthian ladies were famous in classical times. But nothing can detract from the grandeur of the majestic mountain, which stands sublime, the natural guardian of the isthmus and Peloponnesus. The ascent of Akro-Corinth, the Rigi of Greece, is well worth the time that it takes. From the summit of that ancient fortress, now in ruins, I had a magnifient view of the "twin seas"—the Gulf of Corinth on the one side, and the blue Ægean, with the islands of Ægina and Salamis, on the other. Far away in the distance, I could descry the dazzling white front of the Royal Palace at Athens; for in this clear atmo-

sphere it is possible to see for many a mile. A few roughly-clad shepherds were pasturing their flocks amid the crumbling walls of the old fortifications, while here and there a rusty cannon lay amid the asphodel which covered the ground. With great difficulty I discovered the famous spring of Pirene, which was supposed to have flowed out of the living rock when struck by the hoof of Pegasus. A wooden ladder leads down into the well, the clear water of which is festooned with maidenhair fern. In olden times the spring must have been invaluable to the garrison during a siege; but to-day this splendid natural fortress—according to Colonel Mure, the finest in Europe—has no military value, and is completely neglected. Even during the late war, when all sorts of wild schemes were put forward for the defence of the country after the Greek army fell back, no one suggested the rehabilitation of Akro-Corinth.

The rocky fortress of Nauplia, which is easily accessible by rail from Corinth, is one of the gems of Greece. Rising above the town, it commands a splendid view of the bay, while close at hand is the classic town of Argos, now a squalid and uninteresting place, and the remains of Tiryns and Mycenæ. In the classics Argos is described as "thirsty" and as "the mother of goodly steeds." I can vouch for the accuracy of the former epithet, but I was unable to raise even the poorest hack without the utmost difficulty. But by a curious freak the Greeks have converted Palamidi, the Monaco of the Ægean, into a gigantic prison. Nauplia, originally the capital of the kingdom, the spot where Capodistrias was murdered, has become the Portland of Greece. We climbed up the 867 steps which lead to the summit of the castle, and saw the prisoners taking their morning exercise in a sort of cock-pit below. The instant they caught sight of us, they held up long poles with small boxes on the end containing

trinkets and pieces of carving which they had manufactured in their prison hours, and which they are allowed to sell to visitors at low prices. As we walked round the ramparts above, the babel of tongues which arose from below was simply deafening. Out in the bay the little island of Bourzi contains a solitary prisoner whom we could see looking from the bastions of his prison through a spyglass. The prisoner of Bourzi is none other than the Greek executioner, who, when not professionally engaged, spends his enforced leisure in this spot. In Greece, where criminals are beheaded, the headsman is always a criminal who has been condemned to death himself, and has been reprieved on condition that he devotes his time to the task of cutting off his fellow-criminals' heads.

It was a pleasant change from this grim scene to the little town of Megara, on the line between Corinth and Athens, where we arrived betimes on Easter Tuesday, to see the finest dancing that Greece can show. Megara was *en fête* when we arrived, for the Easter dances of the Megarean ladies attract visitors from all parts of Greece. The little station was gaily festooned with flags, the Union Jack conspicuous among them, and the half-ruined town, which rises on two low hills about a mile and a half from the azure blue sea, had done its best to make itself attractive. In the small square the humble restaurants of the place had bedecked themselves with boughs of trees, and booths of green twigs had been erected in front, beneath which we soon ensconced ourselves, and made up for the loss of our breakfast by devouring pieces of "Turkish delight"—that favourite sweetmeat of the modern Greek—and drinking glasses of *mastĭcha* at one of the tables.

About ten o'clock a general movement was made to a large open space on the side of a hill outside the town, and by this time a large number of spectators had col-

lected. The natives turned out in their full war-paint in honour of the occasion. The women of Megara who were to take part in the dance had donned the beautiful national costume, which is now being gradually displaced by the less picturesque garb of Western Europe. Some of the outfits were worth as much as £40, and all were exceedingly handsome. In fact, nowhere can the full Greek dress be seen to such advantage or in such perfection as on Easter Tuesday at Megara. The Megarean ladies wore head-dresses composed entirely of gold and silver coins, fastened together like a suit of mail, with a fringe or row of coins across the forehead. I examined several of these head-dresses, and noticed that most of the coins were very old, some of them dating from the Turkish occupation of the country, and they had evidently been kept as heirlooms in the families of their respective owners. Over this metal cap was thrown a beautiful veil of yellow tint, which descended down the back of the wearer. The jackets of the dancers were richly embroidered with gold lace, and the aprons they wore were marvels of artistic ingenuity. Many of the peasants, I was told, had been obliged to pawn their trinkets in these hard times, but at Megara they have evidently been able to preserve their ancient heirlooms with their ancient customs intact. As for the men, they were all wearing their snow-white petticoats and handsome tunics, while each male dancer had a new red fez with a long blue tassel on his head. Altogether, with the brilliant azure sky and azure sea as a background, and the grey-green olives of the Megarean plain in front of us, the combination of colours was most remarkable.

The dancing was in the open air, and little knots of spectators, several armed with photographic instruments, were soon collected round the principal performers. The

dances were of very different kinds, but all distinguished by the slow rhythmic movement which the Greeks have always preferred. Megara was famous of old as the birthplace of the comic drama, and it has handed down to our own day in this festival an almost perfect representation of the ancient Pyrrhic dance. A man, dressed in full Greek costume, takes a handkerchief in one hand while he raises the other in the air. A line of ladies, varying in number from five to nine, is then formed. Each of the female performers takes the hand of the lady next to her, and the damsel at the end of the line grasps the handkerchief proffered her by the man. A circle is then formed; the musicians, three in number—a fiddler, a gentleman with a guitar, and another with a flute—are posted in the centre, and the dance begins. The most extraordinary capers are cut by the man, who conducts the ladies round and round, while their steps are of the most stately kind. No minuet was ever more solemn than the dances of the Megarean maidens. Another item on the programme was a dance performed by two long rows of ladies who faced each other and kept moving backwards and forwards with slow, measured steps. Then there were dances of men alone, and dances for the children of the place, who naturally enjoyed the treat amazingly. Meanwhile, the whole population of Megara, about six thousand in number, had camped out on the hillside overlooking Salamis and its lovely bay, with Ægina in the distance, and every one was munching *kóloura*, or Easter cakes with scarlet-dyed eggs in them, and drinking the resined wine which the English palate finds so trying. It was a striking spectacle, and one was able to answer the famous query of Lord Byron: "Ye have the Pyrrhic dances yet; where is the Pyrrhic phalanx now?" For the Pyrrhic phalanx was there, too, in the shape of the Athens Bicycle Club, whose

members had ridden over for the day, and were drawn up on the field in martial array.

I have seen the Greek capital under three very different conditions—at the time of the great earthquakes, during the war, and in the quiet season of rest and recuperation which followed that struggle. But on all three occasions the city had some permanent characteristics. One's first and last impression of Athens is that the famous "city of the violet crown" is the dustiest capital in Europe. Clouds of dust envelop you as you drive up from the station to your hotel, and the first person whom you meet on the doorstep is a functionary armed with a huge feather brush, who flicks the particles of white dust off your feet before you are permitted to enter the hall. In fact, in all the hotels in Athens it is the sole business of one of the attendants to stand in the doorway, feather-brush in hand, and give the visitors a dusting whenever they come in from the town. There is very little rain in Attica, and the watering carts, efficient though they are, cannot really moisten the dry and glistening soil. Besides, water is a luxury in Greece. The classic river Ilissus, with its pleasant associations of Plato and Socrates, does not for a considerable portion of the year contain a drop of water, and sitting in "Paradise"—the name of a riparian restaurant—I could not detect a particle of moisture in the bed of the classic stream, which, according to an English poet who had never seen it, "rolls" its waters to the sea. No grassy banks, such as Plato has described in a memorable passage, invite philosophic dialogue now, just as at Kolonos the ivy has disappeared since the days of Sophocles. Of all cities that I know, Athens is the most destitute of trees. In the King's garden alone, to which the public are admitted, it is possible to find refreshing shade and listen to the "Attic bird." But the cost of watering the Royal pleasure-grounds must be very great,

and when the first Queen, Amalia, of Greece attempted to plant the slopes of Lycabettus, a hole had to be blasted for each tree and earth put into the place, where it was hoped the sapling would grow. Standing on the Akropolis, you survey a barren tract of land on every side of the city which lies at your feet. Attica can never be fertile, and will always preserve that "light soil" which Thucydides ascribed to it.

But the Greek capital cannot fail to be one of the most amusing places to visit, quite apart from its classical treasures and associations. No one, of course, can defend the taste of the German architects, who laid out modern Athens on the model of Munich, and planted a brand-new European city by the side of the majestic ruins of antiquity. The wide streets, entirely destitute of shade, make the town in summer a veritable inferno, while the glare from the white marble houses is most trying to the eye. But Athens is *par excellence* the Paris of the East. There are the same cafés and kiosques, there is the same brightness about the shops and streets—of course on a much smaller scale. Just as at Corfù Italian, so here French is the most serviceable language after Greek, and one newspaper actually appears in the French tongue. But the Greeks are much more amusing than the French, and to my mind their daily papers—of which there are thirteen in Athens and the Piræus—are much better written than any with which I am acquainted elsewhere. Some of the articles on the late Mr. Gladstone, for example, were models of style and good taste; and in enterprise the Athenian journalists are not far behind those of the West. After the dulness of Sofia and Belgrade, Athens is brightness itself, and, having seen it under all aspects, I have always found it fascinating and interesting.

On my first visit I had the good fortune to witness the Easter celebrations, the most remarkable festival of the

whole year in Greece. For the entire Greek people—or what is practically the same thing, all those who belong to the Greek Church—take part in the ceremonial, from the highest to the lowest, from the Prime Minister and his colleagues down to the rough shepherds of Hymettos, who come into Athens, each from his lonely sheep-walk, for the occasion. The function began on Thursday night with what is here called the reading of "the *twelve* gospels," that is to say, the three chapters of each of the four Gospels which describe the sufferings of our Lord, and which are read in as many languages as possible. It takes about three hours to read these chapters through, and all the time the churches both at Athens and the Piræus were full of people listening to the narratives of the Evangelists. When I went out on Good Friday ("Great" Friday, as the Greeks call it) morning I found that the streets had been gaily decorated, and that booths for the sale of wax candles and Bengal lights—*phosphóra*, as the Greeks call them—were being erected in the neighbourhood of the old bazar. Countrymen could be seen in all directions, each carrying a lamb on his back or in his arms, usually in a position which must have been most uncomfortable for the poor beast. The demand for lambs is enormous at that time, for at the Paschal festival each Greek household—or if it be too poor, two families combined—roasts a lamb in the open air, just as the Jews were bidden to do in the Book of Exodus; and preparations were made in the back-yard of our hotel for the event. The animal's carcase is spitted on a long pole and turned by a wooden handle over a slow fire, while a man stands over it and bastes it. On this occasion the earthquakes had made the people even more observant of religious ceremonies than usual. As I was in the cathedral about half-past eight on Good Friday evening watching the grand

ceremony, there came a sudden trembling all over the ground, and the whole building shook like an aspen leaf in the wind. Immediately the congregation, which had crowded into the cathedral from all parts of the town, shouted aloud in terror, completely drowning the voices of the priests, and a panic ensued such as might easily have been fatal. I was standing about five yards from the late M. Tricoupis, the then Greek Premier, and I could not help admiring the coolness with which the Prime Minister stood the shock. His face never moved a muscle, and while his excited compatriots were rushing towards the door he remained perfectly still, calm and collected, and holding the lighted taper which, like the rest of the worshippers, he had in his hand. It was said of M. Tricoupis by his countrymen that his fourteen years' residence in England had made him almost an Englishman, and he certainly possessed that reserved manner and absence of emotion which are supposed to be characteristic of our race. The example which he and those near him set the rest of the people in the cathedral had its effect, and quiet was restored so that the service could be concluded. Had the roof collapsed, as it might have done, great indeed would have been the disaster, worse even than that which a few days earlier had destroyed the little town of Atalante.

After the services were over in the various churches, at nine o'clock there were processions following the cross through the streets to the Place de la Constitution, which is the principal square of the city, and in which the King's Palace and all the most central hotels are situated. I ran on in front of the chief procession and mounted the balcony of my hotel so as to obtain a good view of it as it passed by. The whole square seemed ablaze with lights, for almost every one was carrying a taper, and the children were letting off Roman candles, while the large

houses and hotels were brilliantly illuminated with red and green fires. There were the officers and soldiers of the Greek army in their full-dress uniform, with their orders and decorations; the people from the country in their picturesque national dress, and sightseers in the more sombre garb of Western Europe. As the several processions filed along it seemed quite a fairy scene, though every now and then a slight motion of the earth beneath reminded us that even Athens has its disadvantages as a place of residence.

But the excitement in Athens during the earthquakes was nothing to that during the war. If the pedantic historian Fallmerayer had been alive and in Athens then he would have had to reconsider his famous decision, that the modern Greeks had no claim to be the descendants of the ancient Hellenes. No one could have been there at that eventful moment in the national history without recognising at once in the crowds of people who thronged the Place de la Constitution every evening all those characteristics which Aristophanes noted long ago in his comedies, and which the author of the Acts of the Apostles summed up in that memorable description of St. Paul's speech upon Mars' Hill. Last year, as in those days, it was true that "all the Athenians *and strangers* which were there spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." The large square in front of the Palace, which is to modern Athens what the *agorá* was to the Athens of the golden age, was crammed with thousands of persons of all nationalities and of every garb, all discussing one thing—the war. For the war, disastrous as it was for the country, had at any rate enabled the Greeks to realise to the full their beau-ideal of existence—to drink coffee and talk politics. Black-coated citizens of Athens jostled red-shirted Garibaldians, armed to the teeth, and carrying all their

cooking utensils upon their backs, as if they were about to start for the front at a moment's notice. Italian Socialists in fierce sombreros might be seen by the side of the *évzonoi* or riflemen, dressed in the national costume. A corps of French volunteers was easily distinguished among the crowd by its white helmets and the yellow facings of its uniform. Then there were wild-looking shepherds from Acarnania and Ætolia, clad in sheepskins or rough frieze coats, and affording a great contrast to the dapper denizens of the Rue d'Hermès or the Rue du Stade. Here and there you might see the dark blue and scarlet dress of an English nurse and the bandaged head of a Greek soldier, back from fighting in the trenches of Thessaly.

Every quarter of an hour a fresh yell was heard, and a fresh army of newspaper boys invaded the square, shrieking out the latest editions of the newspapers. From early morning to midnight the air was filled with the shouts of newsvendors urging the rival merits of the *Akrópolis*, the *Paliggenesía*, the *Asty*, and the *Ephemerís*. I witnessed every afternoon a most diverting race by some score or more newsboys to which Fleet Street, even at the hour of "extra specials," could show no parallel. One day a poor little fellow, exhausted with his labours, fell down at the end of his race, and was soon sleeping from sheer physical fatigue over his bundle of half-sold papers. Buyers were as keen as the sellers, and the inhabitants devoured the journals. Sometimes a demagogue would collect a little knot of people round him and read aloud his favourite organ with comments as he read. Those two months were, indeed, a splendid time for the Athenian newspapers; in fact, theirs was the only trade that prospered during the crisis. If you saw an excited crowd in the streets, you might be sure that one of two things was happening—either a body of

soldiers was passing or a new edition of some newspaper was just coming out! Newspapers and soldiers, politics and the war—such was Athens then. The waiter who served your coffee stopped to asked your views or air his own on the latest action of the Ministry, and when the news of Domoko arrived, as we were at dinner, the whole staff of our hotel rushed out into the square to discuss the situation. Every bootblack who cleaned your shoes for a halfpenny was ready with his opinion on the King's position, and the newspaper boys actually read as they ran the leading articles in their own organs! No matter how sensational or how improbable might be the news from the front, people read it, provided only that is were new. As for criticism, every one in the square was a critic, and only one person was above criticism. That one person was General Constantine Smolenski, who was the man of the moment. But, with the sole exception of the redoubtable Smolenski, every military authority was keenly and minutely criticised by civilians, who had never seen a shot fired in anger. There was a moment when the excited mob of the square, one side of which is formed by the long block of the Palace buildings, only wanted a signal to burn the Royal residence down in their fury against their sovereign. But astute managers of the crowd saved the situation by drawing off the people into other parts of the city, and a revolution was averted.

It is a profound political mistake for the ruler of a small and intensely excitable capital to reside in the very centre of all public agitation. The Palace at Athens is always at hand to give point to the revolutionary ravings in which any demagogue of the square may choose to indulge, and there is not even a railing to keep the people from surging, as they did one critical day, on to the Palace steps. The rulers of modern Greece in their desire to be

seen by their people have forgotten the salutary advice of the old Athenian philosopher, who warned the Sovereign of a small Greek State not to make his appearance too often, but to live somewhat aloof from the disputes of the *agorá*. Here, however, all the public discontent and all the demagogic criticism of the city are focussed in the square right under the windows of the Palace, and last year the result might have been a repetition of the scenes which took place in 1843 and 1862, during the reign of King Otho and at the close of that misunderstood Monarch's sovereignty. But this intense centralisation of everything in one spot, just as in the glorious days of ancient Athens, has a picturesque effect which no other capital in Europe can show. The Place de la Constitution is thus, at all times, the great stage on which the drama of Athenian life is played. Every evening, after the preliminary afternoon performance at coffee-time, the curtain goes up, as it were, for a fresh performance, and the same persons come forth to play the same parts. It is an amusing spectacle for the stranger, but it has its pathetic aspect too.

But during the war there was pathos everywhere. The city was not only a hospital for the wounded, but a refuge for the destitute. While every street reeked of iodoform, almost every boat brought in fresh bands of miserable Thessalians to swell the number of the Cretans already scattered about Greece. Soup kitchens were organised for the relief of the destitute Cretans both in Athens and at the Piræus. At one of these kitchens I witnessed the daily dole of *piláf*, soup and rice, to 763 Cretan refugees, whose gratitude was quite touching to behold. The Cretan exiles were, for the most part, women and children, whose looks belied the popular conception of Cretan ferocity. The children were merry little things, many having bright blue eyes and

fair hair, which made them far more like English children than the juvenile Greeks of Athens. Several of the Cretan women were strikingly beautiful, and the whole colony seemed much more lively and jolly than could have been expected under the circumstances. But that is your Greek's way. His brief fit of dejection passes quickly by like a shower of rain in Attica, and defeat makes as temporary an impression upon him as the raindrops on the dusty streets of Athens. Soldiers returned from the front as if they had not been defeated, and the children of houseless and homeless refugees played hide-and-seek as if they had lost nothing by the disasters of the war. One of the Cretan exiles whom I interviewed was an ex-editor, who was reduced, poor fellow, to cooking his very scanty meal with his own hands. The Greek Government had provided the Cretans with shelter in schools, barracks, and any other public building that was not a hospital, and there the exiles could be found with their scanty household gods, one family being sometimes separated from another by nothing more substantial than a row of school benches, which formed an impromptu wall of partition. The Government gave the Cretans bread, but for all else they depended upon either private benevolence or any small means they might themselves possess. At the Government soup kitchens they had to pay ten *leptá*, or about ½d, for the bowl of *piláf;* at the private establishments of the same kind the soup was entirely free, and was distributed by means of tickets and vouchers in the most methodical manner. The ladies of Athens, in spite of the libels upon them in some quarters, were indefatigable in their labours, both in the hospitals and at the soup kitchens, and I witnessed the touching sight of one Greek lady, herself an exile from Smyrna, presiding over one of the latter with consummate business ability. Others,

who could not well give time or money, contributed the equivalent of both. Thus, the Athenian cabdrivers always made a reduction of one-quarter of their fare for all those engaged in the soup kitchens, while the Railway Company gave free passes to the members of the Committee and their assistants. In fact, the whole Athenian community did what it could, at the cost of considerable personal sacrifices, for those who had suffered from the events of the previous few months.

The scenes in the hospitals were as strange and as sad as the spectacle of all these thousands of refugees. The wounded, among whom were men of all nationalities—Greeks, Italians, English, Austrians, and Danes—were united by a common suffering, and all equally delighted to see a visitor. The English nurses won golden opinions and broke not a few hearts with their "angelic faces" and "pre-Raphaelite features," and soon learned enough Greek to make their patients understand their orders. So soon as the Greek patients recovered, their first desire was for newspapers and cigarettes—those two things which form the Hellenic ideal of paradise on earth. Chloroform was very sparingly used, only for the gravest operations; for the Greeks have the greatest dislike of anæsthetics, and can undergo extreme torture without showing a sign of pain. In all my visits to the hospitals I only heard of one case in which the patient cried out under an operation. Yet in some of the Greek hospitals they had no operating theatre, but the surgeons did their work on tables in the wards. The Crown Princess was indefatigable in her rounds, though sometimes she received the harshest welcome from the patients, who could not forgive the Crown Prince the defeats of the Greek arms. Thus, so the story went, she was kindly commiserating the hard lot of a poor soldier who had

lost a leg in action. "I hope," she said, "that you will soon get well again." "Yes," replied the man savagely, "well enough to shoot your husband." Such barbarities did not, however, prevent the ladies of the Royal Family from doing a thousand acts of kindness to the sick and wounded, and even an arch-Republican, after denouncing the dynasty, made an exception in favour of the Crown Princess, the goodness of whose heart he recognised. One of the most interesting patients whom I saw during my rounds was the young Greek girl from the neighbourhood of Lamia, who, after shooting ten Turks, was wounded in two places, and lay at the Mavromichaelis Hospital. Her name was Catherine Bassaropoulo, and she was nineteen years old. When I congratulated her on her courage her pretty brown face was covered with blushes, and she hid her face in her pillow. There was absolutely no *réclame* about her : she went to the war because her brother, a small shopkeeper, had gone too, and she had no parents with whom to stay. Another Amazon, who escaped, however, unscathed, was Helena Constantinidou, whose portrait adorned all the shop windows, and who was standard-bearer of the Botzaris Division in Epirus. She wore her hair down her back, but dressed in other respects like a man. She soon found, however, that the work was very fatiguing, and seemed not to have done much. But the heroine of the hospital went *à la guerre comme à la guerre.* It was curious to notice how proud all the wounded were of their bullets. One of them, a burly Montenegrin, handed me, when I approached his bedside, a bottle of spirits containing a piece of his bone with a bullet fixed in it. The nurse said that he was never happy unless he could gaze at this grim memento of the war. Down at the *Daily Chronicle* hospital on the Bay of Zea lay the wounded volunteers, most prominent among them Captain Birch, of whose

feats in the field the Greeks were never tired of talking; in the next bed was Mr. Jones, the famous football-player, his knee fractured with a bullet, who told me with enthusiasm of the captain's bravery when the Turks were upon him and his men, and added that he "would not have missed this war for anything." Hard by were a number of wounded Garibaldians, ever bright and lively, and distinguished from the Greek patients by the *esprit de corps* which always prevailed among them. The one wounded Turkish prisoner in the military hospital under the Akropolis was the object of general interest and attention.

Perhaps no place in Greece, not even Athens itself, has undergone a greater change during the last sixty years than the famous port of the ancient Athenians, the spot which is associated in literature with the names of Themistocles and Pericles; the place to which Socrates took that memorable walk commemorated in the opening lines of Plato's "Republic"; the source and centre of the naval supremacy of the Athenian State. Now for the first time for centuries the Piræus is itself again, and an eminent Athenian savant estimates that the harbour, whose shores were a mere barren waste when King Otho entered Athens in 1833, and whose very name was almost forgotten, is now as prosperous and as populous as in the days of Athenian greatness of which Thucydides has given us such a striking account. Always busy, the Piræus was last year the scene of perhaps the most exciting events of that stirring drama, the Greco-Turkish war. The port was crowded in every nook and corner with the steamers of the Greek merchant fleet, which the Government had requisitioned for the transport of troops and the service of the sick. At one quay you might see a vessel, flying the Hellenic flag, and taking on board a number of red-shirted Garibaldians, all of them *très bons*

camerades, and singing and laughing as they marched up the gangway that led to Domoko and, it might be, death. At another quay hard by, a steamer, the *Thessalia*, on which in happier days I had made pleasant voyages among hyacinthine isles and over summery seas, was unloading her cargo of wounded Greeks, fearfully cut about the head by fragments of Turkish shells—those shells which M. Delyannis had vainly declared "would not explode,"—Italian volunteers, with their legs mutilated and their red shirts rent in pieces, and here and there an Englishman, who had proved by his broken arm and bandaged side that the spirit of Cochrane and Church still lived among their compatriots. It was a ghastly sight to see these poor fellows borne out on stretchers in the fierce noontide sun of Attica, and slowly drawn in landaus to the hospitals of the Piræus. But sadder still was the spectacle of those, for whom the Piræus hospitals had no room, and who were accordingly conveyed to the railway station, and there laid on the floor of the booking office or on the platform itself till the train was ready to convey them up to the Theseion Station at Athens. Arrived there, they had another hot drive before them, for covered ambulances were not to be found, and happy was the man who could find a friend to cover his eyes with a handkerchief from the fiery glare of the Athenian streets.

But the Piræus had other sights to show hardly less pathetic than the arrival of the wounded soldiers. The place was swarming with the refugees from Thessaly, whom the terror of the Turkish advance had driven in hundreds from their once peaceful villages and homesteads. One girl was seized with such alarm at the mere approach of the Turks, that she contracted a nervous complaint, which prevented her from lying still on her bed for a moment. But the transport of these poor

creatures was no easy work. Colonel Le Mesurier, the Duke of Westminster's agent, who was engaged with a Committee of Greek gentlemen in this task, told me some heartrending stories of the rush on board the vessels—how mothers were separated from children and children from mothers in the struggle for a passage, and how those who were left behind piteously implored the aid of those more fortunate refugees who had been taken on board. In one case three babies were abandoned by accident on the quay, and the steamer, with their three mothers on board, departed without them. The next ship which started took the three children in charge, and the kind-hearted captain kept and fed them in his cabin until they reached the Piræus. A search for the mothers there proved fruitless; but the captain, nothing daunted, handed the three babies over to a compassionate priest during his stay in port, and then at his departure once more took them into his cabin, and scoured the seas in pursuit of their mothers. On a rocky island, where a band of fugitives had been temporarily landed, he discovered the three mothers by dint of the bellman's efforts, and mothers and children were once more united, to their mutual delight. Such incidents were of common occurrence during that terrible time, and not a vessel arrived at the Piræus without its human tragedy.

But the harbour was not occupied by transports alone. There were moored by their sterns to the quays numberless caïques from the islands, whose owners, clad in the baggy, dark-blue trousers of the Ægean mariners, were driving a good trade in the wares of the Levant. They had all converted the sterns of their boats into improvised counters, on which were displayed white *amphoræ* of classic shape, such as the Caryatides might have carried, piles of oranges and lemons and strings of onions, carefully plaited by the sailors. All around was a babel of

tongues, and almost every nationality, except the Turkish, was represented there. The *café chantant*, which greeted one with flaming advertisements of its attractions, in Greek and Russian, French and English, Italian and German, was a veritable national concert, quite as inharmonious as that of the Powers. The native of the Piræus speaks all languages badly ; the pure Attic of the Athenian editors is very different from the jargon here. Up in the town, which has now out-distanced Syra, and become the successful rival of Patras, business of all sorts is brisker than elsewhere at present. There are tanneries and engine works, cloth mills and flour mills, and withal the nucleus of a very big commercial town. One day, if Greece becomes a well administered country, of which there are signs at this moment, the Piræus and Athens will join hands and form one great city. Even now, although there is a great gap of open country between them, the communication between the two towns is almost uninterrupted. Trains every half-hour unite the capital and its busy port, and the extension of this local line by means of a tunnel, which recalls our underground railway, three years ago, has greatly increased the traffic. It may seem somewhat of a sacrilege to descend into a railway station just below the ruins of the Theseion, which gives its name to the stopping-place. But it is the peculiar characteristic of Athens to place the very old and the very new in the closest proximity, without that intermediate mediæval transition which one has at Rome. The steam tram to Phaleron, again, is not a beautiful object viewed from the Akropolis, but it enables the jaded Athenians, choked with the dust and dazzled with the glare, which are the two plagues of the Greek capital, to escape in a few minutes to the bracing air of the seashore, where the beginnings of a fashionable watering-place are growing up. For Phaleron, if at present it

somewhat resembles a French *plage en création*, will one day be the Brighton of the Ægean, the Athens-on-Sea of the future. Even now it shares with the suburban retreat of Kephisia, on the slopes of Pentelikon, the affections of well-to-do Athenians, who want a change from the monotonous whiteness of the Boulevard de l'Université. But before Phaleron can become a fine watering-place and the Piræus a Liverpool of the Levant, Greece must possess a sound and practical Administration, which will bring order into the national finances, put an end to the existing forced paper currency, and spend money on such important things as docks and roads and better railway communication with "Europe."

Of all the excursions to be made from Athens, that to the battlefield of Marathon is by far the most interesting. Salamis has now been converted into a prosaic quarantine station, where passengers from Constantinople may gaze at the throne of Xerxes without being allowed to land and visit it, while Levsina gives one but little idea of what the ancient scene of the Eleusinian mysteries must have been. But Marathon has not greatly changed, I imagine, since that memorable day, nearly 2,400 years ago, when the fate of the world was decided on that unostentatious plain. A high archæological authority in Athens even maintained to me, that the mound, which we see there now, is the identical heap of earth which was raised over the bodies of the Athenian soldiers who fell there in 490 B.C. Some recent excavations have made a hollow in one side of the mound, which has been worn bare and flat at the top, save for a few shrubs. When I ate my lunch in the hollow, the sides of the mound were covered with poppies, and the μαραθός, or "fennel," which gave its name to the place, was most abundant. The plain all around was covered with vineyards, which produce an excellent white wine,

sold every year to the proprietors of the Grand Hôtel in Paris—a strange fate for the ancient battlefield. I saw this vintage being poured into huge casks at a neighbouring winepress. Patches of olive trees and fig trees and pieces of corn-land were scattered here and there among the plots of vines, while a solitary crab-apple tree stands at the foot of the mound and keeps watch, like a sentinel, over the dust of the Greeks, who died on the plain all these centuries ago. I found the owner of the winepress at Marathon a very pleasant person, who knew a little English, and was delighted to have an opportunity of airing it. Having been at Constantinople at the time when the British fleet was ordered to Besika bay, he spoke with much admiration of our admiral, and took great pains to explain to us the pressing of the grapes in autumn. As his men poured the wine into the casks, he chalked upon the wall of the house the number of jugs which each cask contained, and insisted upon our sampling his vintage—which was very fair, though mixed with resin of course, as most of the Greek wine is, and therefore very bitter for English palates.

The road from Athens to Marathon was the scene of one of the last great acts of brigandage in Greece. Our driver pointed out the exact spot on the estate of Pikermi where Lord Muncaster and his party were captured in 1870. The tragic fate of three of the captives who were shot by the robbers is still remembered in Athens, where their graves are to be seen in the quiet cemetery. A similar incident occurred near Lamia just three years ago; and even before the war the Thessalian frontier was pronounced unsafe and travellers could not cross it without an escort of soldiers. I remember the amusing disclosures during the trial of a Thessalian deputy, which called public attention to the state of things in that province in 1894. It came out in evidence, that

the spoil taken by the Thessalian brigands was to be divided into three equal shares—one for the brigands, one for the deputy and his two brothers who were local functionaries, and one for the Church. As the brigand deputy was a supporter of the then Prime Minister, a large amount of capital was made out of this trial by the Opposition newspapers. On the other side frantic efforts were made to secure an acquittal, and after a very long inquiry the accused were acquitted. Since the war Thessaly, which from the days of Apuleius has been the classic home of brigandage, is naturally less safe than it was, for after every war in the Balkan Peninsula the discharged soldiers on both sides invariably take to brigandage. Owing to the low price of rifles in Athens last year and to the raid upon the gunsmiths' shops, acts of this kind were recorded quite close to Athens itself; but in ordinary times the whole of Greece, with the exception of the Thessalian frontier, is perfectly safe. For the traveller in the country districts the savage dogs are a far greater annoyance than any brigands. I have never met such noisy and truculent brutes as the Greek sheep-dogs, and the first act of a visitor on approaching a village is to arm himself with a handful of stones with which to repel the attacks of these ferocious animals. In this respect, as in so many others, life in Greece is just what it was in the Homeric times. I once heard a story of a dragoman who drew his revolver in self-defence and shot one of his canine assailants dead on the spot; but as he was fined £8 as compensation to the owner, he did not repeat the experiment.

Even Thessaly, bad as its reputation for brigandage has been in the past, may be expected to improve, now that the Greeks have learned by bitter experience how valuable a province they would have lost had the Turks been allowed to retain it. During the Greek occupation of

that naturally fertile region between 1881 and 1897, comparatively little had been done for it, beyond the construction of two lines of railway. The managing director of those lines, with whom I travelled up to Volo on the same steamer that took the first batch of refugees —mostly small tradesmen—back to their homes, was very emphatic on the possibilities of the province. If only he could induce the canny Scot to come out and settle there instead of emigrating to the Blantyre Highlands, he thought that the land could be developed to a marvellous degree. At that moment, however, when the armistice had been barely signed, and the future of Thessaly was doubtful, it was too soon to issue prospectuses in Scotland. As we slowly steamed up the magnificent Gulf of Volo, in which the navies of the whole world could ride at anchor, we were stopped for a few minutes by a Greek man-of-war, the *Achelous*, and closely watched by a smart little Greek gunboat, while one of the officers came on board and ascertained that we were not carrying munitions of war. But that was the sole obstacle to our course. As soon as we reached the harbour we were permitted to go ashore, and, to my great surprise, the Turkish officials, who had installed themselves in an office, which still bore its Greek name, did not even ask for our passports. Volo still presented the appearance of an almost deserted town. Nothing had been destroyed there by the Turks, and excellent order prevailed in the streets. Indeed, the Turks behaved, on the whole, very well in Thessaly. But nearly all the Greek inhabitants had fled, and closed their shops, as if a plague had broken out in the midst of this once busy town, the depôt of all the Thessalian trade. Whole streets did not contain a single open shop, but here and there a few tradesmen, more courageous or less sensitive than their fellows, had recommenced busi-

ness. The Hôtel de France, a comfortable building, with a pleasant vine-covered court in front of it facing the bay, was occupied by a few Turkish officers wearing the red crescent on their arms, while a magnificent *zaptieh* was sitting in the hall. One Greek to whom I spoke was hard at work making walking-sticks as if nothing had happened, and the town was once more lighted by gas, which had been cut off when the inhabitants had fled. In the streets and on the quay a few Turkish soldiers were loafing about, all armed to the teeth with rows upon rows of cartridges. The one minaret, which marked the solitary mosque of the Mussulman inhabitants of Volo under the Greek rule, was flanked by Turkish flags, and a certain number of Turkish officials had arrived to organise the place.

A short walk under a blazing sun brought me to the house which the Turkish Governor, Envir Pasha, had selected as the temporary seat of Government. Since the Turkish occupation of Volo the post of Governor had been filled by two different persons, according to the usual Ottoman system of the constant removal of functionaries. First Envir was appointed, then he was removed, and then, on the complaint of such inhabitants as remained, his successor had been replaced by Envir again. Before the door of his house a heavily-armed sentry was keeping guard, but no one prevented me from walking inside, and in a moment I was ushered into the presence of the Governor. Envir Pasha, a pleasant-looking officer of about forty-five years of age, with dark hair slightly tinged with grey, had just finished his luncheon as I entered. He at once rose from his seat, sent for cigarettes, and began to discuss the state of affairs in fluent French and with great vivacity. He did not seem to be greatly pleased with his position at Volo, which exposed him to constant claims from the

Greeks. He pointed out that to the Turks, who have practically no fleet, the splendid Gulf was of no use whatever, although to any great naval Power it would be a considerable prize. Even in time of peace it is no uncommon thing to have a British cruiser here, for the station is a very favourite one of our fleet. The casual traveller would gather as much from the signs over the inns upon the quay. I came across such quaintly British inscriptions here as the following: "H.M.S. Volcan's Arme's (*sic*). All kinds of drinks sold at English prices." The latter is not generally regarded as a great recommendation by those who know what the Continental scale of "English" prices means. In Italy, to pay *all' inglese* is equivalent to paying double; but at Volo they consider that Jack Tar will prefer to pay for his, probably indifferent, grog the same figure as it costs him at home. "Different kinds of English drinking" is another Voloesque expression, while the Prince of Wales had given his name to a seaside inn. Another place of entertainment advertised "dancing by English girls." But perhaps the most curious piece of English nomenclature at Volo is to be found in a street which rejoices in the title of *odòs Ogl.* For a long time I puzzled over this mysterious proper name Ogl in vain. It sounded so strange after the classical designations of the neighbouring streets, all called after some hero of the Argonautic legend—for it was at Iolkos, just above Volo, that the Argonauts met, and it was "in the valleys of Pelion, with all its waving foliage," that the pine trees were felled to build that mythical barque which went in quest of the golden fleece. "Street of the Argonauts," "Street of Peleus," "Jason Street," "Iolkos Street"—these I recognised as old familiar friends of my schooldays, which recalled memories of that opening passage of the *Medea* which one had to learn by heart whenever one

was late for chapel. But what did *odòs Ogl* mean? At last I asked a Greek, who explained to me that this strange word *Ogl* was intended for the name of the ill-fated *Times* correspondent, Mr. Ogle, who was killed at the village of Makrinica, outside Volo, just twenty years ago.

These little villages, lying in the folds of Pelion, are the great charm of the landscape here. They gleam out from among the olive groves in the brilliant sunshine, and give an aspect of peace and prosperity to this country which it lacks at present. Under happier auspices one can well imagine that Volo might be one of the finest towns in the Near East. It has the great natural resources of Thessaly, the granary of Greece, behind it. It possesses ample space for more streets and bigger wharves, and outside there are the most charming sites on the mountain side for country houses. But it will be long before Thessaly recovers even the degrce of prosperity which it had attained before the war. When the Turks, without firing a shot, first left the country in 1881, the Greeks said that they had "cursed it before leaving." Now that the Ottoman occupiers have for a second time abandoned Thessaly, they have, as is natural after a war, left it in an impoverished condition. But the Greek Government may well be thankful that the only permanant record of this second Turkish occupation is the set of Thessalian stamps which the Porte issued just before the evacuation, as a means of providing *bakshîsh* for the unpaid soldiers of the Sultan.

CHAPTER VIII

GREECE: DEMOCRACY UNLIMITED

EVERY Greek is a born politician, and his idea of politics is an absolute democracy, such as exists in no other country of the Old World, and certainly not in the United States of America. It is true that the Hellenic people tolerates a monarchy, but it can hardly be said to revere the monarch, and the chief reason for the existence of the monarchical form of government among the ultra-democratical institutions of Greece is, that if there were a Republic every one would want to be the President. The Venetians, who knew the Greeks well, had a proverb which said, "Every five Greeks, six generals." In a community such as this, where every one imagines himself to be as good as his neighbour, the people would never tolerate the elevation of a fellow Greek, chosen by the popular vote, above their heads. So the most sensible of them have come to the conclusion of the late M. Thiers in France, that "the Monarchy is the best of Republics." Last year it seemed, indeed, for a moment, as if King George would have to abdicate. Such was the sovereign's unpopularity at that crisis, that his photographs and those of his family had disappeared from the shop windows, and were carefully hidden away by time-serving tradesmen in the drawers of their counters, so as to be ready for the next turn in the tide of popular opinion. A stranger arriving in Athens at this moment, knowing nothing of the Greek Constitution,

might judge from what he saw and read that Greece was governed by two men—Demetrios Rhallis and Constantine Smolenski. As for King George himself, he lay *perdu* in his palace, while I saw his subjects deliberately turn their backs on his Queen, as she drove through the streets on her way to the hospitals, where the wounded were patiently undergoing without the aid of anæsthetics operations such as made the trained nurses of Europe almost faint to witness. History, indeed, seemed for a moment to be on the point of repeating itself, and the second King of Greece to be about to share the fate of his exiled predecessor.

The unpopularity of King George was not, as has been imagined in Western Europe, entirely the result of the recent Greek defeats. No doubt the impulsive and illogical Hellenes, in the moment of their bitter disappointment, cast about for a national scapegoat, and hit upon the King. But the result of the war was merely the last straw. No man, unless he be more than human, could possibly reign for thirty-three years over a nation so democratic and so critical as the Greeks without making a certain number of enemies. Louis XIV. said with some bitterness that every appointment he conferred made him one ungrateful and twenty discontented subjects. George I. might possibly agree with the *Grand Monarque*, only his subjects are a hundred times more critical than ever were those of the great French King. Every Greek, it must never be forgotten, from the moment he can talk at all, examines according to his lights every daily act of the Government. At first, of course, it was the fashion to extol King George at the expense of King Otho, who was in his way a considerable benefactor. Unlike his successor, Otho always wore the national dress, even after he ceased to be King. But as time went on it became the custom to glorify the memory of the first King of Greece,

whom, as we all know, the Greeks of 1862 very unceremoniously sent about his business. There were seasons, it is true, when King George was very popular, as, for example, on the occasion of the Olympian games and at the coming of age of his eldest son. Of all members of the Royal Family the *Diádochos*, as they call him, is most unpopular. The people forget in their indignation that a young Prince without experience cannot be expected to develop the qualities of a great commander by the simple act of putting on a uniform. One regrettable event, which changed the whole course of Greek politics, also added to the unpopularity of the King. During the election campaign of 1895 a dead set was made against the late M. Tricoupis, at that time Prime Minister. M. Tricoupis was defeated at Missolonghi, retired from public life in disgust at the ingratitude of his countrymen, and died at Cannes, far from the land he had so much loved and to which he had devoted his life. At once his followers raised the cry—unjustifiable, of course, but none the less powerful on that account—that the King had caused his fall, and that upon the King it must be avenged. It so happened that about that time there was a secret agitation against the sovereign in a place where it might have been least expected—in the household of the Crown Prince, naturally without the knowledge of the latter, who suspected nothing. It was the object of the conspirators to make the King's position sufficiently difficult to force him to resign in favour of his eldest son, in which case they would have obtained place and power, and endeavoured to make him their puppet. Their schemes were frustrated by the war, for the Greeks will never prefer the Crown Prince to his father after what then occurred. King George might say to his eldest son what Charles II. said to his brother when asked whether he did not fear his

own deposition: "They will never depose me to make you King."

Side by side with this conspiracy there was another and far more formidable movement on foot. Every one in Western Europe has heard since the recent troubles of the *Ethniké Hetairía* in connection with the outbreak of the war. But it is not generally known that, while the "National Society" existed mainly and avowedly for the propagation of the "Great Greek Idea" of territorial expansion, it also fostered secretly, and even without the knowledge of many of its own members, an anti-dynastic propaganda. This latter object was sedulously kept secret from the eminently respectable personages, the well-to-do lawyers, the patriotic men of business, and eminent men of letters, whose names were, so to say, "on the direction" of the Society. *They* subscribed to its funds under the impression that they were supporting the great gospel of Hellenism, according to which the Greek standard should once more wave over Constantinople when a Constantine was King and a Sophia was Queen. But the wire-pullers of the movement aimed at the dynasty's destruction as well, and endeavoured stealthily to divert the energies of the Society into this very different channel. Meanwhile the *Ethniké Hetairía*, elaborately organised in sections of twenty or thirty members, was spread like a net all over the country. It had its agents in all the Government offices, as was proved when one evening an important secret official document was published in a newspaper known to be in the confidence of the Society. It had its emissaries in the Palace itself, as the King learnt to his dismay when one morning on entering his study, he saw on his table a large packet of papers addressed to him by this mysterious body. In vain he sought to discover the hand which had placed the packet there; but from that moment he recognised

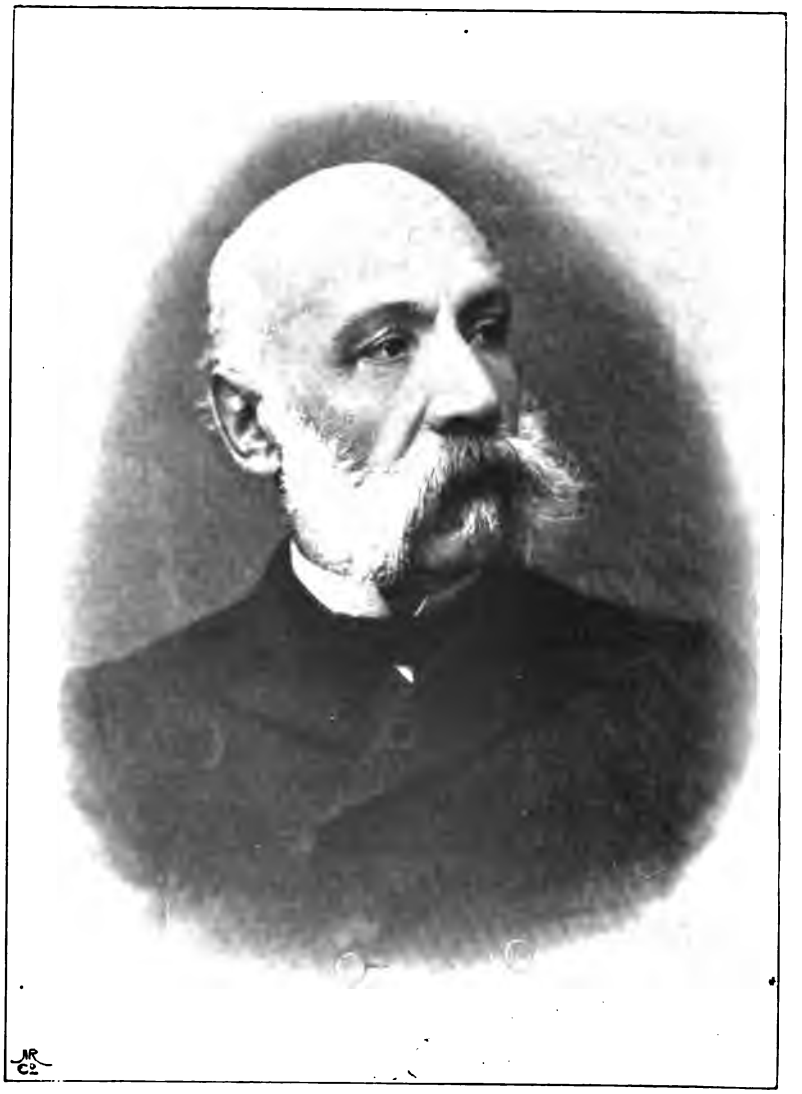
the power of this organisation, and began to make inquiries about its aims and methods.

Then came the Cretan insurrection and the Turkish War. That the King went to war voluntarily can hardly be believed, though we may dismiss with incredulity all the absurd stories about his pecuniary speculations at that time, which, I was told in Athens, owed their origin to the anti-dynastic party in Greece. But, well-informed as he must have been by virtue of his family connections abroad, the King had far better means than his subjects of knowing that Greece would fight alone. Having once yielded to the popular clamour for war, he became a voluble exponent of the national enthusiasm. Sympathetic and sensational journalists, who at that time abounded in Athens, received his confidences, and the world witnessed the ridiculous spectacle of the newspapers dictating the policy of the nation! It would, perhaps, have been more dignified in the King to have resigned, rather than advocate a policy which in his heart he could not have approved. He did, indeed, tell M. Esslen, a well-known lawyer, that if Greece considered his presence as contrary to the national welfare, he was ready to leave the country with all his family, rather than that a single drop of blood should be shed on his account. It may be remembered that Leopold I., King of the Belgians, who might have been first King of the Greeks, said the same thing to the Belgian Republicans in 1848, and retained his throne to the end of his days. But the stolid Belgians are easier to govern than the nimble-witted Hellenes, and Leopold was wise when he preferred Brussels to Athens. So strong was the popular feeling against King George at one moment during the war, that the Royal liveries were actually altered from blue and white to a less striking colour, so as not to excite hostile demonstrations against members of the Royal Family. Queen Olga, in spite of

her great charity, has never been very popular ; for she is a Russian, and the Greeks have no particular reason to love the nation which has systematically pursued the policy of keeping the Hellenic kingdom small. All the Tsar's advocacy of Prince George's candidature in Crete will scarcely obliterate this anti-Russian feeling from the Greek mind. One incident narrated to me by an eye-witness may be cited as a proof of the Queen's want of tact in this matter. Two years ago, when a Russian vessel was at Phaleron, she lunched and had herself photographed on board, a compliment she had never paid to any Greek vessel. The King has certainly more tact than that. He knows his Greeks, and has taken their measure tolerably accurately. He weathered the storm of last year satisfactorily, and now has a chance such as he has never had before. For this year a great change has come over the public mind of Greece. The Greeks are, indeed, always the same in temperament and in character. But the disasters of the Thessalian and Epirote campaign have not been without their lessons for the vanquished, and it is pleasant for those who wish well to Hellas, to find that at last there is a general and apparently practical desire among the Greeks to set their house in order and leave "the grand idea" for the present to take care of itself. The extremely favourable issue of the Greek loan, the evacuation of Thessaly by the Turks, and the ample proofs, afforded by the war, that the whole system of administration urgently needed reform and was the cause, rather than any one man, be he king, commander, or statesman, of the Greek collapse last year—all these things have contributed to bring about the present more satisfactory state of things. But of all the remarkable contrasts between my two last visits, none is so extraordinary as that which has taken place in the position of the King. He, and he alone, this year occupied

the columns of the Greek papers; his tour round the Peloponnesus was the theme of every leading article and every conversation—for in Greece all conversation hinges on politics—and it is to him that the people are looking for political and administrative salvation. Now, for the first time in his reign, King George has his chance, and it will be interesting to see what use he will make of it.

The cause of this sudden reaction was not merely the mad attempt of two crack-brained wretches to take the life of their sovereign, although the personal courage, displayed by the King on that occasion, undoubtedly counted for something with those who remembered the Crown Prince's generalship in the war. A far more potent reason for the King's present popularity was the discovery that Europe would have done very little for Greece in the council-chamber, and still less on the Stock Exchange, if it had not been for the influential relatives of the Greek ruler. King George, who is well acquainted with the Greek character, has been shrewd enough to lay special stress on this point in the speeches that he has been delivering up and down the Peloponnesus. For your average Greek, little as he cares for the pomp and circumstance of Royalty, is fully alive to the value of a dynastic connection which carries weight in the money-markets of Europe. Besides, there is an almost universal conviction among those Greeks, whom I have met, that there is no party leader of sufficient ability and force of character to give the country the reforms which it urgently needs, and that in the general lack of statesmen, which Greece shares with Italy, there is no one to fall back upon but the King. Having met all the most prominent Greek politicians of the day, I must say that I do not discern among them a Cavour, a Gladstone, or a Bismarck. In this respect Greece resembles most other states at the present time, and it is



M. DELYANNIS.

remarkable that there, as in Italy, the people have become somewhat disgusted with the politicians, and are anxious to see the King govern as well as reign.

Since the death of M. Charilaos Tricoupis in the spring of 1896, and, indeed, since his retirement from public life a few months before that sad event, the political system of Greece has been changed from a perpetual duel between two statesmen to a state of chaos, in which one looks with anxiety for a coming man. The removal of his great rival left M. Theodore Delyannis master of the field, with a large majority and no considerable rival ; and, if it had not been for the war, he might be Prime Minister now—an office which he has already held three times. His opponents tell you that he is "finished," but Greek politicians are quickly rehabilitated, so that M. Delyannis will, doubtless, be at the head of another Ministry before he has done with politics. In point of experience, he is, now that M. Tricoupis is gone, easily the first of living Hellenic politicians. He told me that he had been fifty-five years in public life, which he entered when M. Rhallis, his successor, was only two years old. And M. Delyannis' experience includes two years spent at the Greek Legation in Paris, where another M. Delyannis, his first cousin once removed, now holds sway, as well as the famous interlude in the Congress of Berlin, when he and M. Rhangabé were admitted to plead the claims of Greece, so tardily recognised by Europe three years later by the cession of Thessaly and part of Epirus. M. Delyannis ought, therefore, to know more about foreign affairs than any of his rivals, for he has spent most of his life in transacting business with the Great Powers. Until the recent crisis, he used his experience of *la haute politique* to make himself the representative of Greek Jingoism as against the more moderate and sober views of M. Tricoupis. In season and out of season M. Delyannis, who had gained

great fame by the cession of Thessaly, proclaimed the "great Greek idea," and talked big about Byzantine Emperors and the future of the Panhellenic race. It was he who brought his country to the verge of war with Turkey in 1886, and it was he, too, who in October, 1890, was carried into office by the wave of excitement which the Cretan question had created, a position from which he was summarily dismissed by the King in March, 1892. But during the late crisis M. Delyannis, who had learned wisdom since 1886, was not at all warlike in his language or his policy; and, though much blamed by his fellow-countrymen for the very inadequate state of the army, certainly did not desire hostilities, but was forced into them by public opinion. No doubt a strong man would have stemmed the tide; possibly, as some Greeks say, M. Tricoupis could have done so. But M. Delyannis is not a particularly strong man. Indeed, all his life he has been the mere negation of his most prominent opponent for the time being, and has never stood out as a positive factor in the political equation. He lives very simply at a small house in the Zeno Street, where I visited him, consoled for his temporary eclipse by the society of his two nieces, who keep house for him. Born in Arcadia, he is not by any means a person of Arcadian simplicity. His personal appearance is strongly suggestive of a very *rusé* old family solicitor, whose white whiskers inspire awe and respect, and whose words are carefully weighed. As a Parliamentary tactician M. Delyannis is hard to beat, and his tactics since his fall from office have been to "lie low and say nuffin'," save when he compassed the defeat of M. Rhallis just a year ago. He will talk to you most affably about his relatives, but not a word about his relations with the King. He comes of a large family, for he had five brothers and two sisters, most of them, as he pathetically says, "now belonging to the past generation." He

represents, with a nephew as his colleague, also called Theodore like himself, the pocket constituency of the family—Gortynia, in the Peloponnesus, which is quite unassailable. He deplored in fluent French, learned at Paris, his inability to talk English. For four long years, he told me, he struggled manfully at our language. He read English books and papers, attended Sunday services at the English Church in Athens to accustom his ear to the sound of our strange consonants, and at last hoped that he had mastered the tongue. But a visit to London shattered his hopes; "for," as he said with a smile, "when I found that the cabmen could not understand me, I abandoned the attempt to make myself intelligible." A polite remark that the London cabman is not the best judge of English failed to reassure the troubled statesman, who regretted that we had adhered in our schools and colleges to the Erasmian pronunciation of Greek. M. Delyannis was the founder of a society in Paris for encouraging the modern pronunciation of ancient Greek, and hopes that Oxford and Cambridge too will reform the existing method. A knowledge of Aristophanes would then enable one to understand a debate in the *Boulé*.

M. Demetrios G. Rhallis, who succeeded M. Delyannis as Prime Minister during the critical period of the war, is in most respects the opposite of his predecessor. Born in Athens fifty-three years ago, M. Rhallis does not look much more than forty. His wiry frame and the energy expressed in the muscles of his face indicate that he possesses the necessary physique for the task of government, and as he speaks his bright blue eyes seem to look his visitor through and through. He has been for twenty-seven years a member of the Greek Parliament, during the whole of which time he has represented Attica, without having experienced a single electoral defeat. This unbroken

M. RHALLIS.

series of successes in his native district testifies to the great local popularity of the man, although "Rhallism" is not yet a great factor in Greek politics outside Attica. M. Rhallis, who, like many other Greek deputies, is a lawyer by profession, had not been long in the *Boulé* before he made his mark. At first he attached himself to M. Tricoupis, and that statesman rewarded his abilities by twice including him in his cabinets. But M. Rhallis eventually found that the one-man rule of the "Greek Gladstone" was not compatible with his own plans. He accordingly seceded from his chief and formed a third party of his own, consisting mainly of the members for Athens and the neighbourhood, and numbering at the last general election of 1895 some thirty votes out of a total of 207. So long as M. Tricoupis was in office, his former lieutenant combined with M. Delyannis, the chief of the regular Opposition, to depose him. But when the classic constituency of Missolonghi at last rejected the most distinguished of Greek statesmen, and M. Delyannis became Premier, M. Rhallis did not support his old ally of the former Opposition. With the death of M. Tricoupis, he saw that the field was open to a new man, and began to develop a natural ambition for the Premiership. Already in 1893 he had collaborated with M. Sotiropoulos in forming a stop-gap Ministry, and when the crisis of last year became acute, he saw his chance and took it. Hastily seizing a rifle and donning a cartridge belt, he left Athens, accompanied by a trusty companion, to see for himself the condition of the army at the front. The report which he brought back caused an immense sensation and led to the downfall of the Delyannis administration. Then M. Rhallis, to use his own phrase—a phrase which has become historical—informed his political friends that he was "the Prime Minister clearly designated by events," and stepped into

the coveted position. From having been a severe critic of the King, he became the strongest supporter of his Sovereign. On the critical occasion when the mob, excited by the news of the Greek rout and eager to vent its fury on the dynasty, stormed the steps of the Palace, and seemed likely to set fire to the building, M. Rhallis mounted on the box of a carriage, and harangued the people with all the eloquence of which he is master, urging them to be guided by his advice. The mob listened, as it might have done to Alcibiades of old "commanding silence by the majesty of his gestures," and the throne was saved. From that moment he became, for all practical purposes, the Greek Government, and as one of his admirers said, "he had only to put his head out of his window and address the people, and they would do whatever he directed." But M. Rhallis informed me that he had no intention of being, as MM. Tricoupis and Delyannis were, the autocrat of his cabinet. He thought that Greece had had enough of that system, and his aim, he said, was to be simply a Minister like the other Ministers, taking the advice of his colleagues, and formulating the opinion of the whole cabinet. A confirmed Liberal, his domestic programme was, and still is, decentralisation, for he maintains that Greece is governed on a far too highly centralised system, which does not give full play to local government. That his tenure of the Premiership, at perhaps the most critical period in the nation's history, was successful, can hardly be denied. His admirers proclaimed him a second Gambetta; and there certainly is a striking resemblance between the two men. M. Rhallis, like the great French orator, was brought into prominence by a disastrous war; like Gambetta, he has endeavoured to reorganise a vanquished army and save a defeated nation. Like Gambetta, too, he has all the arts of the popular speaker, though as

a parliamentarian he is not the equal of M. Delyannis with his more than half a century of public life behind him. On the other hand, M. Rhallis' enemies accuse him of lack of conviction, and say that he is too impressionable. Some of them, going back to Aristophanes and Thucydides for an analogy, pretend to have found in the demagogue Cleon the prototype of the late Prime Minister. Others, seeking inspiration from French literature, declare that Sardou's Rabagas, the democrat turned Royalist, fits M. Rhallis to the life. Personally, I regard him as a naturally shrewd man of great powers of work, who is fully aware that Greek democracy has not greatly changed since the author of *The Knights* laughed at the foibles of fickle Demos, enamoured of the sausage-seller. He accordingly accepted his defeat last October with philosophic resignation, and though many of his political friends have deserted him, I found him when I revisited him this year in his private office in the Boulevard de l'Université, hopeful for the future. He spoke without the slightest animus of the German Emperor, whom the Crown Princess Sophia is reported to have described, not without reason, as "a greater enemy than the Sultan" to her adopted country. M. Rhallis expressed the opinion that, from a German point of view, the Emperor had acted very skilfully, and that the Kaiser's main objection to the Greeks was that they had not paid their debts. He claimed the success of King George's journey round the Peloponnesus as a complete triumph for the policy which he had advocated in 1893, and urged immediate reforms. Like some other statesmen, he said that he was surprised at the foreign policy of Great Britain, the weakness of which he attributed to Lord Salisbury's health. Being himself one of the few self-made Greek politicians, who has made his way by his own push, he has naturally a fellow-feeling for Mr. Chamberlain. For it is a curious

fact that in democratic Greece, where every one thinks himself as good as his neighbour and every title, save the simple κύριος, or "Mister," and the old Venetian titles of the Ionian Islands, is prohibited by the Constitution, the system of keeping politics in the hands of a few old "Revolution" families prevails no less than in Whiggish England. Just as even our most advanced Premiers always concede a certain number of offices as a matter of course to the great Whig houses, so the descendants of the men of 1821 have still the lion's share of electoral influence in Greece. This "feudal system" of regarding constituencies as family pocket-boroughs is much denounced by Hellenic reformers, because, as they say, it gives new men no chance, and it is certainly a curious testimony to the influence of the hereditary principle that in a country, which possesses no second chamber and no aristocracy, an hereditary race of political leaders should have sprung up. But even without this hereditary connection, and in spite of his present diminished following, I believe that M. Rhallis will ere long return to power, though he may not be successful at the next appeal to the country. But ere that, he must gain more influence outside the locality, which has shown the same confidence in him that Birmingham has in his British prototype. In one respect, however, M. Rhallis totally differs from Mr. Chamberlain. The Greek ex-Premier is very democratic in his attire. Not for him the pomp of the top-hat; M. Rhallis prefers the brown felt covering of the plain citizen, which accompanied him in his Ministerial walks and hung above him at Cabinet Councils, no less than in his hours of private legal work. This hat was a very familiar feature in Athens during the disturbances of last year, and, at first, somewhat scandalised the foreign journalists, accustomed to the top-hat of "European" statesmanship. But the democratic Athenians liked their

Premier all the better, because he adhered to the headgear which he had worn as a simple deputy. For a Greek πρωθυπουργός must be like his fellow-citizens, and not seek to add to his civic stature by the assumption of a black silk "cylinder."

In one very important respect does a Greek Prime Minister differ from statesmen who hold that exalted position in England. He must be accessible in season and out of season to all persons, who may desire to see him on business—the nation's or their own. When I used to interview M. Rhallis during the war, I was amazed at the miscellaneous crowd of Greeks who wasted his precious time. In Greece, the ordinary labours of a Prime Minister, heavy as they are, are immensely increased by the existence of that "spoils' system" with which American democracy has made us familiar. Whenever a new Government comes into office, its advent is followed by a complete clearance of the civil service, in order to provide posts for the political friends of the incoming Minister. Even the poor creatures who sweep out the public schools are dependent for their bread upon the fate of Ministries in the Chamber of Deputies at Athens. I have heard instances of librarians and professors of archæology being appointed, not for their learning but for their political services. No wonder that every Greek is a politician, and that the general interest in the game of ins and outs never flags. The mob of place-hunters killed a former President of the United States, who after having endured for years a diet of "hard cider" in a log-cabin without injury to his health, succumbed in a month to the "hand-shakings" of the White House. So even the most robust of Greek statesmen might well quail before the constant invasion of followers, whose "claims" he cannot afford to forget. The late M. Tricoupis, whose sister, Miss Sophie, did the

"hand-shaking" for him, frequently worked, when Premier, fourteen hours at a stretch, and contented himself with only four hours of sleep. But M. Rhallis had on his shoulders in addition to the normal business of the Premiership and the Ministry of Marine, which he combined with it, the arduous labours of negotiating terms of peace, the herculean task of providing for the thousands of homeless Cretan and Thessalian refugees, and the pressing necessity of disarming and discharging the Garibaldians, whose presence in the excitable Greek capital he justly considered a source of public danger. So his ante-room used to present the strangest contrasts, such as that of no other European statesman could show. One day while waiting there, I had opposite me three stalwart sailors, clad in the picturesque costume of the Ægean Islanders—the baggy dark-blue trousers, the high boots, the scarlet cap and the blue tassel which mark the mariners of Psara, or Spetsai, or "Hydra's isle," those three bright gems of Greek naval story. One old fellow, whose hair was white as snow, might well have fought as a lad with Kanaris, against the Capitan Pasha, and his fine profile recalled the picture of that great admiral in *The Nautical Almanack* which formed almost the sole ornament of the walls. Side by side were a priest of the Greek Church and an Athenian deputy, the former clad from head to foot in black, his dark eyes flashing as he talked politics with his eminently modern neighbour, who was dressed in the Western style and thoroughly equipped with all the arts of lobbying. Petticoated *évzonoi* and shepherds of Hymettos, in their rough frieze coats and tasselled *tsarouchia*, with here and there an official in naval uniform, formed picturesque groups. There was a little knot of journalists from the various Western capitals, and here and there an Athenian *confrère*, quite convinced that he could take the Premier's place at a

moment's notice and settle the business of the nation with the same ease that he dashed off his dithyrambic "leaders." Some of the Premier's visitors did not even condescend to the formality of sending in a card, but entered his sanctum when they felt inclined, quite heedless of the fact that some one else was interviewing the Minister at the moment. It cannot be easy to transact the business of a nation under such circumstances.

M. Alexandros T. Zaïmis, M. Rhallis' successor in the Premiership, is fortunate in that his lot has fallen upon quieter times. M. Zaïmis is what the Americans would call "a distinguished father candidate," for he comes of an eminent political family, as his father was also in his time more than once Prime Minister of Greece, and his grandfather was one of the heroes of the War of Independence. Educated in Paris, where he sat at the feet of Gambetta, he is a man of Western culture and ideas, and, unlike many Greek politicians, possesses considerable private means, which make him independent of the spoils of office. Previous to his present appointment M. Zaïmis occupied the post of Speaker of the *Boulé*, and he preserves as a party-leader the judicial manner which befitted his former office. The Greeks say of him that he does not possess sufficient parliamentary eloquence for a country which clings to the traditions of Demosthenes and Æschines. The nephew of M. Delyannis, he does not share that statesman's opinions, and although he was regarded in the light of a stop-gap at the time of his appointment, he has managed to remain in office for a year, without committing any great mistake. When I saw him at the Foreign Office, he struck me as an excellent man of business, whose very quiet manner particularly impressed me in this country of the orators. He enjoys the confidence of the King, and, if not a genius, has plenty of common sense. In appearance the

Greek Premier is a short man, with greyish hair, whose glasses give him a studious air.

M. Zaïmis has been much assisted in the work of reorganising Greece by M. Streit, the excellent Minister of Finance, who acquired great experience as director of the National Bank, and is one of those financiers from whom King George, himself no tyro in money matters, delights to choose his counsellors. Probably the best, and certainly the most philosophic of Greek politicians, is M. Deligeorgis, who may be the next Prime Minister. M. Deligeorgis, who is the head of a small party, belongs, like M. Zaïmis, to a political family and lives in a large house, which contains an admirable political library. Like the Premier, he is quiet in manner, and his conversation is much more suggestive of wide political study than that of the average politician. He has a firm grasp of the situation and is one of the strongest advocates of reform by means of the throne. Another sensible statesman, M. Sotiropoulos, who was Premier for a short time in 1893, I saw carried to his grave the day that Mr. Gladstone died.

Among other Greek public men the most remarkable is perhaps M. Constantine Karapanos, the member for Arta, and leader of a small following, who has made a large fortune, and lives in a palatial mansion off the Rue du Stade. M. Karapanos is generally regarded as the first living authority on that mysterious subject Greek finance —which no human being, except M. Tricoupis and M. Streit, has ever thoroughly understood, while even M. Tricoupis could never explain it satisfactorily to any one else. M. Karapanos has succeeded so well in the conduct of his own business that his admirers hope that he will one day be equally successful in conducting that of the nation. He was the chief critic of M. Tricoupis' Budgets, and holds views on the most recondite questions

GENERAL SMOLENSKI.
(Minister of War.)

of *la haute finance.* He is also an ardent archæologist, and it was he who excavated the remains of Dodona in 1876 at his own expense, subsequently publishing the results of his labours in a quarto volume, entitled *Dodone et ses Ruines.* Some critics assert that M. Karapanos is handicapped by his large means in the race for political honours—a charge which cannot be brought against many Greek statesmen.

Although not a politician, General Constantine Smolenski, the present Minister of War, is better known to the world than any other Greek public man. During the war, Constantine Smolenski was undoubtedly the hero of all Greece. The King promoted him by a royal decree to the rank of Lieutenant-General in recognition of his services, and the news was received with the utmost satisfaction by a whole nation of admirers. Every shop-window in Athens contained a portrait of the popular commander; even the tailors and dressmakers included his picture among their fashion plates; and while there was not one single photograph of any member of the royal family to be seen in the capital, the burly form of Smolenski met you at every turn. There were Smolenskis on horseback, riding over wreaths of laurel; Smolenskis crowned by a figure of victory; busts of Smolenski covered with medals and decorations; and full-length portraits of the national idol in a helmet of gigantic dimensions, the plumes of which were waving in the air. In the country it was just the same. At every railway station the newsvendors did a brisk trade in rough engravings of the Greek Napoleon at thirty *leptá* a piece, and no rustic *kapheneíon* was complete without at least one image of the "hero of Reveni and Velestino," as his countrymen loved to call him. Listen to any conversation in the streets, and you would hear the name of Smolenski recurring with frequent, and almost damnable,

iteration. In fact, compared with Smolenski, the redoubtable Colonel Vassos was nowhere, and the only person who came anywhere near him in the popular estimation was that Hellenic Joan of Arc, Helena Constantinidou, who assumed male attire, and went forth, with her long hair hanging down her back, as standard-bearer of the army in Epirus. But even she was a very poor second to Smolenski. One Saturday twenty thousand copies of a penny biography of the great man were sold in Athens—a large sale, seeing that one of the best Athenian papers, the *Akrópolis*, does not claim to have a larger circulation than eighteen thousand a day. Yet a couple of months earlier the very name of Smolenski was utterly unknown outside the limits of Greece, and even in Greece itself there was some doubt as to whether the proper spelling was Smolenski or Smolenitz.

At the outset there was considerable discussion as to whether the national hero was a Greek at all. His name certainly is not Greek, and it was stated that his family was of Bavarian origin ; in other words, an offshoot of that nation whose Emperor was more hated in Athens than even the Sultan himself, for as a Greek said to me, *nous détestons les allemands plus que les turcs.* However, the Smolenski family has publicly stated that the name is derived from Smola, a village in Macedonia which is so-called from the *smóla* or "tar" which is found there. According to another version, the Smolenskis originally came from Moschopolis, a Greek town in Macedonia which was destroyed in the last century by the Albanians. Constantine's grandfather fled to Vienna, and subsequently settled at Munich, where the present hero's father, Leonidas, entered the Military Academy. When the War of Independence broke out in 1821 Leonidas Smolenski took part in the struggle, and after its conclusion married the daughter of an officer from the island

of Naxos. By her he had two sons, the elder of whom is member for the island of Ægina in the Greek Parliament, and was Minister of War at the outbreak of the Cretan disturbances—a post which is now cccupied by his younger brother Constantine, who was born at Athens on September 10/22, 1842, and has therefore just completed his 56th year.

After finishing his ordinary studies, young Smolenski developed a great passion for a military career, following the example of his father, who was a good officer, and twice held the portfolio of Minister of War in the Cabinets of M. Bulgaris and the late M. Zaïmis. At the age of fifteen he accordingly entered the Military Academy at Athens, which, however, he soon left, in consequence, it is said, of some juvenile indiscretions, and proceeded to Brussels. After six years' study at the Military School there he returned to Athens, and received his commission in the Greek Artillery at the close of 1863, a moment when Greece had just welcomed King George as her sovereign. Smolenski obtained his promotion in the usual course, and the year 1868, which witnessed the rupture of relations between Greece and Turkey in consequence of the Cretan insurrection, found him a full lieutenant. Excited by the sufferings of the Cretans, he went to that distressful island as a volunteer, and is said to have greatly distinguished himself by his coolness and courage—on one occasion rescuing (so the story goes) a small field-piece single-handed from the Mussulmans. At the close of the insurrection in 1869 he returned to Athens, whence he was sent at the expense of the Government to Germany and France to gain a further and more scientific knowledge of the art of war. In Berlin and Paris he became acquainted with the leading military men of the day, and his careful personal observations in both capitals enabled him to prophesy

the result of the Franco-German war. Four years after his return home in 1871 he married the daughter of a distinguished Greek author, by whom he has three daughters. He employed his leisure in studying military books, of which his library is full, and in perusing military periodicals, so as not to lose touch with the latest results of strategic science. He became a major in 1881, and five years later received the gold cross of the Knights of the Saviour in recognition of his services on the frontier during the warlike demonstrations of the critical period which followed the Serbo-Bulgarian war. The Belgian and Servian Governments decorated him a little later, and in 1895 he was promoted to the rank of colonel of the third regiment of artillery, the position which he occupied at the commencement of the late war. When the Zaïmis Ministry was formed in October of last year, he became Minister of War—the post which he still holds without having thereby forfeited his popularity. except among the group of officers, who form the following of the Crown Prince and resent the Minister's success.

In appearance Smolenski is a stout, burly man, of a determined expression, with a heavy moustache and greyish hair. He does not look strikingly Greek, and might easily pass for a German officer. It will be seen from the above sketch that the most, in fact the only, successful commander on the Greek side in the late war was one who had had the advantage of an elaborate scientific training in Western Europe. The example of Smolenski would seem to justify the opinion that if the Greek Government would import German instructors for the army, in ten years' time it would reverse the verdict of that fatal struggle. It is a remarkable fact, that the editor of the *Akrópolis*, a gentleman of "European" education and much common sense, prophesied in 1894 the disasters

which would befall the disorganised Greek army unless it were reformed. For his strictures upon the army the officers broke his windows. Three years later he might have had the feminine pleasure, which, as a patriot, he scorned, of saying, "I told you so." The reorganisation of the Greek army, General Smolenski thinks, will take some four or five years, and he intends to do it thoroughly and, if necessary, with foreign aid. No one can doubt that he is the most competent man for such a task, and it is satisfactory to find that, even a year after the war, his simple and straightforward character and his complete lack of political ambition are fully appreciated by his countrymen. Both are invaluable qualities in a Greek Minister of War, and it has been one of the greatest blessings for Greece that the one Greek commander who came well out of the fiery ordeal of the war, has never been inclined to play the part of a Boulanger. For some persons, ignorant of his unassuming character and remembering the influence of successful commanders in all ages over even the most democratic nations, and the dictatorships which military heroes have been able to establish in times of crisis, used to ask—Will Constantine Smolenski make himself dictator? No one would be so foolish as to ask that question now.

Turning from the Greek party-leaders and Ministers to the Greek Parliament as a whole, one is not likely to find there much prospect of salvation for the nation. Greece, with the exception of Bulgaria and Servia, is the only Parliamentary country in Europe which has no second chamber, and even in Bulgaria a special second chamber —the Grand *Sobranje*—is called into existence to consider any organic change in the Constitution. But in Greece the *Boulé*, or Chamber of Deputies, is supreme. No House of Lords exists to revise its decisions, and the result is that there is nothing to relieve the King from

responsibility when once a measure has passed it. At the present moment the *Boulé*, which used to have only 150 members, consists of 207 deputies, returned by 71 constituencies, or ἐπαρχίαι, which elect a number of representatives proportionate to their population. Thus Attica returns eleven members, Corfù sends seven, Patras the same number, and several of the less populous districts one member apiece. No man can be a deputy unless he is thirty years of age, and it is essential that he should be a citizen of the district for which he proposes to stand. The result of the latter regulation, as in the United States, has been to give undue importance to local interests, and to make it very difficult for eminent statesmen to compete against local celebrities, unknown beyond the narrow pale of their own district, who can devote the whole of their time to parochial affairs. Thus the late M. Tricoupis, easily the first statesman of modern Greece, was defeated at Missolonghi, his native place, simply because he did not satisfy the local requirements of his constituents. There are cases, however, of very long tenures of seats even in Greece. Thus the late M. Lombardos, who was one of the most prominent Ionian deputies when the Ionian Islands were agitating for union with Greece, subsequently sat in the *Boulé* as member for Zante for thirty years, with only one slight break. Considering that the electoral period is only four years, and that general elections often come more frequently, this may be considered as a remarkable feat. In form the Greek Chamber resembles that of France, being semicircular, like an amphitheatre. The President, or πρόεδρος, and the four Secretaries, or συγγραφεῖς, occupy a raised daïs, flanked by bookcases on either side, and immediately below them is the tribune from which the orators speak. The existence of a tribune, instead of the English custom of speaking from one's place,

naturally increases the flow of rhetoric, and places the quiet, business-like member at a disadvantage. The President, the four Secretaries, and the three Deputy-Presidents, or Deputy-Speakers as we should call them, are elected by ballot from among the deputies every session. The present Speaker is Count A. Roma, one of the members for Zante, who is probably the youngest President of any representative assembly.

Facing the tribune and the President's daïs are ranged the seats of the deputies in a half-circle, with a gangway up the middle, there being six rows of benches on each side of it. The first row of seats on the right of this gangway is appropriated by the Ministers and the principal members of the Opposition parties. These august personages are provided with six little tables, while the rest of the deputies simply have desks. Perhaps the most curious rule of the proceedings, from an English point of view, is that which fixes the quorum at one more than half the total number of deputies, instead of forty as in our House of Commons. That is to say, no business can be transacted by the *Boulé* unless 105 members are present. The result is a new form of obstruction, such as has once or twice been practised in the London County Council. It is no uncommon thing for the whole of the Greek Opposition to stay away in a body, and thus it becomes necessary for a Ministry to whip up all their supporters in order to keep a House. But that is the opportunity of the dissatisfied or place-hunting Ministerialists, who make various excuses for their absence until the Premier makes it worth their while to come to Athens. The late M. Tricoupis was an adept at this kind of thing, and was quite able to provide recalcitrant Ministerialists with the best of reasons for returning to their parliamentary duties by giving snug little appointments to their relatives or their constituents. Another method of obstruction is

caused by the Greek system of voting. The rules of the *Boulé*, which were revised in February, 1896, and have been published in a neat little volume, provide that, in the first place, voting should be by a show of hands, each member voting in his place. But if fifteen deputies at once demand a roll-call, it becomes necessary to call over the list of all the members—an excellent method of wasting time. This list contains two blank spaces opposite the name of each member, one headed N., the initial of the Greek word "Ναὶ," or "yes," the other headed O., the first letter of the Greek word "Ὄχι," or "no." A mark is placed in one of these two spaces according to the vote of each deputy, and then the figures are added up. There are no division lobbies; but the roll-call, which is conducted by one of the Secretaries, is watched by tellers appointed by the Speaker from the ranks of the Opposition. At the opening of the session, and then only, does the King take part in the proceedings, standing in the Speaker's place to read his speech, with that official on his right hand and the Premier on his left. Immediately above the Speaker's chair is a gallery for the Royal Family, and on the left of it another gallery for the *corps diplomatique*. Ranged round the Chamber are various galleries for ladies, for officers, for the public, and for the press, the last being well equipped with desks. Needless to say, in this country the press takes the very keenest interest in all that goes on in the *Boulé*. There are no "whips," but "question time" is a Greek as well as a British institution, taking precedence of the order of the day; but Ministers need not answer any inconvenient interpellation. The President, like our Lord Chancellor, may speak by leaving his chair, but in practice rarely does so. A remarkable feature of the Greek Chamber is that it contains no committee rooms, as the library—which abounds in English books and periodicals—takes up so

much space. Another deviation from the amicable English practice is the existence of two separate smoking-rooms, one for the Government, and one for the Opposition. This arrangement naturally prevents those convenient compromises which are much more easily made over a cigar than in the Chamber itself.

Greece has now no parties, in the ordinary sense. There is nothing like the traditional British division into Liberals and Conservatives, which many Greek public men and also the King regard as an ideal system. Like most foreign legislatures, that of Hellas is split up into groups, or κόμματα, whose *raison d'être* is purely personal. There are at the present moment some six of these groups in the Chamber. There are the Ministerialists; the Delyannists; the old followers of M. Tricoupis, whose chief is M. Theotokis, a former Minister of the Interior and a member of a very distinguished Corfiote family; then come the friends of M. Rhallis, those of M. Deligeorgis, and those of M. Karapanos. The exact proportions of these various groups it is extremely difficult to fix, because the figures of the last election are now no guide in the present changed condition of affairs. Like all other Parliaments the *Boulé* has its quaint figures, the curiosity in its case being the Mussulman member for Larissa, Hassan Beg, who has an insufficient knowledge of the Greek language to make long orations, but who represents the considerable Mohammedan element which still remains in Thessaly. During the events of last year the lot of "the honourable Member for Larissa"—the Greeks use this English form of address—cannot have been altogether a happy one. A Mussulman deputy is indeed a rarity in any country, although the worthy Beg from Larissa could boast of a co-religionist in the last French Chamber of Deputies.

The great rhetorical gifts of the Greeks naturally find

full vent in the *Boulé*, although no member, except a Minister, may speak more than three times on the same question. The late M. Tricoupis once spoke straight on end for two days, the subject, of course, being the eternal one of Greek finance. This performance, which must surely hold the record of all countries, is remembered by the Greeks with great pride, and they tell one that though M. Delyannis can also make great and long speeches, his dead rival was alone able to make them without so much as a glass of water. The fact that many members are lawyers adds to the loquacity of the Chamber, though it happily also contains business men and persons of independent means. Still, in Greece the leisured class is not sufficiently numerous to enable the Government to dispense with payment of members. Accordingly each deputy receives the sum of 1,800 paper drachmai, worth about £48 12s. at the present rate of exchange, for every session. Not a munificent allowance it is true, but then official salaries in Greece rule low. The Prime Minister receives only 1,200 paper drachmai a month, and his six colleagues—for the Cabinet can say "we are seven"—only 800 drachmai each. The Speaker has no official salary, but enjoys the privilege of a cosy private room decorated with some pretty pictures and the use of the State carriage when he goes out for a drive. Nor can Ministers or "conscientious" members be rewarded or pacified by the British method of making them peers or baronets. For as we have seen, there are no titles at the disposal of a Minister; and even the Heir-Apparent, usually described as Duke of Sparta in the Western press, is always called in Athens simply the Διάδοχος, or "successor" of the King. British statesmen, in judging of the Greeks, should therefore take into their consideration the fact that snobbery is not an element in the Hellenic character.

It will thus be seen that, since the death of M. Tricoupis, Greece has not had, and up to the present shows no signs of producing, a great statesman; while there is not much hope to be found in the Parliament. In the country of the blind, says the French proverb, the one-eyed man is king. In plain English, the Greeks do not believe that the King is more than mediocre, but they can find no one else to save the State.

The reforms, which all sensible men in Greece are now demanding, may all be summed up in a single sentence —the separation of the various branches of the administration from the vicissitudes of party politics. As we have seen, in no country in the world, except in the United States, has the "spoils system" been carried out to such an extent as in Greece, though Bulgaria is unfortunately tending that way. Worse still, although the judges are theoretically irremovable, a plan has been found for making them, too, subservient to the exigencies of party warfare. Salaries in Greece are low; and, although the Zaïmis Ministry has lately raised the payment of members of the Areopagos, or Supreme Court, from 450 paper drachmai a month to 525, this remuneration of £169 a year (at the present rate of exchange) does not seem munificent according to English ideas, while the temptations to which it exposes the judges are obvious, and would perhaps be hardly resisted (at the same figure *per annum*) even by the inflexible virtue of Western Europe. But the Ministry of the day, if it wants to find a billet for a friendly lawyer, or embarrass a hostile one, removes a judge, say, from Corfù to Volo, to his own great inconvenience. A similar method is sometimes adopted to get rid of examiners, who "plough" the sons of influential supporters of the Minister of Education. In one such case a conscientious examiner was threatened with removal from Athens to Pyrgos. Obviously, the higher

payment of judges—one impartial authority of much weight suggests to me 15,000 drachmai (or £405) as the salary of each member of the Areopagos, to be raised by an increase of the stamp-duty, now very low—coupled with their maintenance in the same place for three years, as promised by the King, must be considered as essential to the regeneration of Greece. No one denies the badness of the existing judicial system. One ex-Minister says that "there is no justice in the country"; another declares that "judges, unworthy of the name, perform their functions with impunity"; while a friend of mine, a high judicial authority of unimpeachable integrity, has wisely reminded his countrymen of their own philosopher's remark that it is easier to practise virtue, and therefore law, when one is well off. Even the army has been contaminated by its contact with politics, for hitherto military officers have been eligible as deputies, and the extraordinary spectacle of the Minister of War being criticised by his subordinates has been presented in the Chamber at Athens. General Smolenski informed me, at an interview which I had with him at the War Office, that the exclusion of officers, except those of the higher grades, such as generals and colonels, from seats in Parliament, would form part of the Government programme. In this way discipline, which was notoriously lax during the late war, will be strengthened, though it may be doubted even so whether an army can ever be well in hand, when its officers play dominoes with their men in the cafés.

This separation of the public services from party influences is absolutely essential to the salvation of Greece. Wherever the King went on his Peloponnesian tour, the local magnates urged him to put an end to the odious system of "log-rolling"—συναλλαγή, as the Greeks call it—which has been the bane of the country for years.

In one place, the people greeted the King with shouts of "Down with the factions and their log-rolling"—*κάτω τὰ κόμματα καὶ ἡ συναλλαγή*. Just as in the famous Presidential contest, described in the "Bigelow Papers," the candidate promised that if the voter would help to get him "into the White House," he, when elected, would put his humble supporter "into the lighthouse, just at the end of Salem Point," so after a General Election in Greece, it has been the custom for the victorious Minister to obtain from the King a vast number of decrees—in one case, I am told, as many as 20,000—giving him power to confer public appointments of a small kind upon his followers. It is impossible to acquit the sovereign of all blame in this matter. Whether from natural indifference and the desire not to be bothered with politics, or from a mistaken view of his own position under the Constitution, the King has given his Ministers a blank cheque to make what appointments they pleased. Naturally Premiers like M. Tricoupis and M. Delyannis, with a taste for party management, liked a system which enabled them to make and keep a majority at the public expense. In fact, the former of these two politicians actually established a special bureau at the Ministry of Finance for considering the requests and favours desired by deputies for their relatives and friends. Still further advantages from a party point of view were reaped by the Minister from this nefarious method of bargaining, owing to the absurd rule above mentioned, which fixes the quorum of the Greek Parliament at one more than half the total number of deputies. Thus, the *συναλλαγή* pervades all forms of Greek public life; and, until it is stopped, efficient administration will be impossible, while, as the King has well said, the whole time of deputies is at present wasted in asking favours for their electors.

The extreme cheapness of University education in

Greece is another cause of this evil. Indeed, out of the five Balkan States, three, Greece, Bulgaria, and Servia, all suffer, in greater or less degree, from the growing difficulty of providing those, who have had a higher education, with a means of livelihood. So much is this the case in Greece and Servia that the present Servian Premier announced last winter his intention of closing several superior schools, while the Greeks have placed a fee of 150 drachmai a year on candidates for admission to the University of Athens. But this fee is ridiculously small, and the result is that Greece is inundated with doctors without patients and barristers without briefs. In the town of Pyrgos, a place of about 12,000 inhabitants, there are seventy lawyers attached to the Court, and in some other cities the legal profession bears an even greater proportion to the population and trade requirements. A very complicated legal procedure and a natural genius for litigation give a considerable amount of work for lawyers, and it is calculated that one-fifth of the total property of the people is in the law-courts. But for the vast majority of Greek lawyers and doctors there is little prospect of earning a livelihood by their own professions, and I have heard touching stories of the straits to which these poor wretches, whose education has been their curse, are put to for the merest necessities of existence. Some are willing to give lessons in languages at starvation prices; others even take to the more lucrative trade of a dragoman. One is sadly reminded by their sorry plight of the Roman poet's sarcasm: *Græculus esuriens, in cœlum, jusseris, ibit.* What Greece really wants, in common with Servia, and, to a less extent, Bulgaria, which has already taken steps in this direction, is technical education of a really practical kind. Even some University professors recognise this fact. As the *Asty* justly remarked the other day, this would be "a drastic remedy" for the economic

evils of the country. Agriculture, except the cult of the currant, languishes in Greece; for, as a Greek once said to a friend of mine, there is a general idea that "the Hellenes are made for something better than manual labour; they are intended to work with their heads, and not with their hands." But another obstacle to agriculture is the high rate of interest, at least 7 or 8 per cent., charged by the National Bank. A good economic authority tells me that, until the farmer can borrow money at 4 per cent., it is useless for a new Hesiod to preach the charms of country life and the advantages of agriculture. The railway question enters too into this problem; for, until Thessaly is connected with the rest of the kingdom on the one hand and with the European railway system, *viâ* Salonica, on the other, that beautiful province can never be properly developed. It is a good sign, however, that the long-talked-of Piræus-Larissa railway is at last being discussed with some hope of a practical result. For so long as Greece remains without through railway communication with the rest of the world, her inhabitants may well talk of "going to Europe," as if they belonged geographically to another continent. M. Tricoupis did well in spending money on the Peloponnesian lines; but if the sums which were wasted on the Greek fleet, without the very smallest return—except the cargo of vegetables captured at Santi Quaranta—had been devoted to uniting the country with the great European railway system, Greece would have been considerably the gainer by the transaction.

Another evil, closely connected with this, is the neglect of which the provinces loudly complain. Greece undoubtedly suffers from over-centralisation, and it is one of the merits of M. Rhallis, that he is in favour of decentralising the administration, although he is himself a representative of Attica. As we have shown in a previous

chapter, departments such as the Ionian Islands, which during the British Protectorate enjoyed less political liberty but far greater material prosperity than now, are particularly bitter in their outcries against the glorification of Athens and the Piræus at their expense, especially as an attempt has been made to remove the monopoly of cigarette-papers and playing-cards, now enjoyed by a Corfiote manufacturer, as well as another Corfiote monopoly, that of making wax-candles, to the Piræus. In the former case the attempt seems to have met with success, for the manufactory is to be closed at Christmas. But these complaints are by no means confined to the Ionian Islands, only there the people are more vocal in giving utterance to them, because they, alone of the Greeks, have experienced the advantages of a Government which has money to spend and spends it with a free hand all over the country. Natural causes have, no doubt, contributed, as in the transference of trade from Syra to the Piræus, to the concentration of prosperity in Athens and its rapidly growing port. The war, for example, has greatly benefited the trade of the capital and the Piræus. The import dues of the latter place went up 30 per cent. in the last twelve months; while at Athens the custom of all the well-to-do Thessalian and Cretan refugees, who had to purchase complete outfits—for in their hasty flight they came in what they stood up in—at the Athenian shops has been a source of great profit to the capital. But it has been the policy of the Government to spare and favour the capital as much as possible, and this was especially so during the struggle of last year. Here, again, the King has not done what he might for the welfare of his country. It may seem incredible, but I am assured that it is the fact, that His Majesty has never in all his thirty-five years' reign made a thorough tour of the provinces until this summer. But in this he was only imitating some of his ablest Ministers,

who hardly ever made a personal inspection of the outlying parts of the country. In a kingdom so small as Greece this neglect is quite inexcusable, and it is another hopeful sign of improvement that the King should at last have resolved to go and see and hear for himself what his subjects in the provinces want without the intervention of interested parties. It was also quite the right thing for the Queen to take the baths at Aidipsos, instead of going to some watering-place outside Greece. No one grudges King George his annual jaunt to Aix-les-Bains or his quiet life as a country squire at his suburban retreat of Tatoï; but his people, or at any rate those who live outside Attica, think that he ought not to forget that modern Greece is not, like ancient Athens, one city and nothing more. For the old conception of the community as a πόλις will not suit the requirements of modern Hellas, dear as town-life has been to the average Greek in all ages.

Another reform urgently needed is that of the police. Western writers are apt to be misled on this subject, because they are ignorant of the fact that a large part of the army is thus employed, and, in Athens, for example, it is rare to see a policeman at all. At present, Greece spends 2,800,000 drachmai on police pure and simple, and it is estimated that 15,000,000 drachmai ought to be devoted to this purpose; in that case, the soldiers would be relieved from the duty of acting as constables.

The question of establishing a second chamber in Greece, to check the rash decisions of the deputies, who have hitherto monopolised power, is not viewed with much favour by Hellenic statesmen. M. Lambros Koromelas, a very able and independent critic, who has kept out of politics but whose judgment commands much respect at Athens, has indeed advocated the creation of a Senate with a Council of State to advise

the King. But most Greeks formulate two objections to such a change, which are certainly very practical. The one objection is that, there being no aristocracy in Greece, the second chamber would be merely a replica of the first. The other is, that, in order to create such a second branch of the legislature, an essential change in the Constitution would be needed. But to make any essential change in the Greek Constitution is no easy matter. For in Greece, as in the United States, there is a distinction between fundamental and non-fundamental reforms, and, in order to effect the former, it is necessary that three-fourths of the Chamber of Deputies for two consecutive legislative periods should vote for the proposed change. As each legislative period would, in all human probability, see the election of a fresh set of deputies, the difficulty of securing a three-fourths majority in two successive Parliaments, extending possibly over eight years together, seems insuperable. The constitution of a *conseil d'état* to advise the King, would be liable to the second of these objections, if not to the first. Happily, however, the pressing evils, of which mention has been made, do not depend for their removal upon any *coup d'état* on the part of the Sovereign or any great constitutional change on the part of the nation. For in Greece as in some other Eastern countries there are good laws, which only require good administration to put them into force. For example, the so-called "Ecumenical" or "Great" Ministry, which combined within its ranks the chiefs of all parties under the presidency of the veteran Admiral Kanaris at a moment of grave national danger in 1878, laid the foundations of the civil service reforms, which the present Government favours. The legislation of 1878, as M. Zaïmis explained to me, is still on the statute-book, though party leaders have agreed to treat it as a dead

letter, while the Boulgaris Ministry as far back as 1868 made a similar declaration in the Chamber to that, which is now awaited when the deputies next assemble. Either this Chamber, or, if the Government be defeated by the Delyannist majority, its successor, ought to begin the work of reform with as little delay as possible. Whether M. Delyannis would sincerely co-operate with the King in carrying out this programme may be doubted. The Delyannist organ in the Athenian Press, the *Proía*, has scarcely concealed its opposition to the schemes put forward of late for the regeneration of the country, and has made as light as possible of the συναλλαγή, which independent papers like the *Akrópolis* declare to be "the origin of all the woes of Greece." Besides the events of his last Ministry can hardly have increased the King's confidence in that statesman, at no time very great. But if his Majesty now shows confidence in himself and carries out the task, which the people is anxious to place upon him, he will certainly have the country as a whole with him. In the words of a prominent political leader, whom I consulted on this subject, the Greeks "do not want a Monarchy which seeks repose." King George of Greece is not a King Carol of Roumania; he is too fond of taking things easily; he has a family man's keen desire to make his children comfortable and see them settled in life, while he does not love responsibility in public affairs. But he can now do a great service to his people, if he exerts himself, while, if he fails now, there is certain to be a great reaction against him. Within the strict limits of the Constitution, he can display considerable personal activity, if he chooses. Of course, the business of kingship is extremely hard in a country, where an appetite for criticism and the absolute disregard for rank are common to every citizen. If the King of Greece were an archangel and his seven Ministers so many sages, they

would not always find it easy to govern the critical Greeks. But the nation is willing, and anxious to see its Sovereign exercise to the full the powers which the Constitution grants him, having by this time bought only too dearly the usual experience of Eastern Europe, that parliamentary government in young communities is by no means the unqualified success that we, with our six centuries of political training and our slow Northern temperament, have found it to be. As the King well said at Patras, "the Greeks are not Danes," and he added that "the Greek people and the Greek Monarchy will rise together, for their interests are the same."

To Great Britain those interests cannot fail to be of importance. By our Eastern policy in the last four years we have alienated, and, I think, rightly alienated, the sympathies of the Turkish Government, which must not for a moment be confounded with the Turkish people. The Germans are rapidly undermining such commercial influence as we have left in Asia Minor, and British merchants at Constantinople assure me that it is now almost impossible for our fellow-countrymen to obtain concessions for commercial undertakings from the Sultan, especially as our Government never backs them up. Under these circumstances we ought to seek the friendship of those Christian States which, in spite of their obvious faults, contain at least what Turkey does not contain, the germs of progress. Of these States Greece, being essentially maritime, is particularly adapted for harmonious intercourse with Great Britain, which may perhaps find, too, among the Greeks of Asia Minor some means of checking the German advance in that part of the Levant. Of late, indeed, Greece has suffered almost as much from the ultra-enthusiasm of some of her British supporters as from absurd depreciation from the lips of those who judge the nation simply from

the military standpoint. For my part, I do not believe that the Greek character is of the same grit, and hard if somewhat uninteresting common sense, as the Bulgarian, and, of course, Greek administration cannot compare with that of Austria-Hungary in Bosnia. But go from the countries under the immediate rule of the Sultan to Athens, and, in spite of the many defects of Greek politicians, it is, at any rate, a change for the better. Besides, the Greeks have a real wish for a reform of their administrative system, the defects of which were so clearly exposed by the war, while the Turkish Government is absolutely stationary, where it has not actually receded. That the Greeks will ever realise their *grande idée* and become the heirs of the Turk in Macedonia and on the Bosporus, I do not believe—for there are now other and more formidable competitors in the field. But that Greece may become a prosperous and well-administered country should be quite possible. The reforms above indicated, the improvement of the judiciary and police, the separation of the army from politics, the establishment of a permanent civil service (*μονιμοποίησις τῶν ὑπαλλήλων*), the proper care of the provinces and the decentralisation of the Government—these should work a vast amelioration in the state of the nation, even without any rash constitutional changes. But in the absence of other leaders, the initiative must devolve on the King, upon whom all Greek eyes are now fixed.

CANEA, AFTER THE RIOTS OF FEBRUARY, 1897.

CHAPTER IX

CRETE UNDER THE CONCERT

WHEN I arrived at Canea last April, after a three days' tossing off the inhospitable coast of the Peloponnesus, my first impression of Crete was that the new governor, whatever his other qualifications, should at least be a good sailor. My second feeling, as I landed on

THE QUAY OF CANEA.
(From a Photo. by Miss Chadwick.)

the quay, was that of all towns in the East which I had ever visited Canea was the most picturesque, and, at the same time, the most cosmopolitan. During my stay in the place I became more and more struck by the extraordinary interest attaching to this quaint little port,

which has been for the last year and nine months the pivot of the Eastern question. On the quay, and in the streets, of Canea, all nationalities meet, all tongues are spoken, all currencies pass muster. Even on the bridge of Galata itself you will not find such a medley as in the Cretan capital. No one ever takes the trouble to change money here. Greek silver—which you never see in Greece, but which is abundant in Crete—Turkish *medjidieh* and small coins in hundreds, which are almost unprocurable in Constantinople, English shillings and pence, French francs, Italian *lire*, Russian roubles, Austrian gulden—are all gleefully accepted. Even at the two "European" post-offices, the Austrian and the French—for the Turkish never delivers letters, and only exists for the sake of form—all sorts and conditions of coins are current, and the traveller can make himself misunderstood in a dozen languages. In fact, here everything is cosmopolitan. Even the pet dog of Reuter's correspondent is called *le chien international*, by reason of its fondness for every officer of the Great Powers who will pay it attention. The porters who shoulder your luggage in the drowsy Custom House, where ragged Turkish officials doze over their *nargileh* in blissful indifference to all that is going on around them, are coal-black negroes or dusky Arabs ; side by side with these hewers of wood and drawers of water, who do all the manual work of Canea, stand groups of tall Cretans with their handkerchiefs tied over their heads, and with that other marked characteristic of these strapping islanders, a clear interval of bare leg between their top-boots and their baggy blue breeches. Then there are Jews in thick mantles, and shabby Turkish soldiers, looking, for all their pluck, a sorry spectacle beside the well-groomed, regularly paid, and smartly trained detachment of the five Great Powers, whose sentries pace to and fro along the quay—for on my arrival the Austrians were still

MOUND AT CANEA (SHOWING FLAGS OF TURKEY AND THE POWERS).

in Crete, five flags, besides the Turkish, still waved on the historic mound upon the ramparts, and Germany alone had "laid down the flute." On the day that I landed it was the turn of the Italians, and a couple of *bersaglieri* with fixed bayonets kept some sort of order among the mob at the Custom House. Two days later it was the duty of the British to guard the approach to Canea and prevent the landing of arms, and our scarlet-coated soldiers, who paid vast attention to their toilet, shone out resplendent among the Orientals around them. Next the Austrians, in their practical blue uniform, came on the scene, and the French and the Russians followed suit. And, to complete the picture, you had but to pass beneath the old Venetian gateway into the market-place to find the forty crimson-clad Montenegrin gendarmes sauntering along, head and shoulders over most of the passers-by, with their revolvers protruding from the *silaf* at their waists, and ever ready to talk of their native mountains. Up in the town the work of clearing away the ruins and rebuilding the houses, destroyed in the fire of February last year, had begun apace, and the noise of the joiners' saws seemed an omen of returning confidence. The Greek Archbishop, the *Despótes*, as they call him, was still obliged to reside in a temporary abode, for his palace is as yet unrestored. But the rest of the town was undoubtedly more prosperous than it had been since the Cretan troubles began. An hotel that could fairly be called European, with a Corsican manager and a Spanish assistant, where we sat down to dinner with thirty-two Italian officers, was a surprise to a traveller accustomed, like myself, to the filthy accommodation and scanty fare of a Greek or Bulgarian *han*. If the European concert has not done much for Crete, it has, at least, given its name to a restaurant at Canea, and enabled a swarm of marine cafés to flourish, while under its patronage a variety theatre where Italian

operetta is nightly performed by ample Levantine beauties, imported from Smyrna, exhibits to the scornful Mussulmans the amusements of Western civilisation. Canea has its *Café Restaurant au Concert Européen*, its *Concert Monte Carlo*, its *Moulin Rouge* and its *Photographie au Souvenir de Crète*. Even the bootblacks of Canea have learned to swear and beg for *bakshîsh* in six European languages, and the barbers have discovered that it is the privilege of Englishmen to pay double for a shave.

But the advantages of the present government of Crete are by no means apparent when one comes to talk to the people. During my stay in the island, I had opportunities of interviewing persons of all sorts and conditions, Europeans as well as Cretans, Mussulmans as well as Christians, with regard to the work of the Great Powers, and their unanimous verdict was that the collective wisdom of Europe had made mistakes which any four men of ordinary common sense could easily have avoided. I need not allude to the international jealousies of the Powers, for they have long been patent to all who have studied the history of the Eastern question. But in the treatment of Crete a further complication has arisen out of the conflicting jurisdictions of the various officials employed by each Power. The naval authorities have come into conflict with the military; the advice of the Consuls, who have spent years in the island, has in some cases been neglected for that of persons who knew little or nothing about it. On one occasion, one of these latter showed his ignorance of the situation by issuing a proclamation in Turkish, whereas in Crete the Mussulmans, no less than the Christians, with few exceptions, speak Greek as their mother tongue and know very little Turkish. Our own naval men are excellent fellows, but most of them know hardly anything of Crete and do not show the least interest in the country or its people. But, as Admiral

Noel has shewn, if they are allowed a free hand, they can do a great deal. The amount of money that has been spent by Europe in Cretan waters since the disturbances began is calculated to have just exceeded twice the value of the island. Great Britain alone has expended £16,000 on the new huts for her soldiers. She pays the natives £150 a month for keeping the streets clean at Candia—an inno-

STREET IN CANDIA.
(From a Photo. by Miss Chadwick.)

vation which simply astounded the inhabitants, and has nearly starved the street-dogs of the place, but which had made it, before the disturbances of last month, one of the sweetest towns of the East—and provides a special steamer, the now famous *Turquoise*, for distilling water for her troops, which before were decimated with typhoid. How Italy can stand the cost of the occupation no one can

understand, unless, as some whisper, Great Britain pays for the coal which her big men-of-war require at Suda. Germany did the whole affair on the cheap from the very first, and Russia has no lack of roubles for the Cretans. At the market outside Candia, which I attended, the Russian representative carried a bag of napoleons, which he distributed to the Cretan chiefs, to the disgust of some of the spectators, and the amusement of others. There can be no doubt whatever that the Russian Foreign Office is maintaining a very active propaganda in Crete, and that the Tsar's zeal on behalf of Prince George is no more disinterested than were his grandfather's efforts on behalf of a free Bulgaria. The historic offer of Crete to Great Britain, which Nicholas I. made to Sir Hamilton Seymour in 1853, will not be repeated by Nicholas II. But the action of the Russians in disarming the Mussulmans of Rethymno was generally praised by the British, and the personal relations between our men and theirs, as, indeed between the soldiers of all the Powers, have been good. This has been, indeed, one good result of the joint occupation of the island by the Powers. It was amusing to hear the good-natured efforts of Tommy Atkins to make himself understood by the Italians at Canea, with whom the British private was on the best of terms. Even the French and the Italians, despite the Zola case, got on well together, though the Mussulmans do not appreciate the French method of managing them. The disturbance at Canea about the middle of April was due to a quarrel between the French and the Turkish soldiers, and I am told that the Russians and the Italians are at present the most popular with the Cretans. It should, however, be mentioned to the credit of the British troops at Candia that, since the sole occupation of that town by them, there has not been a single case in which any outrage has been committed on a Mussulman woman. When the Italians

were there, they sometimes got into trouble for pranks of this kind; but the British, who were encamped on the ramparts and not in the town itself, were kept in perfect order, were not allowed in the streets except in small parties, and were forbidden to drink except at their own canteen. The confidence which Colonel Sir Herbert Chermside enjoyed with the Mussulmans, who form the vast majority of that town since the flight of the Christians, was a most important factor in the situation there. I doubt whether the horrible events of September, which took place in his absence, would have occurred at all, if the Candiote Mussulmans had not been hounded on from Constantinople. But the military cordon round Candia, which was kept by Turkish soldiers, always compared unfavourably with that round Canea, which was guarded by international troops. During my stay at Candia, a man was shot and a boy of eleven wounded by the Turkish guardians of the cordon near Arkhanies, though the man, a Christian, was well within Christian territory. Such cases were not uncommon; while I crossed the Canea cordon, at that time policed by Italian *bersaglieri*, with two ladies and a naval lieutenant, on my way to visit the "insurgents" at Aliakanou, without the least risk. We rode through magnificent scenery; the meadows were brilliant with asphodel; the orange trees were a picture; but here and there a ruined block-house, and a row of charred olive stumps reminded us of the incessant warfare which has gone on in the island for centuries. The Christian outposts received our party with the most courteous hospitality, offering us wine and small slices of *bakala*, or cod-fish, for which they refused all payment. A little further on we crossed a stream, the classic Iardanos. At the village beyond, not far from the spot where Colonel Vassos pitched his camp last year, a whole band of armed Christians turned out to receive us;

chairs and a table were placed in the street, coffee and oranges—the splendid Cretan oranges, which recall those of Jaffa—were set before us; one of our hosts who had spent two years in Paris, harangued us in French—he was a cousin of Professor Jannaris of Scotland—and another in Italian upon the woes of their country. Meanwhile, their martial compatriots, each with three cartridge-belts slung around him and a rifle in his hand, stood listening with the keenest interest. They were delighted to pose

CHRISTIAN INSURGENTS AT ALIAKANOU.
From a Photo. by Miss Chadwick.)

for their photograph. and the women and children bade us God-speed, and showered bouquets of orange-blossom upon us, amid shouts of Ζήτω ἡ Ἀγγλία, "Long live England." Yet no Mussulman dared have visited this spot, just as no Christian could cross the cordon in safety and enter the bazar at Candia. Even an Italian soldier who wore a fez was nearly shot by mistake for a Moslem near this spot where we had quietly sipped our coffee.

This isolation of the two parties in hostile camps is a pressing difficulty, which results from the concentration

of the Mussulmans in the coast towns and of the Christians in the interior of the island. The former have burned, or occupied, the houses of the latter in the towns; the latter have ravaged, or seized, the fields of the former in the country. At Canea it was exclusively the quarter inhabited by the Greek Orthodox population that suffered from the flames, and it was noted that the Turkish soldiers, evidently acting on orders, protected the Catholic church. At Candia, out of a population estimated at from forty thousand to fifty thousand, only from two hundred to five hundred Christians remained. Others returned from Greece later, and at the time of the September massacre the number of Christians must have been about twelve hundred. Not the least thorny problem, that awaits the future governor of Crete, is the reinstatement of the respective parties in their previous homes, or the compensation or buying out of the present occupants. The suggestion that the Mussulmans will solve the problem by emigrating, as they have largely done in Bulgaria, is not regarded as probable in the case of those who have land or money. Much tact, much patience, and much money will be needed for the settlement of this very practical difficulty. When I was in Crete, the household goods of the Christians who had fled from Candia to Greece were piled up in the large cathedral of the town. There I saw higgledy-piggledy, pianos, tables, chairs, mirrors, even cases of wine, with the names of their owners scrawled roughly upon them; so crammed was the building with these pieces of furniture, that it resembled a pantechnicon rather than a church. All service there was impossible, and the tiny chapel beside it had to be used instead; but even it was more than sufficient for the few Christians who lingered in Candia. At Canea, where the preponderance of the Mussulmans is less marked, I attended

worship in the cathedral, the upper part of which was used as an office for the distribution of relief to the starving. But, perhaps, the saddest instance of the fratricidal warfare between the Christians and the Mussulmans of the island, both, be it remembered, of the same race and both speaking the same language, is to be found in a village called Mournies, about an hour outside Canea, where the two creeds dwelt side by side in about equal numbers. At this place, which I visited with the Russian vice-consul, not a single house remained intact. The two rival parties had, with fiendish ingenuity, destroyed every vestige of each others' homes, save a few charred rafters and a few rusty old pots and pans! And this in the midst of one of the most lovely scenes that the human mind can imagine. As we walked through the ruins of what was once a happy village, the air was laden with the scent of the lemon-blossom and the song of the nightingale fell upon our ears; wild flowers covered the ground, and through the foliage we could see in the distance the snow-capped range of the White Mountains rising into the azure blue sky and just reddened by the sun. We had seen, too, in the charming garden of a rich Bey at the adjoining village of Kukunara ("the fir-tree"), what the gardener's art could do in this splendid climate, where, indeed, "every prospect pleases." As we passed through fields of what had once been olive trees, and where all that remained were blackened stumps—Sir Alfred Biliotti told me that two million olive trees, valued at £1 apiece, had been destroyed altogether—I recalled that terrible epigram of the Roman poet: *tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.* For of Crete, no less than of Bosnia under the Turks, religious fanaticism has been the curse.

Fortunately, there is some light in this dark picture. I may instance a case told me by Herr Berinda, the able

RETHYMNO.

Austro-Hungarian vice-consul and agent of the Austrian-Lloyd at Candia, who has had twenty-eight years' experience of Crete. This gentleman had a Mussulman, whose half-brother was a Christian, in his employ. When the disturbances were beginning, the Mussulman went to his brother, of whom he was very fond, told him that he could not save him from an outburst of fanaticism if he stayed in the place, and furnished him with money and an opportunity for flight from Crete, and offered him half of everything he possessed. The Cretans are, no doubt, naturally fond of fighting ; an Austrian officer, who knew them well, remarked to me "that they were born into the world with a rifle in their hands," and even in Aristotle's time their training was entirely military.[1] During the first century and a half of Venetian rule there were fourteen Cretan insurrections. But those who live among them speak with much sympathy of their gentler characteristics, while it is reserved for those who know them slightly to describe them as "liars and cowards, whose idea of battle is to take pot-shots at an enemy at long range from behind a rock." There are, too, some germs of culture to be found among them. I know one old Cretan Mussulman, a doctor of Candia, whose schoolroom is hung with maps of the United Kingdom and Australia, whose little girl read to me out of a shilling English primer how, "a fat cat sat on a mat," and whose son has carried off all the prizes at a French school. This worthy gentleman's one regret is that there is no English clergyman in Candia to teach him and his family our language, and, as he took me over the library of French books which the *Alliance française* has founded in his town, he complained that the British neglected to spread their language in the Levant. At a luncheon-party, which this advanced reformer gave in the garden of a Moham-

[1] Ἐν Κρήτῃ πρὸς τοὺς πολέμους συντέτακται σχέδον ἡ παιδεία.

medan *tekkeh*, or monastery, about an hour from the ramparts of Candia and within a short distance of the cordon, I was privileged to see how far he had gone in the direction of Western manners.

As Crete is not exactly a promising place for a picnic, I was somewhat staggered when he suggested the idea. As the doctor would, however, take no refusal, I accepted his cordial invitation, and next morning saw us start from one of the three old Venetian gateways of Candia, some on the appalling wooden saddles of the island and the rest on our feet over the dry river beds, which in Crete are by polite fiction described as roads. Our Turkish host considered it his duty as a man of Western culture to walk, and arrived as fresh as paint at his journey's end. But a less progressive Moslem of portly build and zebra-striped waistcoat was severely punished by the heat, and looked extremely glad when we reached the hospitable gate of the *tekkeh*.

The monastery in question, which is close to the site of the famous Labyrinth of Gnossos, was then occupied by a hundred families of Mussulman refugees, who had fled in from the country, which was, and still is, entirely in the hands of the Christians. Bright-eyed, intelligent children—the Cretan children, Christians and Mussulmans alike, are extremely pretty—and tall, handsome men crowded round us; while the women, who peered out of the upper windows, signified by gestures their immense surprise at the golden tooth of one of our party, the like of which they had never seen before, and which they evidently regarded as a mark of great beauty. An old dervish, clad in coarse white frieze, escorted us upstairs to a sort of reception-room, hung with the crudest pictures imaginable, where coffee and cigarettes were served round. After we had had time to inspect the designs on the walls—for this monastic order is the

only one that is allowed to have pictures of any living thing—we were ushered into the presence of the old dervish, Safvet Baba, who is head of the monastery. The old gentleman bade the ladies of the party sit down on the divan to which he was chained by his rheumatism, and, while we smoked more cigarettes, discoursed pleasantly in Greek on men and things. We next visited the ruins of Gnossos, where Mr. Arthur Evans, of the Ashmolean at Oxford, had been

A MUSSULMAN PICNIC NEAR CANDIA.
(From a Photo. by Miss Chadwick.)

lately negotiating for the purchase of a piece of land with a view to excavations, and then took our places beneath the lemon trees of the convent garden, where a long table had been spread for our entertainment. But first large glasses of hot coffee, boiled with milk, were served out to each member of the party, which was soon increased by the arrival of our host's son-in-law elect, Behar Bey, who—wonderful to relate—had escorted his *fiancée* and her youthful sisters to the monastery. The lady's feelings, however, did not permit her to appear at

the board, so the ladies of the party had to visit her in the harem, where she welcomed them in excellent French, and informed them that she had read *Gil Blas*. On their return cognac was served to us all round, our Moslem friends partaking of it with zest, and then young Behar, who had a good camera with him, insisted on taking a photograph of the revellers, each man, with one exception, firmly grasping his liqueur glass in his hand. That one exception was my next-door neighbour, he of the zebra waistcoat, who laid down his glass and seized a loaf of bread in its place, only to resume his glass when the fatal operation was over. The worthy man was not quite so "advanced" as his fellows, and thought it prudent that his alcoholic tastes should not be perpetuated by a photograph which might be used as evidence against him hereafter.

At this point the real business of the luncheon began, the first course consisted of lamb, roasted whole and stuffed with *pilaf*, the particular form of rice which does duty all over the Levant. On this occasion the rice was seasoned with cocoa-nut and covered with raisins, so that the combination was somewhat remarkable. At the last picnic our host had given, the guests were forced to eat the various viands in Turkish fashion with their fingers; but our progressive friend had made a great advance since then, and brand-new knives and forks were provided, to our great sorrow, and changed between every course. Fish followed the lamb, then came a potato stew, especially devised for our benefit, "because," as our host said, "the English always eat potatoes," and then a fowl. More *pilaf* next appeared upon the scene, and as at this period of the performance I showed signs of intense thirst, the young progressive desired I should slake it with beer, mixed with Vichy water—the latter, I may mention, being regarded as the

greatest triumph of Western civilisation in Candia. Sweets and oranges wound up the repast, and I thought that one more Mussulman picnic on similar lines would finish me off. The company then adjourned to another part of the garden, where some fell asleep and others sipped coffee. By this time the entertainment, which had begun a little after nine in the morning, had been protracted till three in the afternoon, and we thought it high time to go. But our host would not hear of our departure, and the ladies of the harem desired that their European sisters should stop all night as their guests. At last, on condition that we left two British officers behind to keep him company, our good friend the doctor let us go, and we returned, "heavy with food," as Homer says, to Candia, the man of the zebra waistcoat escorting us back. It took me several hours to sleep off the effect of the varied and multitudinous kinds of fare of which I had partaken. But the experience was cheaply bought at the price of a severe attack of indigestion. To see the "young Turk" at play is both amusing and instructive, and our host's hospitality knew no bounds. Politics, even in this hot-bed of them, were never once mentioned, and we might have been living in profound peace at Corfù, instead of in a state of civil war in Crete. Such aspirations after Western culture are very encouraging; even the man of the zebra waistcoat carried a notebook in one of his pockets, in which he jotted down all the English words that he heard in Turkish characters.

A still more interesting spectacle was the open market held every Wednesday at Halmyros, a place on the sea-coast about five miles from Candia, where the Christians and Mussulmans met. It was generally considered an excellent idea of the British Consul-General to bring the rival creeds together at this meeting-place so that they

might have a chance of making friends. Several of these markets had already been held, but on this occasion for the first time there was something like an amalgamation of the two parties.

This Cretan marketing was one of the most picturesque functions at which it has been my good fortune to assist. Our party, consisting of myself and two ladies attended by old Shereef Aga, Sir A. Biliotti's faithful *cavass*, and the *cavass* of the Austrian Vice-Consul, started from Sir H. Chermside's house, shortly before 9.30, in the presence of a curious crowd of Candiotes who had assembled to see us off. Horses being unprocurable, we mounted sorry-looking donkeys in true Margate style. Old Shereef led the way, bestriding a big mule, with his snow-white petticoats—he is a Mussulman Albanian and always wears the *fustanella*—spreading out on either side of his wooden saddle, and two immense bundles strapped on behind. We rode through the vast gateway which penetrates the old Venetian walls of Candia, and easily understood how it was that the town, which derived its present name from its fortifications, was able to resist for twenty-one years the attacks of the Turks in the seventeenth century. In one corner of the ramparts the white tents of the Welsh Fusileers stood out against the blue sky, and in the plain a speck of red every few yards marked the spot where a Turkish soldier was posted. The most elaborate precautions had been taken to prevent an encounter at the market. The British gunboat *Hussar* had been anchored off Halmyros, with her guns all ready for action. A detachment of the Welsh Fusileers under Captain Wynne guarded the ground on which the market was held, and a thousand Turkish troops were told off along the road to Candia to protect the Mussulmans. Yet in spite of all this, it was with some difficulty that the Turkish governor, who had been shot at on the previous Saturday, was

induced to go out; but at last he rode off to the market, attended by the Mayor and a host of other local magnates. No one was allowed to enter within the line of flags which marked the limits of the market with arms in his possession, and two British soldiers disarmed our attendant, the Austrian *cavass*, with such gusto, that his mule kicked up its heels in the air and nearly projected him over its head. Even the small donkey-boy was relieved of his switch, and it was laughingly suggested that Sir A. Biliotti, who had bought a gnarled Cretan stick of wild olive from one of the Christian vendors, should be deprived of his staff. On the ground our party was increased by Captain Marrack, of the *Royal Oak*, who had had three years' experience of the Cretan question and whose ship was then stationed off Candia, by one or two other naval officers and by the Russian consul and a Russian correspondent.

There must have been several hundred people on the ground, Christians with black handkerchiefs tied round their heads, in true Cretan fashion, and befezzed Mussulmans, some of whom had not seen their Christian compatriots for a couple of years. As for the actual marketing, that was of less importance than the opportunity which it afforded for bringing these people together in a friendly way. All went off most amicably, and it was interesting to see Sir A. Biliotti and Sir H. Chermside sitting down on the grass surrounded by a group of chiefs—among whom were two members of the Cretan Assembly—to discuss the political situation in an informal manner. After the discussion was over, one of the ladies of our party obtained leave to photograph the group, to the immense delight of the Cretan chiefs, who came up afterwards and offered their profuse thanks for the honour done them. The Cretan, Mussulman no less than Christian, appears to be quite aware of his good

looks and martial bearing, in which he has no rivals except the Montenegrins among the peoples of the East. Meanwhile some business had been done in sheep, oranges, sweetmeats, and roses, as well as in kitchen utensils. More would have been sold had the Mussulmans only taken the trouble to bring out from the town the two articles which the Christians most needed, namely, farm implements and seed. However, several orders were

SIR A. BILIOTTI AND COLONEL SIR H. CHERMSIDE, WITH GROUP OF CRETAN CHIEFS.
(From a Photo. by Miss Chadwick.)

given for next week, and Sir A. Biliotti expressed himself quite satisfied with the progress that had been made. On a former occasion some Mussulmans who had bought sheep from Christians were so roughly handled by their fanatical co-religionists on their return to Candia, that the animals had to be escorted through the streets by soldiers, while after another market a lamb was actually cut into small pieces. This time, however, order was perfect, and the British officers had the Turkish troops well in hand. At one moment it was thought that the latter had approached too near the market, whereupon the inter-

preter was at once sent to tell them to retire, which they did without demur. When business was over we all sat down to an *al fresco* lunch in the middle of the ground, in which the Christians were immensely interested. And then the party broke up and I went to visit the old Venetian mill which the Mussulmans had destroyed in 1896, and which stands still inactive on the margin of a deep-blue pool—a sad but typical instance of this fratricidal strife. But this spectacle of ruin was relieved by the appearance of a cavalcade of mules coming down the mountain-side, laden with sulphur for the vines of the Christians, purchased out of the Duke of Westminster's Relief Fund. And then we returned in a long cavalcade to Candia. Unfortunately the recent revival of fanaticism has made these markets impossible.

Wretched as the government of this fine island has been for centuries, poor as its social life must necessarily be under Turkish rule, one not only finds the most intense love of their country among the natives, but even foreigners become attached to the place. The German Vice-Consul at Candia, whose wife had been sent to her home in the Fatherland for safety during the disturbances, and whose house was burned by the mob last month, told me that she, no less than he, was devoted to the island, in which for eleven years he had resided. And in two widely different spheres there was peace even during the worst moments of religious fanaticism. The first was the small Greek church of the Monks of Sinai, at Candia, which enjoys a special firman of protection from one of the Sultan's predecessors, and whose priest was therefore able to cultivate his tiny garden with equanimity all the time. The other consisted of two leper villages, one outside Canea, the other beyond the walls of Candia, where the wretched victims of a common misfortune, though of different creed, live at peace with each other.

What is at this moment the greatest evil in Crete is the uncertainty of the future. With few exceptions all parties in the island wish for some settlement of the Cretan question. Some of the Christians, who are in possession of the Mussulmans' fields and vineyards, preferred the present state of things to continue till the harvest and the vintage were over. Some of the low class of Mussulmans,

CRETAN BOYS.
(*From a Photo. by Miss Chadwick.*)

who have nothing to lose, and about forty Beys, who have been at the bottom of every agitation, would prefer the prolongation of the present confusion. But most of the well-to-do Cretans of both creeds are sick of this civil war, and would, I am told, welcome any real solution of the difficulty that the Powers might propose. Only let that solution come at once. At the present moment, the

candidature of Prince George "holds the field," and it may therefore be of interest to state the opinions of representative persons in the island on this question, which I submitted to every one whom I considered as likely to know the requirements of the Cretans. So far as the Christians are concerned, there is no doubt whatever that they would welcome the Prince with enthusiasm. But like all the Cretans, being intensely insular, they will probably resent in the long run the bestowal of offices upon the little band of continental Greeks who are certain to accompany Prince George from Athens. Place-hunting in Crete, as on the mainland, is a favourite pursuit with the educated, and the cry will soon go up, that the natives are being ousted by the new-comers. Moreover, if the Prince attempts, as is likely, to be absolutely impartial to Christians and Mussulmans, he will disappoint the hopes of the former, who expect to have things all their own way. Statistics are very hard to obtain in Crete, but according to the census made under Photiades Pasha in 1881 (the last figures procurable), there were 205,000 Orthodox Greeks and only 73,234 Mussulmans in the island, in spite of the efforts of the Turkish Government to increase the number of the latter by the immigration of Arabs. Hitherto, thanks to the Turkish Government and the Turkish soldiers, this minority has been able to regard itself as the dominant class; but, with a Greek Prince as governor, there will be a danger that the majority will endeavour to over-ride the rights of the minority and will resent the well-meant efforts of the new ruler to preserve fair treatment for all. The Mussulmans, however, with the few exceptions above mentioned, would probably accept the Prince, provided that he came with the consent of the Sultan and also providing that the Sultan, having given his consent, did not then intrigue against him.

CANDIA.

It is well known that the rising of last year, as well as the massacre at Candia in September, was instigated from Constantinople, whence the usual arguments were applied to the inborn fanaticism of the Cretan Mussulmans and the usual orders issued to the Turkish soldiers. The point-blank refusal of the Turkish Finance Minister to sanction the loan of £T.100,000 desired by the Cretan Assembly, was the last straw which provoked this insurrection. If Prince George be installed in Crete, without the consent of the Sultan, his life will not be safe, for all the Concert's ships and all its men cannot save him from the dagger of a resolute fanatic. That the Mussulmans will actively resist his appointment, if they are left to themselves, I do not believe. But all persons, whom I have consulted, agree that two points are absolutely essential to his appointment. First, the Turkish troops must all be withdrawn before his arrival, an event now at last accomplished; and secondly, the International forces must remain for at least two, and probably five years after it. So long as the Turkish soldiers remained, the Mussulman minority would feel tempted to indulge in its old feud with the Christian majority. On the other hand, there must be some force, and that a considerable one, to preserve, or rather to restore, order in the island—for the whole of the interior is still in a state of confusion, and Crete is not merely, as the Great Powers seem to have imagined when they entrusted authority to the admirals, three or four harbours and a coast-line. Moreover, no Government can be really successful in Crete unless it has ample funds at its disposal for the development of the island. During the 229 years that have elapsed since the island surrendered after a twenty-four years' siege to their troops, the Turks have hardly constructed one single public work, except barracks and the water-supply of Candia, the two essentials of a Mus-

sulman Power. There is but one carriageable road in the island, that which unites Canea and Suda. In Candia, the largest town in the island, there are no carriages; for the two that used to exist were last employed for the conveyance of the admirals on the Queen's Jubilee last year, on which occasion the bottoms of both vehicles fell out, and the distinguished officers had to walk inside the bottomless machines! During the brief Egyptian occupation, between 1832 and 1840, attempts were made to improve the means of communication, but the Turks allowed them to deteriorate, and at present the only method of reaching the interior is by horse or mule, sometimes on a wooden saddle which makes the rider feel every stone on the dry river-bed, which here, as in other parts of Turkey, passes for a road. This was one of the chief grievances which led to the insurrection of 1866–68. Not a bridge has been constructed since the Venetians left, agriculture is still as primitive as in the time of the Arab or Roman domination, and the scheme of tramways, which has been advocated by M. Lyghounes of Canea, has hitherto met with the opposition of the reactionary Beys, who fear, as their fellows did in Macedonia, when the railway was made from Salonica to Mitrovica, that their property would suffer from the new facilities thus afforded. A good harbour, too, is badly wanted at Candia; in fact, in Crete everything has to be created, and nothing can be done without money, of which Prince George is not generally supposed to have much at his disposal. It may be remembered, that a loan of at least six million francs, guaranteed by the Powers, was one of the proposals submitted by France last year for the settlement of the Cretan question.

For this reason, as well as on account of the Prince's inexperience, his wretched fiasco in the late war, and above all in consequence of the difference of creed among

the Cretans whom he would have to rule, not a few think, and I confess I am one of them, that a governor who was neither a Greek nor a Turk, but who had had experience in managing Orientals of different religions, would have been a far better choice. Practically, only two countries could supply such a man, Great Britain from her Anglo-Indian officials, and Austria-Hungary from her staff of administrators in Bosnia and the Hercegovina. Great Britain having been excluded by Lord Salisbury's self-denying ordinance and by the idea, universally prevalent in the Levant, that we want Suda bay, an idea not shared, I may remark, by our naval officers on the spot, who pointed out to me that Suda bay is by no means safe, that Cyprus and Malta enable us to dispense with it, and that it would be impossible to hold it without the command of the hills around it, the choice is narrowed to an Austro-Hungarian subject. For my part, having seen what has been effected in Bosnia and the Hercegovina in the last twenty years under conditions very similar to those of Crete, I cannot conceive of any better selection, and have met several Austro-Hungarian officials who would fulfil all the requirements of the post. This opinion is also that of so experienced a diplomatist as Sir Horace Rumbold, British Ambassador at Vienna, who told Count Goluchowski that: "An Austro-Hungarian officer of distinction, especially one who had been employed in Bosnia, would seem to me to have the best qualifications required."[1] For, in Crete, as in Bosnia, there never were many actual Turks outside the few Pashas sent there to govern the country, but the populations, Christian and Mussulman alike, were of the same race, being in Bosnia both Serbs, and in Crete both Greeks. Although a large number of Cretans embraced the faith of Islâm soon after the Turkish conquest, some conver-

[1] *Turkey*, No. 12 (1897), p. 12.

sions are of quite recent date. Under such circumstances, no one but an outsider could deal out open-handed justice to both parties. I do not doubt that Prince George will endeavour to do so, but he must rely for advice, either upon the foreign consuls or upon extreme partisans of either side, Greek advocates or Mussulman Beys, while an experienced European administrator would be able to judge for himself. Moreover, if the Concert of Europe had any sense of humour, or conducted its affairs on business-like principles, it would hardly entrust the difficult task of governing Crete to a young man, who had signally failed in the one thing that he has undertaken.

Such an arrangement as I have suggested would not prevent the ultimate union of Crete with Greece, should the Cretans so desire it. As far back as November 16, 1866, during the Cretan insurrection of that year, Prince Gortschakoff wrote to his Ambassador in Paris : "Nous ne voyons qu'une issue possible, e'est l'annexion de la Candie au royaume de Grèce." But on this last point I venture to express my doubts. As was pointed out in the chapter on the Ionian Islands, an immense decline in material prosperity has resulted from their annexation to the Greek kingdom, and their removal from the British Protectorate. Crètans themselves have informed me that if their island could enjoy for a spell of years the blessings of Western government, of which, as yet, the mass of the islanders can form no idea whatever, having never experienced it, the natives would hesitate to purchase union with Greece at the price of high taxes, compulsory military service and government from the mainland. It may be remarked that at the beginning of the War of Independence, the Cretans were not very keen for the Greek cause ; while in the early days of the Cretan insurrection of 1866–68 there was no desire for annexation

to Greece, though later on the Assembly declared for it. At present, of course, there is a keen desire for union among most of the Cretan Christians, whose views may be summarised in the remark which the Archbishop made to me: "A daughter loves her mother however poor she may be." But at this moment the Cretan Christians are hardly in a position to judge on this point. They rightly feel that anything would be better than Turkish rule; they cannot compare the advantages of Western with

A BAIRAM RAM: CANEA.
(*From a Photo. by Miss Chadwick.*)

Greek administration. At any rate, a preliminary period of European government would be the best possible preparation from the material standpoint for them, as it was for the Ionian Islanders.

But anything is preferable to the Turkish rule of this magnificent island. Eight times this century has Crete risen in insurrection, and, so far as material progress is concerned, the island was better off in the seventeenth century than it is now. The recent Turkish governors, with the exception of Photiades and Karatheodori, the

former of whom governed peacefully with the Pact of Halepa, and the latter left a pleasant memory behind him, have been either knaves or fools. One of them earned the difficult distinction of being the greatest thief in the Empire. Another was so weak, that at a crisis he burst into a flood of tears and besought a newspaper correspondent to save him; while a third, having scraped together a sufficient income, fled from his post, and is now living abroad. None of them pretended to do anything for public security in the island; in fact, a Turkish governor, on hearing that a certain European had passed many years in Crete, naïvely remarked: "Ah, you must be a very courageous man." Of Turkish justice these two examples will suffice. There used to be an advocate who was brother-in-law of the judge, and whose practice it was to put up his clients' cases to auction by agreement with the counsel for the other side and with the judge. The highest bidder obtained judgment. In another case, a landed proprietor, whose sheep had been stolen, found the name of the thief inserted in place of his own on the writ. As the result of this error he, and not the culprit, was arrested, put in prison for ten days, and then tried and convicted for the theft of his own sheep!

That the Sultan would personally object to the virtual loss of Crete is doubted by those who know how little he gets out of it. The Cretan dues are paid into the *douanes* at Smyrna, and much of them stick on the way, while the cost of suppressing Cretan insurrections has from first to last been enormous. "No other part of the Ottoman Empire," wrote Von Hammer, the great historian of Turkey, "has been so hard to gain"; and, one may add, none has been so expensive to keep. But Abdul Hamid has been bombarded with petitions from some of the local Beys, who have represented it as a question of national honour that the Turks should retain hold of an

island which it cost their forefathers so many years to conquer, and the result of the late war has, of course, encouraged their friends at Constantinople. In Crete, at any rate, no one is very sanguine that Prince George, or indeed any governor, will arrive in the island for some time to come. Promptitude above all else is required in Crete, but how can that be expected from the Concert of Europe, whether composed of six Powers, or reduced, as it now is, to four ?

CRETAN LADIES SHOPPING.
(From a Photo. by Miss Chadwick.)

CHAPTER X

SAMOS: A STUDY IN AUTONOMY

THERE had been so much talk about Samian autonomy in connection with the Cretan question, and so little seemed to be known about the government of the island, that I was exceedingly anxious to visit

VATHY: SAMOS.
(From a Photo. by Miss Chadwick.)

Samos and see for myself how it compares with other parts of the Turkish Empire. My visit proved to me beyond all doubt the immense advantages which an autonomous province enjoys over the immediate possessions of the Sultan. The Eastern proverb says that "grass

never grows where the Turk's horse has trod," and too many of the Ægean islands, robbed of their foliage and reduced to mere arid rocks during the War of Independence, bear witness to the truth of the maxim. But Samos is one of the loveliest spots in the Levant. As you enter the beautiful harbour of Vathy between hills clothed with verdure to the summit and rich with vineyards and olive-yards, you seem to be transported to some fairy scene, where Nature has done everything for the benefit of man. Land on the quay, and the trim white houses and spotless streets speak of prosperity and good administration such as are rare in the Near East. A miniature Eiffel Tower stands in a small square by the harbour, and around are countless depôts of the far-famed Samian cigarettes, which, sold on the spot for a franc and a half a hundred, make the island the paradise of the smoker. It was a festival when we arrived, and the inhabitants had all turned out in their best dress in honour of the day. Tall islanders in irreproachably snow-white stockings and baggy dark-blue breeches, with the long-tasselled fez upon their heads, were strolling about the quay or sitting in the cafés smoking and talking—the very ideal of Greek life. Every few minutes from the hills above the harbour rang out the crack of rifles and the roar of cannon, for the Samians were showing their joy at the festival in true Greek fashion by letting off all the firearms that they possessed. Close by my ears one merry fellow discharged an old blunderbuss that looked as if it might have done service in the War of Independence against the Capitan Pasha. Everywhere the Samian colours were flying, for the Principality possesses a flag of its own, and the sole representatives of the Turkish suzerain who were visible in the streets were a few tall and well-dressed gendarmes in dark-blue and red petticoats and gaiters, whose accoutrements contrasted strangely with those of the

slip-shod tatterdemalions who serve the Turk elsewhere.

Accompanied by the British Consul, we hastened to pay our respects to the Prince, for it chanced to be his reception day. Four gendarmes guarded the door of the palace, a square building which stands on the quay, but their presence is merely for form's sake, for the Prince is

POLICEMAN AT VATHY.
(From a Photo. by Miss Chadwick.)

accessible to all his subjects and needs no protection from those whom he governs. Without the slightest ceremony we were ushered into the reception-room, where his Highness and the Princess Marie were busy shaking hands with a crowd of Samians of all sorts and conditions from the smart merchant down to the collarless boatman, who kissed the Princess's hand with that easy

grace common to all the Greeks. The Prince, or Ἡγεμών, Stephanos Mousourus, speaks English perfectly, and not only has no accent, but uses idioms with an accuracy which many Englishmen might envy. But this is not to be wondered at when it is remembered that his father was for nearly thirty years Turkish Ambassador in London before the late Rustem Pasha, and was in his day one of the most familiar figures in society, of which, as the *doyen* of the diplomatic body, he was an important personage. The son—who is the eleventh Prince of Samos since the island was formed into an autonomous principality, under the guarantee of Great Britain, France, and Russia in 1832—is a man of fifty-seven, and has spent the last two years in his present position. While French *fondants* were handed round to his guests he discoursed to me on men and things, showing, what is very rare in a Turkish official, a keen sense of humour. He has, indeed, at Vathy a delightfully easy post, which the future Governor of Crete might well envy. For there is this great and, to my mind, fundamental difference between the two islands, which Lord Stanley, at that time Foreign Secretary, pointed out over thirty years ago, that while in Crete one-third of the population is Mussulman and two-thirds are Christian, in Samos out of a population of 49,733, according to the latest available figures, those for 1896, no fewer than 49,697 belonged to the Orthodox Greek Church. Indeed it is said that, outside the gendarmes and a small Turkish garrison emblematic of the Sultan's suzerainty, there are only eight Mussulmans in the island. Where there is such a vast preponderance of one religion over all others, there is no fear of fanaticism, such as has been the curse of Crete, and accordingly there is no real parallel between the two cases. Whenever the Sultan has sought a Christian Governor for the Cretans, he has, nevertheless,

moved the Prince of Samos for the time being to the konak at Canea. Thus, Georgi Berović, the last Christian Governor of Crete before the intervention of the Powers, had previously been Prince of Samos; and, after his hasty flight to Corfù, leaving Crete to chaos and the Concert of Europe, the Porte actually appointed in his stead another ex-Prince of Samos, Photiades Bey. Alexander Karatheodori, the model Turkish governor, also filled both positions, and succeeded in remaining at Vathy for the longest period yet known—nine years.

Although it rose against the Turk in the War of Independence, during the two generations of its autonomy Samos has been in the happy position of having no history. Looking over its annals for this period, I can find nothing more eventful to relate than the names and accessions of its eleven Princes, the visit of the King of the Belgians, the opening of the college, called after the greatest of all Samians, Pythagoras, and the laying of one or two foundation-stones. During the same period of time, Crete, under immediate Turkish rule, save for the brief Egyptian interlude, has undergone seven revolutions. The Samian privileges were confirmed and increased in 1850, and have caused general satisfaction alike to the people and to the Porte. Among other blessings, the island possesses that unique one among all the Principalities and Powers of this world—the absence of a National Debt. Like Cyprus, it pays an annual tribute—in this case of 300,000 piastres, or about £2,500—to the Sultan; but, even so, it easily makes both ends meet; for it is a rich island, and, when once the tribute has been paid, the Turkish Government has nothing more to say. There is a Senate of four persons, representing the four districts of the island, who are selected by the Prince out of a list of eight submitted to him every year by the National Assembly, as prescribed by the Organic

Statute. The Senators must be "able to read and write, and be not less than thirty years of age." This arrangement is found to work well. The laws of the island are as good as its tobacco, and its famous, if somewhat sickly-sweet, wine, of which Byron sang the praises; public safety is well maintained, and, in the words of our Consul, "persons can travel about all over Samos, day or night, without the slightest fear of molestation."

With such a record as this, and with a climate so benign that the death-rate of Vathy is only 13 per thousand, the Samians ought, indeed, to take warning by their old tyrant, Polykrates, and throw what they prize best into the sea, lest their too-good fortune offend the gods. They have an elaborate system of public education, as befits an island which in ancient days produced so many sages and taught the Athenians the Ionian alphabet. There are, according to the latest figures, 48 public schools, or about one per thousand of the whole population, which contain 6,033 pupils of both sexes. There are 94 teachers employed in these establishments. The educational system of the island culminates in the above-mentioned Pythagoreum, an institution which attracts pupils from Crete and other islands as well as from Samos itself. Not without reason, therefore, does an enthusiastic Samian writer compare it to a "lighthouse, spreading its light far and wide in the Levant." The teachers in the various public schools of the island, the officials, and most of the doctors and lawyers are among its *alumni*. But the Samians are not content to stand still in the matter of education. They feel the lack of technical instruction in agriculture, seeing that the majority of the inhabitants are engaged in agricultural pursuits, of infant schools on the Kindergarten system, and of higher female education. An elaborate memorial on these subjects was drawn up by the Principal of the Pythagoreum and laid before the

Prince and the National Assembly some time ago. A small archæological museum has been lately founded to preserve the scattered memorials of the island's great past, and has awakened much patriotic interest among the inhabitants. Nothing struck me more forcibly in Samos than the excellent postal arrangements, for these in its

SAMIANS.
(From a Photo. by Miss Chadwick.)

immediate dominions the Turkish Government is never able to make. But at Vathy I found a neat post-office with a French-speaking postmaster, who actually took the trouble to despatch his mails at the proper hours and sort his letters in a business-like fashion. Yet of one thing the Samians, whom I met, complained. They said that they had no amusements, and that they found even their

paradise dull without the excitements of the modern man. As that appears to be their only grievance, one is justified in assuming that the experiment of autonomy in Samos has been a complete success, and might with advantage be applied to the other Turkish islands, where the population is like that of Samos, largely Greek. But for the government of a mixed community there is little to be learned from this example. Certainly, for many years past, the Samians have had good cause to congratulate themselves on the unique position which they have so long held, not only as compared with their fellow-Greeks in other parts of Turkey, but with the highly taxed and hitherto badly administered subjects of the Hellenic Kingdom. The Sultan, too, were he wise, would see the advantage of extending a system which secures him a fixed and regularly paid income, without expenditure of either blood or treasure. Though here, as elsewhere in the Levant, Great Britain is gradually losing her trade to the ubiquitous Germans, she has, however, the satisfaction of having achieved by her share in the joint protection of Samos, at least one really successful stroke of policy in the Near East.

A still smaller island, but in a very different part of the Orient, gives us a further example of the happiness which may be secured by the practical separation of an Ottoman possession from the immediate sway of the Sultan. Travelling down the Danube soon after the blowing up of the Iron Gates had freed that river to the commerce of nations, I lighted, just above that once impenetrable barrier of rock and close to the spot where the three kingdoms of Hungary, Roumania and Servia meet, upon an island in the stream, which belonged to none of these three riverain states. For here is one of those curious geographical anomalies which are the delight of diplomacy. Landing on this island of Ada-Kaleh, you are transported

back to the bad old times, when the Crescent still waved over the Danube and the Turk was at the gates of Vienna. Few people in Western Europe know that there still exists on this islet, half-way in mid-stream between Hungary and Servia, a Turkish colony, preserving its own laws, worshipping in its own fashion, electing its own chief magistrate, and protected, just as Bosnia is protected, by the sheltering wings of the Austrian double-eagle. From the dismantled battlements of its citadel the Turkish flag still flies, while a genuine Turkish bazar, presenting rather a bank-holiday appearance, and a large mosque with some fine old Turkish tombs adjoining it, testify to the nationality of the islanders. On the steamer I met the burgomaster, as the Austrians call him—a big, burly Turk, with a flowing white beard. Although the Treaty of Berlin has given Austria-Hungary the right of garrisoning the island and she keeps a company of soldiers there, the burgomaster finds no difficulty in keeping order among his 480 subjects. Enjoying practical freedom from Custom's dues the natives of Ada-Kaleh drive a roaring trade, and have no wish to be annexed by any of their neighbours, and the prosperity of their little community under Austro-Hungarian protection forms a striking contrast to the anarchy which prevails in the Turkish Empire. Ada-Kaleh (its name is Turkish for "the island-castle") was once a fortress of enormous strength, a barrier as effective as the Iron Gates themselves; but its triple ring of forts and moats is now abandoned to the lizards and the frogs, and a stone bearing a fine Turkish inscription with a German translation is all that is left to tell of the great deeds of Mahmûd Khan, the terror of all his neighbours, who used to swoop down from this island home upon the fertile plains of Hungary in the days gone by, and died in 1739—the same year that the Austrian troops retired from

Servia, and that country fell once more beneath the Turkish sway. Those who believe that the true solution of the Eastern question is a Western protectorate, will find their theory carried out in practice on a very small scale in this miniature commonwealth.

CHAPTER XI

THE PROMISED LAND : MACEDONIA

SALONICA is undoubtedly the key of Macedonia, that promised land for which six Balkan nationalities and at least one great European Power are eagerly scheming. As such the ancient city of Thessalonica is only second in importance to Constantinople itself. In every age it has played an imposing part. It has shared with the Imperial residence on the Bosporus the glory of being the capital of the whole Balkan Peninsula. Against its walls, as against those of Constantinople, the forces of many great captains have been directed, and in the late Greco-Turkish war the bombardment of Salonica by the Hellenic fleet would, if it had not been prevented by the Powers, have materially crippled the resources of the Turks. Since the completion of the Constantinople Junction railway, which was the right arm of the Ottoman Government in that struggle, and enabled the Turks to strike hard and quickly at their foes, the old town has become a railway terminus of the utmost value to its Turkish owners. Three lines now converge at this spot—that from Constantinople, that from Belgrade and Niš, and that from Monastir, which connects the sea with the heart of Macedonia. Besides, Salonica, in spite of the depression caused by the political events of the past three years, is one of the most flourishing commercial towns of Eastern Europe. It was intended by nature to be the outlet for the trade of

"SALONICA, SEEN FROM THE SEA."

the whole Peninsula on the Ægean, just as in mediæval times Ragusa was the outlet on the Adriatic. And when the long-planned railway line between Sarajevo and Mitrovica is at last made, Salonica may perhaps supersede Brindisi as the port of embarkation for travellers and mails *en route* for India and Egypt.

Seen from the sea, Salonica is one of the most beautiful cities of the East. As you enter the gulf, with the broad mass of Olympus, crowned with a diadem of snow, on your left, you see at the end a walled city, lying in an amphitheatre of low hills straight before you. As you approach, the countless minarets and the dark cypresses, which form a background to their snow-white companions, have that unmistakably Eastern look which modern Athens lacks and modern Belgrade has lost. And the white walls which still surround Salonica on three sides give it an appearance of compactness which the average straggling nineteenth century town never possesses. The round Norman tower on the quay reminds you, in spite of its recent whitewashing in honour of the King of Servia's visit, of the far-off days, seven centuries ago, when Tancred captured Salonica with his Sicilian host. In the street which runs through the busy bazar to the sea you can discern a crowd of red-fezzed Turkish soldiers, armed to the teeth, mixed with the ubiquitous Jewish merchants of the town, whose ancestors fled here, as others fled to Bosnia and Smyrna, to escape the fires and tortures of the Spanish Inquisition. Conspicuous in the medley of head-dresses on the quay is the green arrangement, in which the Jewesses fasten their hair, like a pig-tail, while the mob of boatmen, now swarming up the vessel's side, is as picturesque as any you will find between Corfù and Constantinople. Salonica, seen from the sea, looks indeed a perfect city, and you feel inclined at this

distance to believe that here at least is an exception to that general rule of dilapidation and decay which follows the Turkish flag all over the East of Europe.

But land on the quay and take a walk through Salonica the picturesque, and you reconsider your verdict. From the seething Custom House, fit model of official stupidity and ignorance, squalid, dingy streets lead up to the main thoroughfare of the town. Dead rats and offal of every kind are left to rot in the blazing sun, and one learns to thank those good scavengers, the pariah dogs and the audacious crows, for their labours in their own and the public interest. Stench succeeds stench in the narrow lanes which intersect the upper town. At every turn the huge holes in the roadway threaten discomfiture to the unwary traveller, while streams of what for politeness may be called water ooze down the centre of these rocky beds. Now and again a stray dustcart may be seen, but the city is too large for such spasmodic efforts to prevail over the daily accumulations of "matter in the wrong place," and the one exception to the general squalor of the town is where the guiding hand of an Englishman, Mr. Blunt, the British Consul-General, has called order out of chaos, and paved and drained the merchants' quarter. Of the quaint, nameless alleys which serve as feeders to the main street there is no end. The very cabmen do not know how to find them, and perhaps it is just as well, for a drive up one of these quarry-like lanes would be more excruciating than the rack to the unfortunate victim. Picturesque these things may be, but one wonders no longer that Salonica is the chosen home of fever, and that the visitor who traverses these streets in the night air does so at his peril. Under an energetic European Government the town would become what Sarajevo, in spite of much greater obstacles, has been made under the enlightened rule of Austria-

Hungary. But the Turk goes on as his forbears did, and the one modern improvement which he has patronised is the Belgian Company's tramway, which traverses the main street, the Egnatian Way of the Romans, and passes beneath the fine old arch of the Emperor Galerius with a rapid disdain which seems to say to both Roman and Turkish rulers of Salonica that the modern West is their superior. Yet you have your reward for a scramble among the slums of this truly Oriental town. The Byzantine remains of Salonica are scarcely equalled by those of any other city of the East. Even the great fire, which laid a large part of Salonica in ashes in 1891, has spared, as if in reverence, the Mosque of St. George, that strange round building which Trajan built after the model of the Pantheon, and which witnessed the baptism of the Emperor Theodosius. It has spared, too, the famous marble pulpit from which St. Paul is said to have preached to the Thessalonians, and the great mosque of St. Demetrius, with its "sweating" columns and its tomb of the saint. Thither once a year the Greeks repair, without let or hindrance from their Turkish masters, to do honour to the holy father, and he who eats the mould around his tomb is said to go away cured of whatever disease he may have contracted. Scattered about all over the city you may find memorials of Salonica's Byzantine greatness, in the shape of sculptured and lettered stones, once forming part of some ancient arch or church, but now devoted to the meanest uses. Even the noble arch of Galerius is spoiled by the wretched booths which have clustered around it, and in one place a sacrilegious Turk has driven two wooden poles to support the canvas roof of his shop right into the marble bas-reliefs of a Roman triumph. But it must be admitted that the conversion of the churches into mosques has at least saved them from that destruction which would

"THE FINE OLD ARCH OF THE EMPEROR GALERIUS."

otherwise have been their lot. Here, if in little else, the Turks have shown themselves more enlightened than some of the Western barbarians, whose acts of vandalism have wrought such havoc at Rome and elsewhere.

Salonica is at the present time in a period of expectancy. All persons who have any knowledge of the Eastern question admit that, in spite of the recent success of the Turkish arms over a weak and ill-prepared antagonist, the rule of the Ottoman in Macedonia is drawing to a close. If only the various competitors for the "Sick Man's" Macedonian estate could make up their minds, his rule would be numbered by months rather than years. But they cannot agree between themselves, and meanwhile the Turk remains in possession by the time-honoured expedient of playing one off against the other.

The Macedonian question is perhaps the most dangerous problem which the statesmen of Europe will have to face in the near future. One of the ablest and most experienced of British diplomatists in the Balkan Peninsula said to me a year and a half ago, "Old Servia, Macedonia, and Albania will before long become a regular cockpit between Bulgarians, Servians, Montenegrins, and Greeks." That he was right, no one at all acquainted with the facts will for a moment doubt. Some persons foretold the great Macedonian rising for the early summer of last year, others believed that last spring would witness the beginning of the struggle; but all are agreed that in Macedonia there exist the germs of a conflict, which may not only herald the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire in Europe, but may lead to a fratricidal contest between the Christian States of the Balkans, or even to that much-dreaded European war, which it has been the object of diplomacy to postpone, if it cannot prevent.

The Eastern question has always been difficult, but its

difficulties were immensely increased when politicians discovered what ethnologists had long ago learned, that the subjects of the Sultan could not be divided into the easy but inaccurate division of Greeks and Turks. Religion, not race, was regarded, until a comparatively short time ago, as the vital distinction between the various inhabitants of Turkey. As all Mussulmans of whatever race have the same faith, and that faith is the religion of the governing Turk, they were comprehensively described as Turks, just as the Bosnian Mussulmans are popularly styled even now. As, until the creation of the Bulgarian Exarchate by the firman of March 10, 1870, the Greek Patriarch was the spiritual lord of the Balkan Peninsula, the Christians were massed together under the compendious title of Greeks. I have met Bulgarians at the present day, whose parents were brought up to learn Greek as their mother-tongue. One reason why there is so little sympathy with the Greek cause among the other Balkan peoples is the memory of the tyranny in matters spiritual of the Phanariot clergy, a tyranny scarcely less hateful than that of the Turks in matters temporal.

Since the creation of the Bulgarian Exarchate, the erection of the two independent kingdoms of Roumania and Servia, and the formation of an autonomous Principality of Bulgaria, there is no longer any possibility of a simple division of European Turkey among Christians and Mussulmans. The doctrine of nationalities has played a great part in the history of our time, and nowhere more than in the Balkan Peninsula. We all know now the leading characteristics of the Bulgarian, the Serb, the Roumanian, and the Albanian races, whose very existence was barely suspected, or at any rate forgotten, by the politicians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But in no part of the Balkan Peninsula are these races so mixed and jumbled together as in Macedonia. Rou-

mania is mainly peopled by Roumanians, except in the Dobrudža; Bulgaria contains a vast preponderance of Bulgarians over all other nationalities; Servia may comprise one or two Bulgarian-speaking districts, but she is overwhelmingly Servian; Montenegro has far more Montenegrins than Albanians within her extended borders; while Greece, except in Thessaly, possesses comparatively few but Greek subjects. But in Macedonia all these races are hopelesssly intermixed. Unfortunately, too, almost every race of the Peninsula has at some distant period held more or less brief sway over some part or other of Macedonia, and these historical reminiscences, which may seem of purely antiquarian importance to the "practical" statesmen of Western Europe, for whom history begins with the Berlin Treaty, are considered vital in the Balkans. To the imaginative Serb the conquests of the great Servian Tsar Dušan seem very real, and that monarch's personality just as vivid as if he had been a nineteenth, instead of a fourteenth, century hero. The Bulgarians are less impressionable than the Serbs, but they, too, have their legend; and it is not too much to say that the remote exploits of the old Bulgarian Tsars, Simeon, Samuel, and John Asèn II., suggest to the Bulgarians of to-day a great future for their country. Were these various enthusiasms capable of being gratified at the expense of the Turk alone, the Macedonian problem would be infinitely simpler; for it has long been a maxim of European diplomacy that, whenever there is a struggle in the Balkan Peninsula, the Sultan has to pay the piper: sometimes, as in Bosnia and the Hercegovina, by the "consolidation" of his Empire; sometimes, as in the case of Bulgaria, under the convenient euphemism of "autonomy"; sometimes, as in Roumania and Servia, by the absolute and final cession of all his rights. But in Macedonia this cheap and easy solution avails nothing.

For, as ill-luck will have it, the rival claims of the various competitors overlap each other. To Bulgarian, Serb, and Greek alike, Macedonia is "the promised land," and the aspirations of the one can only be satisfied by ignoring those of the others. No one who knows the past history and present politics of the Balkan Peninsula can hope for any mutual arrangement, any policy of concessions, between these candidates. Geography, too, is against such an arrangement, for the peculiar formation of Macedonia, composed as it is of mountains, lakes, and disconnected plains, and the extraordinary intermixture of races in many parts of it, render lines of demarcation between the future frontiers of Greater Greece, Greater Servia, and Greater Bulgaria, hard to draw. Besides, these three races do not exhaust the full list of Macedonian claimants. Of late years a new propaganda, that of the Koutzo-Wallachs, or Macedonian Roumanians, has made its appearance; while still more recently the Albanians, deficient hitherto in the sense of nationality and content to remain subjects of a Power which did not interfere with their "legitimate occupation" of cutting each others' and their neighbours' throats, have begun to form a separate organisation. And above all these five parties there rises the Austrian eagle, ready later on to pounce down upon Salonica, whenever a suitable opportunity offers. We may briefly state the claims and prospects of these various claimants for the reversion of Macedonia.

Of the Christian races of the Balkans, the Bulgarians at present hold the strongest position in this debatable land. Historically, there is little doubt, despite the endeavours of Greek and Servian writers to minimise their claims, that at various times in the days of the old Bulgarian Tsars Macedonia was almost entirely under their sway. The Tsar Simeon, who reigned from 893 to

927, captured from the Greeks all Macedonia except the sea-coast, which still remains the stronghold of the seafaring Hellenes in that country. Simeon styled himself, by virtue of his conquests, "Tsar of the Bulgarians and Autocrat of the Greeks," and his magificence filled his contemporaries with wonder. When, after his time, the Bulgarian realm was divided into a Western and an Eastern State, Šišman I. of Trnovo founded the West Bulgarian Empire about 963 in Macedonia and Albania; a little later the famous Bulgarian Tsar, Samuel, whose reign extended from 976 to 1014, made Macedonia the centre of his empire, and fixed his residence first on a rocky island in the upper lake of Prespa, and then at Ochrida. To this day the name of *Grad*, or "the fort," which the island still bears, testifies to his occupation of the spot. It was to Prespa, too, that Samuel, returning from the sack of Larissa, transferred the remains of the holy Achilles, and the remains of a monastery dedicated to this saint are still to be found on an island of the lower lake. Now, for the first time, we read of a Bulgarian Patriarch of Ochrida, a see which played a considerable part at one time or another in Macedonian history. Even when the Byzantine Emperor Basil, "the Bulgar-slayer," conquered and overthrew the first Bulgarian Empire in 1018, he allowed this Bulgarian church at Ochrida to exist, though he substituted an archbishop for a Patriarch. And we learn from the golden bulls, in which this Emperor confirmed the privileges of the Bulgarian church, that under Samuel, that is to say, in the first two decades of the eleventh century, the Bulgarian realm had included practically all Macedonia. Priština, Uskub, Veles, Prilêp, Kastoria, and even Joannina, the capital of Albania, had all owned the sway of the mighty Bulgarian Tsar. With the formation of the second Bulgarian Empire in 1186, the rule of the Tsars once more

made itself felt in Macedonia. As early as 1197 a Bulgarian noble declared himself independent in the passes of the Vardar, and governed Upper Macedonia in his own name. We find the Tsar Kalojan lord of Uskub in 1210; and under John Asên II. the golden age of Samuel returned, and the Bulgarian Empire included all Macedonia, except Salonica. Thus, for a long period in the first half of the thirteenth century, Bulgaria was a great Balkan Power, but after John Asên's death Macedonia was soon lost. Constantine Asên, who ruled from 1258 to 1277, was the last Bulgarian Tsar who occupied Upper Macedonia, and then only for a short time. With the thirteenth century Bulgarian domination over "the promised land" ends, excepting that the Bulgarian Archbishopric of Ochrida continued to exist under Greek influence down to its suppression in 1767. But for three centuries it had been nothing but a mere title, and Bulgarian only in name.

The present Bulgarian propaganda in Macedonia dates from the foundation of the Bulgarian Exarchate in 1870, which the Bulgarians had demanded ever since 1857. Slaveikoff, by his journal, published at Constantinople in the sixties, had endeavoured to prepare the way for the national movement in Macedonia; but so little was the Bulgarian alphabet then known, even among the Bulgarian Macedonians, that the editor was forced to print his patriotic articles in Greek characters, just as, earlier on, when the Roumanians protested against the tyranny of the Greeks, they drew up their protest in the Greek language. But with the creation of the Exarchate the Bulgars of Macedonia gained a rallying-point, while in Russia, and above all in General Ignatieff, they found a powerful support. Had the Treaty of San Stefano been maintained, all the principal places in Macedonia, except Salonica, would have formed

integral parts of a "big Bulgaria," such as had not existed since the days of John Asên II.; and the Principality, with a frontage on the Ægean, would not only have cut the dominions of European Turkey in two but would have barred the road which the Greeks hope will one day lead them from Athens *viâ* Salonica to Constantinople. But the "big Bulgaria" of San Stefano was cut down to very narrow limits at Berlin, and Macedonia still remains "the promised land." Prince Alexander told a friend of mine in 1882, that he "often turned his eyes" thither, and Prince Ferdinand at one time aspired to go down to history as "the Macedonian." Russia, however, no longer favours the Macedonian aspirations of the Bulgarians, for she has learned by bitter experience since San Stefano that her former *protégés* have no wish to be under a Russian Protectorate. Indeed, during the quarrel between Bulgaria and Servia over Macedonian affairs at the close of last year, Russian influence was rather on the side of Servia. But during the vigorous administration of Stambuloff, the Bulgarian propaganda made further progress. *Berats* were granted in 1890 for two Bulgarian Bishops at Ochrida and Uskub respectively, and four years later two more were issued, the Bulgarian schools in Macedonia were permitted the same rights as the Greeks, and forty Bulgarian communes were formally recognised. It has now become the policy of Bulgaria to present a pistol at the head of her suzerain whenever he is in difficulties, and demand as the price of her neutrality more bishops and schools in Macedonia. This was the policy pursued by Prince Ferdinand at the beginning of the late Greco-Turkish war, though in this case it has resulted in little but the promise of the appointment of eight Bulgarian commercial agents. Bulgaria is, however, gaining ground in Macedonia in other ways, and the extension of the Bulgarian line to

Kumanova will bring the Principality in direct communication with Salonica. Even in that sea-port, perhaps the least Bulgarian of Macedonian cities, there are five thousand Bulgarians, while most of the villagers outside, who till the *tchifliks* of the Turkish proprietors, belong to the same plodding race. Up country it is the same story of Bulgarian progress. A gentleman who has had long experience in Macedonia tells me that "the Bulgarians were never so strong as at present, nor so well organised for the struggle. Their schools, once few and poor every way, have greatly improved as well as increased." And he sums up their prospects by saying that "in the end they will win nearly all the Bulgarian-speaking people of Macedonia; that is to say, a large majority of the non-Moslem population, especially of the agriculturists." For in agriculture the Bulgarian is without a rival among the races of the Balkan Peninsula. Another high authority is of opinion, that, while Bulgaria will not do anything in Macedonia, unless Russia urges the Prince on, "that country will ultimately fall to the Bulgarians there." A Bulgarian diplomatist himself admitted to me that "it would be a Utopian idea to demand the annexation of Macedonia." In fact, since the Greco-Turkish conflict, the Turkish Minister of War has told a friend of mine that a small army would suffice to keep the Bulgarians quiet; this view seems to be shared by the Bulgarian Government, which is now content to demand "reforms" for Macedonia and the execution of article 23 of the Berlin Treaty by the Sultan, apparently under the auspices of a commission of the Great Powers. But the "Concert of Europe" will certainly prove quite as dilatory in Macedonia as in Crete; while the guns of the Admirals cannot penetrate to Uskub. Such representative Bulgarians as M. Zankoff, the ex-Premier; M. Petkoff, the editor of the *Svoboda*, the

chief Opposition paper at Sofia; M. Karaveloff, the Democratic leader; M. Vasoff, the Minister of Public Instruction, and M. Radoslavoff, the Liberal chief, have all expressed themselves in favour of a pacific policy in Macedonia, where, in the words of M. Vasoff, "the development of national education is progressing favourably."

But the rise of the Servian propaganda has undoubtedly somewhat hampered the advancing Bulgars. Servia has only comparatively recently revived her ancient claims to Macedonia, and, until the occupation of Bosnia and the Hercegovina by Austria-Hungary, turned her eyes to those provinces rather than to the land in which her Tsar Dušan had once fixed his capital. Servia is the only European country, except Switzerland, which is absolutely landlocked, and it is her natural desire to obtain a port at which she can ship her pigs. Prior to 1878, she dreamt of an outlet on the Adriatic, at Ragusa or Cattaro, but the success of the Austrian rule in Bosnia and the Hercegovina has caused her to despair of Dalmatia, and aspire to the reversion of Salonica, with which she is now connected by a direct line of railway from Niš. Accordingly, the Servian Government, which in former days favoured the Bulgarian movement in Macedonia, and actually allowed the first books of that propaganda to be printed at Belgrade, has now become its rival. Austria is by no means sorry to find Servian energies turned in another direction, and is well content that Serbs and Bulgars should neutralise each others' efforts. Those who lament, as I do, the mutual jealousies of these two Slav states of the Peninsula, must regret that they cannot pull together in Macedonia. But no one at all acquainted with Bulgarian and Servian history and politics can hope for any such unanimity of purpose. M. Grekoff, the ablest of living Bulgarian statesmen, endeavoured in 1885 to arrange a *modus vivendi* between

these two competitors for Macedonia, and the answer was the fratricidal war which culminated in the battle of Slivnica. The Servian Consul at Salonica actually assured me that he could see in his mind's eye the future line of demarcation between the spheres of Servian and Bulgarian influence in Macedonia, which he placed at the river Vardar. But all these efforts to bring about an agreement have so far failed. So we have the hard fact of a vigorous Servian movement in Macedonia, which is largely directed against the Bulgarians. We are reminded very truly by Servian writers that their nationality has, no less than the Bulgars, its historical claims to this Naboth's vineyard. They tell us how Milutin Uroš II. conquered Macedonia as far as Seres in 1279, how Stephen Uroš III. made further conquests in the same region, and how the great Servian Tsar, Stephen Dušan, besieged Salonica, made Uskub his capital, and included all Macedonia in his vast dominions. It is a historical fact, that Dušan called himself in 1346, "Tsar of Macedónia, and Monarch of the Serbs, Greeks, Bulgarians, the coast, and the western parts." The centre of gravity of this brief-lived empire lay outside the boundaries of the modern Servian kingdom, and it is only natural, therefore, that the chauvinist politicians of Belgrade, whose ideal is the resurrection of a "Great Servia," as it existed in the time of Dušan, should cast longing eyes on the Macedonian inheritance. It is true that the Servian sway in Macedonia was short-lived. As soon as the strong personality of Dušan was removed by the hand of death, the new provinces of his empire fell away, and the victory of the Turks on the Marica in 1371 finally ended the Servian supremacy, and placed Macedonia under its present masters. But historic memories and commercial necessities are equally potent causes of the revived Servian interest in Macedonia.

Having come late into the field, Servia is making up for lost time by the energy of her agents. Considerable sums of money are spent in the conversion of Bulgarians to the Servian nationality, for it is part of the grim irony of the Macedonian question that people are as ready to become Serbs or Bulgars for hard cash as they are in more civilised countries to vote Liberal or Conservative for a valuable consideration. American missionaries, working among the Bulgarians of Macedonia, have noticed with surprise that all of a sudden their familiar disciples have changed their nationality, and blossomed out into full-blown Serbs. To the north of the Šar mountains, which before 1878 formed the *ne plus ultra* of Servian hopes, there is, undoubtedly, a genuine Servian population, speaking Serb as its mother-tongue. The *vilayet* of Kossovo, so-called from the "accursed plain" which was the scene of the great battle in 1389, is largely Servian, and for the last six years there have been far more Servian than Bulgarian schools there. According to the last published statistics, those for the scholastic year 1893–4, kindly furnished me by the courteous Servian Consul when I was lately at Salonica, there were in that year 117 Servian schools in the Kossovo *vilayet*, part of which is, however, outside Macedonia proper, with 5,147 pupils of both sexes, and 159 teachers. According to the same table, there was one Servian school at Salonica, with seventy-five pupils and three teachers. The Consul told me that since then the number of Servian schools in the *vilayet* of Kossovo had risen to 140. But even beyond the Šar mountains, where the Serbs hold the field undisturbed by their Bulgarian rivals, they are hampered at every step by the savage Albanians. These marauders, whom the Sultan has never succeeded in keeping in order, have made themselves a terror to the Serbs. When, in 1889, the Servian

Government sent a consul for the first time to Priština, the place where the first Servian school in Turkey was opened in 1853, he was murdered by the Albanians within six months, because he had refused to obey their orders and take his departure. Last year they went a step further, and expelled the Turkish governors of both that place and Prizren. So frequent are the raids of the Albanians over the Servian frontier, so constant are the outrages committed by them upon Servians resident in Turkey, that during the three years from 1894 to 1897 no less than 204 notes were presented to the Porte on this subject by the Servian Minister at Constantinople.[1] No wonder that the Serbs of North Macedonia are leaving for other and more settled regions, while the Albanians remain masters of the situation. In the district of Uskub, where there are some Servian-speaking refugees and people speaking a Bulgarian dialect containing many Servian words, this propaganda may make some conquests. Thus, the Servian Government was successful after a fierce diplomatic struggle with the Bulgarian agent at Constantinople, in securing the appointment of the Servian Archbishop Fermilianos to the see of Uskub last autumn ; and an ancient monastery at Poboje, near that place, was the scene of a disgraceful conflict between the two nationalities, whose representatives had to be prevented by the Turkish troops from tearing one another to pieces. The church at Kumanova has been another bone of contention between the two rivals. But elsewhere in Macedonia, where the language of the people is Bulgarian and not Servian, the difference of tongue, though not insurmountable, is sufficient to make the task difficult. In the *vilayet* of Monastir, more

[1] Another strong note on this subject, backed by both Russia and Austria-Hungary, was presented by the Servian Minister on October 31st of the present year.

especially, the Serbs have little chance against their Bulgarian rivals. They have, indeed, opened a school at Monastir itself, and fifty-two places in that *vilayet* —so the Servian Consul at Salonica told me—have fulfilled all the conditions necessary to obtain permission to follow its example. He also contended that certain so-called Greek schools at Monastir were really Serb, for the instructors could not even speak Greek. But here, as elsewhere, the Servians have come too late, while many of their agents are not Servians by race, but are Bulgarians, who have quarrelled with their employers, and gone over to the other side in order to secure better pay. Unhappily, these educational rivalries lead occasionally to violence, as when last autumn there was an attempt by Bulgarians to kill the director of the Servian school at Prilêp and his daughter. Thus, in "the promised land," religion and education are a mere cloak for political agitation, and an additional bishop or a new school is regarded as one more point in the game of rival races.

Such is the present state of the two Slav candidatures for the reversion of Macedonia. United, Servians and Bulgarians might, perhaps, settle the question without great difficulty; but they will never unite, any more than they will join with their rivals the Greeks. History, geography, and the tendency of near relatives to quarrel, even more than the interests of the Great Powers, forbid such a welcome consummation as that. I, for one, have reluctantly given up as hopeless the idea of a settlement of the Macedonian question by the Balkan States without external interference.

The Greeks, who in former times seemed to be the most likely, and indeed the only possible heirs of the "Sick Man's" Macedonian estate, have been considerably injured by recent events. My experience of Hellenic

statesmanship while I was at Athens during the late war, and the wise resolve of the vanquished to devote themselves to the reform of their domestic administration, convince me, quite apart from other considerations, that Greece will not be a very important factor in the Macedonian question for many years to come.[1] Historically, of course, the Hellenes can afford to regard Bulgars and Serbs alike as interlopers in the country where Philip and Alexander of Macedon held sway, where later on the Byzantine Emperors ruled, and sometimes governed, and where even in Turkish days the Greek clergy shared power with the Ottoman officials. It is difficult after recent events to read without a smile the enthusiastic lines which a Greek author, writing on Macedonia, addressed to the Crown Prince of Greece when the latter attained his majority twelve years ago. "The national dream," wrote M. Kallostypis, "remains only three-quarters accomplished. Unredeemed Greece, and, above all, Macedonia, looks with longing eyes on your kingdom. May Hellenism witness the accomplishment of its dearest desires by you: may the grand idea find in you, our future king, its priest and its apostle." No Greek would address the Crown Prince in language such as that to-day; not even the most sensational of Athenian papers would acclaim the leader of the late rout in Thessaly as the future conqueror of Macedonia. Of course, now that Greece has been weakened, the Sultan, true to his traditional policy of playing one Christian race off against the other, has begun to favour the Greeks in Macedonia at the expense of the Bulgarians, just as in 1890 and 1894 he favoured

[1] The Italian *Tribuna* of May 5, 1897, expressed this fact very clearly during the war. "Ora," it wrote, "chi trae profitto della vittoria? Gli Slavi. La caduta di Tirnovo è accompagnata dagli *exequatur* ai vescovi bulgari, e dalle concessioni di nuove scuole serbe; e bulgari e serbi, che senza nulla arrischiare traggono tutti i frutti della vittoria, appena celano sotto la maschera del vassallagio la gioia della conquista, della *Macedonia slava*."

the Bulgarians at the expense of the Greeks. But even before their recent defeat, the Greeks had been going back in Macedonia. The great fire of 1890 at Salonica, in spite of the generosity of Hellenes in all parts of the world, greatly injured the Greek community there, and, as we have seen, the Bulgarians are beginning to press them hard in a sea-port which they have never

A JEWESS OF SALONICA.

ceased to claim as their own. Now, as always, the Greeks are strongest on the sea-coast; but at Salonica the Jews forms two-thirds of the population, whilst Kavala is coveted by Bulgaria, to which the abortive Treaty of San Stefano assigned it. About the middle of last year, as I am informed by a person who is perhaps more than any one else in the secrets of the Bulgarian Govern-

ment, the Triple Alliance made confidential inquiries at Sofia as to the willingness of Prince Ferdinand to accept a large slice of Thrace, together with Kavala, and a frontage on the Ægean, as a final settlement of the Bulgarian claim. No reply to this proposal was, I believe, received, but the fact that it should have been made proves that Austria desired at that time to have a free hand in Macedonia, and was willing to compensate Bulgaria by allowing her a free hand in Thrace at the expense of the Turks' present estate and the Greeks' future prospects in that region. Servia, I was told, was not considered or consulted in this arrangement. But, quite apart from Bulgarian claims and Austrian plans, the dissension prevalent among the Hellenic communities in Macedonia is in itself a great obstacle to the realisation of the "great Greek idea." Besides, "the Greeks," in the words of a Macedonian correspondent who belongs to none of these rival races, "suffer under the fatal disadvantage in many parts of Macedonia of compelling people to forget their mother-tongue and learn Greek. The Greek-speaking communities will remain Greek, and possibly increase in size, but elsewhere the Greek party has met with defeat, and, so far as I can see, will continue to lose until only Greek-speaking people remain."

The Hellenic propaganda suffers, too, from the competition of a new rival in the shape of the Koutzo-Wallachs, or Roumanians of Macedonia. This remarkable movement, among people long lost to all sense of nationality, owes its rise and growth to the ambition of one man—Apostolo Margariti. According to the first of living Roumanian historians, M. Xenopol of Jassy, the Slav invasion of the Balkan Peninsula separated the Wallachs, who had previously covered a large portion of it and spoke a Latin dialect, into three

separate divisions, which have subsisted down to the present day, in Roumania and the Roumanian-speaking part of Hungary, in Istria, and in Macedonia and part of Thessaly. After the fall of the second Bulgarian Empire, for which the Roumanians claim a Wallachian origin, the Wallachs of Macedonia became merged in the Greek communities. Their descendants were the pioneers of the Greek war of Independence, and Athens owes not a few of its public foundations to their benevolence. But the creation of a Roumanian nation beyond the Danube and its emancipation from the tyranny of the Phanariots led to the formation of a "Macedonian Committee" at Bucharest. Then Apostolo Margariti arrived on the scene, and Roumanian schools were founded in Macedonia, supported by contributions from Jassy. Like the clever diplomatist that he is, Margariti enlisted the sympathies of the Turkish Government on his side. He saw clearly enough that, if Macedonia were divided up at once, the Roumanian movement would not be strong enough to hold its own against the other competitors, but would be swallowed up by the Bulgarians or the Greeks. Besides, Roumania is a long way from Macedonia, and Bulgaria and Servia lie between. He saw that it was his best policy to play a waiting game, believing that time would be on his side. "Our first interest," as he told M. Bérard, the eminent French traveller, "is the safety of the Ottoman Empire." The Porte quickly grasped the situation, and whenever the Greeks are in disgrace it supports the Wallachs. The Thessalian boundary question in 1881, the Cretan revolution of 1887, and the late war have all been god-sends to the Macedonian Roumanians. Hence it is that the Wallachs aided the Turks during the operations in Thessaly with mules; hence, too, the demand of Wallachian villages to be included within the new

Ottoman frontier. During the last five years the Roumanians of Macedonia have been agitating for a separate Church under a Metropolitan of their own on the Bulgarian model, and their claims have been supported by the Bucharest Government, which, as King Carol has said, "cannot remain indifferent to their fate." At the end of August, 1897, the Sultan is said to have told the Roumanian Government that he would "consent to the foundation of a Roumanian Exarchate in Macedonia, in spite of the opposition of the Œcumenical Patriarch," and in the previous winter they had actually elected Mgr. Anthimos their Metropolitan. Margariti's son having been private secretary of the Grand Vizier, their influence could not fail to be disproportionate to their numbers, especially as Austria-Hungary, for purposes of her own, encourages their propaganda. The statesmen of Vienna and Buda-Pesth would naturally prefer the attention of the Roumanian Government to be diverted to the Macedonian Wallachs, who also form a useful counterpoise to the other Macedonian parties, instead of being directed to that "unredeemed Roumania," which is to be found in Transylvania and the Banat of Temesvár. The Roumanian schools of Macedonia are said to give a more practical education than the Greek, but the greatest difficulty with which this movement has to contend is the scattered condition of the Roumanian population, which is largely composed of shepherds. A fierce internal dispute, which began about five years ago, has also impeded its progress, and at present it is not very formidable.

The Albanian propaganda is the most recent of all the Macedonian agitations. Except for a moment under their national hero, Skanderbeg, the Albanians can scarcely be said to have ever had a national history. Until quite lately they have hardly possessed a fixed

language. At the time of the Dulcigno demonstration of 1880 Europe was surprised by the sudden appearance of an "Albanian League," which declined to allow Albania to be dismembered for the benefit of Montenegro. Since then sporadic efforts have been made to awaken a national spirit by the publication of pamphlets and small books; but the Turkish authorities have opposed the movement so strongly that it has been conducted perforce from outside Turkey by committees in Italy, in Egypt, and at Bucharest. These committees raise funds and publish a weekly and a monthly Albanian periodical. Both Christian and Moslem Albanians take part in this agitation, some of the latter in spite of their official posts under Government; but at present there are only three schools in which Albanian is taught. Rather than fall into the hands of their Slav neighbours, most Albanians would prefer the creation of an Albanian principality. Thus the Albanian political committee, presided over by the well-known Neapolitan, Castriota Skanderbeg, who traces his descent from the famous hero, memorialised the late Italian foreign secretary on this subject. Others, too, since the Austrian occupation of Bosnia and the Hercegovina, have come to the conclusion that they would be much better off under Austrian than under Turkish rule. Many of them work at Mostar in the summer, and have had practical experience of the material blessings which Austria bestows. They see that the Bosniak soldiers get regular pay and good clothes, while the Sultan's regiments are often in rags, and the Sultan's pay always in arrears. Those of them who are Moslems know what toleration the Bosniak Mussulmans enjoy, while the Catholic Albanians regard Catholic Austria as their natural protector. The arguments, verbal and pecuniary, of Austrian agents strengthen this view.

Another solution of the Macedonian problem has lately been proposed. Europe has, it is said, conceded Bulgaria to the Bulgarians, and Servia to the Servians; why should she not give Macedonia to the Macedonians, either as an autonomous province of Turkey, or as an independent Balkan State? This solution, although it received the high approval of Mr. Gladstone, whose services will never be forgotten by the Balkan peoples, seems, in my humble judgment, impossible. There is no parallel between the case of Macedonia and the cases of Servia and Bulgaria. There is no Macedonian nationality; the whole point of the difficulty in that country is that it is a medley of conflicting nationalities, which have nothing in common, except, perhaps, their discontent with the existing *régime*. Nor, on the other hand, is any one of the Macedonian races powerful enough to subdue all the others, while a federation would be impracticable. Possibly, under pressure from the Powers, Turkey may go through the time-honoured farce of providing Macedonia with paper reforms, which will then be allowed to remain a dead letter. To me, at any rate, the ultimate, I do not say immediate, and from the material standpoint the best, solution is that Austria-Hungary should "run down to Salonica" and occupy Macedonia as she has already occupied Bosnia and the Hercegovina, to the general advantage of mankind. But that event is not likely to happen just yet. Austrian military opinion is against the selection of the river Vardar as a military frontier, while the present policy of Count Goluchowski is "the maintenance of the *status quo* in the Balkans." But only a neutral and a strong Power can control a composite medley of rival races and creeds, such as inhabit Macedonia. Besides, the development and security of Macedonia is a European, as well as a Balkan, question. I am told, by a person who has seen the plans, that Austrian engineers

have surveyed the line from Sarajevo to Mitrovica, which is alone lacking to complete the chain from Western Europe by way of Bosnia and the Sandžak of Novi-Bazar to Salonica and the Ægean. If ever that line be completed, the Austrians will be masters of the situation, and as the Servian Consul at Salonica said to me, "it will be all over with the Servian claims." Strongly entrenched in Bosnia and the Hercegovina, and garrisoning the three points of the Sandžak of Novi-Bazar, Austria is in a coign of vantage, and can pounce at a suitable opportunity. One obstacle stands in her path, the opposition of Russia, but if that be ever withdrawn, Macedonia is assured to the Power that has made Bosnia and the Hercegovina a *Balkan-Musterstaat;* Salonica will become the greatest port in the Near East, and the quickest route to India will be through the valley of the Vardar. Macedonia will then become what Bosnia now is, and the thorniest of thorny questions will be solved by Bismarck's old prescription, that of converting Austria into a real *Oesterreich,* or Eastern Empire.

CHAPTER XII

THE CYNOSURE OF THE NEAR EAST: STAMBÛL.

EVERY traveller who has ever set foot in the city of Constantine has at once drawn a contrast between the superb situation and magnificent appearance of the "New Rome" from the sea and the filth and squalor of its narrow streets and tortuous alleys. But an even stranger contrast than that between Constantinople as seen from the Sea of Marmara or the Bosporus and Constantinople as depicted in the slums of Galata or Stambûl is that between the external beauty of the Turkish capital and the miserable Government which has its seat there. During my visits there I consorted with all sorts and conditions of men, and the universal verdict was that of all existing administrations the Turkish is the worst. Do not let it be supposed that people make any charge against the Turks as a race. As Burke said long ago, it is a rash thing to bring an indictment against a whole nation. The plain Turk of the country districts is an honest fellow enough; upon that all are agreed. The foreign merchants at Constantinople find them most trustworthy and faithful, and there are big European firms both there and at Smyrna in which the same posts have been held by Turks unto the third and fourth generation. The Turkish soldier, too, is sometimes, as I have found from personal experience, good-natured and willing to oblige. But as for the officials, in the

words of a very distinguished English gentleman who has lived in Constantinople many years, "Nine out of every ten of them would in any other country be in gaol." The plain fact is, that it is as hard for an Ottoman official to be honest as it is for a camel to enter through the eye of a needle. It is not so much the fault of the men as the fault of the system, which is thoroughly bad from top to bottom. The pay of every Turkish functionary is always in arrears, sometimes as much as eight months at a time; and the result is that the unfortunate man has to live on credit if he can, or else adopt the easier plan of cheating some one else. Out of this state of things the usurers make a very good business. They offer to pay officials half the amount of their salaries at once, on condition of receiving the whole amount when it is really paid, and then put the Embassies to work to screw this money out of the Turkish Treasury. But if the position of the Turkish official at home be unpleasant, that of an Ottoman Ambassador abroad is even worse, for the latter can only obtain a very limited amount of credit; and I know of two cases in which these representatives of the Sultan had to flee in the night in order to escape their creditors. In addition to this abuse, it must be borne in mind that all the good appointments in the Turkish service have to be paid for—indirectly, of course—in cash, administered in the form of *bakshîsh*, and the official who secures his coveted post by this means is naturally out of pocket, and recoups himself at the expense of his subordinates. What makes it worse is that he has to reimburse himself in a short space of time, for the suspicious temperament of the Sultan hardly ever permits a provincial Governor, or *vali*, to remain very long in one place, lest he should acquire too great an influence over the people of his province. Thus a man may be placed in the uttermost

parts of Asia one year, and the next find himself in Albania or Macedonia, saddled with the cost of transporting his whole establishment across the Turkish Empire. Of course, in nine cases out of ten it is the underlings who have to pay the piper. Here and there you may find a good Governor, like the *vali* of Brûsa or the *vali* of Smyrna, who are in disgrace at Court, and are "banished" to those parts of Asia Minor, which they have made by honesty and diligence an example to the rest of the Sultan's dominions, just as the old *vilayet* of the Danube was in the too brief days of Midhat Pasha. But these are rare exceptions to the general rule, that Turkish administration is synonymous with corruption, inefficiency, and sloth. The good men, who would make honest administrators, hold themselves aloof from public affairs, and count themselves happy if they are left alone to the enjoyment of their estates.

But perhaps the most odious feature of Abdul Hamid's rule is the existence of a herd of spies, who infest the streets and are far more obnoxious than the poor and miserable, yet kindly, dogs which lie all day in the gutters and paths of Pera, Galata, and Stambûl. For the political spies are the enemies of every man. I remember one day two of these gentry spending a whole morning outside the British Post Office on the look-out for a "Young" Turk—that is to say, a member of the "Young Turkish party," which the Sultan dreads far more than the Armenians themselves. Spies infest the gates of Embassies, and no hotel is complete without one. Fathers sometimes spy upon their sons, brothers on each other, and sons on their parents. The secret service fund amounts to £2,000,000 a year, and from six hundred to seven hundred reports are sent in by spies to the Sultan every day. Moreover, there are two sets of these creatures, that of the Palace and that of the Porte, who spy upon

one another as well as upon the public. But even this infamous system has its advantages, for it is possible to bring things before the Sultan's notice in this way, since the spies are always anxious to earn their money. I remember hearing an amusing instance of this. A certain European merchant once accepted an invitation on board a foreign man-of-war. A spy at once made out of this simple incident a cock-and-bull story to the effect that the merchant had been invited in order to concert a plan for forcing the Dardanelles. This so terrified the Sultan that he raised the spy's rank and salary, and ordered that every facility should be given to the merchant in his dealings with refractory customers and still more refractory judges. Most odious of all, there are wretches who ply the trade of *agents provocateurs*, luring unsuspecting persons into talking treason against the *Pâdishâh*, and then "assneaking," English schoolboys say in their healthy language, to Yildiz Kiosk. During the last eighteen months there has, it is true, been a little more liberty of political discussion, owing to the fact that the Turkish Government wished to make as much capital as possible out of its successes in the war. That the people of Constantinople possess, in common with Western nations, the taste for newspaper reading is now clear, for you see them devouring the wretched little pink Turkish and Armenian journals on the steamboats, in the trains, and in the cafés. War intelligence especially appeals to the Turkish reader, and the Sultan was glad to divert the attention of his people to the Spanish-American struggle, which filled three-fourths of every Turkish paper; but our victories in Egypt were only allowed to be published in the vernacular press on condition that the English were not mentioned, and all successes were ascribed to his Majesty's vassals, the Egyptians. Thus these papers contain nothing that may, by the highest stretch of imagination, be des-

cribed as the free expression of public opinion. A gentleman who had experience as editor of a Bulgarian paper in Constantinople has described to me the rigorous censorship exercised over the press in Turkey. Before the journal appeared two copies of it had to be sent to the Censor, who read it through, and marked in each copy what he considered as objectionable. He then retained one copy for future reference, and sent the other back to the editor, who was then forced to take out the offending matter, and substitute something else filling the exact amount of vacant space. The revised copy was then compared by the Censor with his copy, and if the two did not tally the paper was not allowed to be sold. Thus it often happens that the publication of a journal is delayed for hours, and so all regular delivery is prevented. Sometimes the Censor actually sits in the newspaper office and reads the "copy" before it goes to the press. He is also now sufficiently astute to read between the lines of the sarcastic eulogies of Turkish administration with which one able editor used to delight his European readers. Moreover, as there is a different Censor for each *vilayet* or province, the rules of what is objectionable and what is not vary according to the stupidity or intelligence of these respective officials. Thus, to instance a notorious case, which was taken up by the British Ambassador some time ago, a religious work, which had been passed by the Censor at Constantinople, was rejected by the Censor at Salonica, and accepted by the similar official at Monastir. Justice in such matters is, therefore, to use an old expression of English law, simply the length of each Censor's foot, and no uniform standard prevails. Besides, the papers are compelled to insert paragraphs containing the most fulsome praise of the Sultan; even in the week of the massacres one of these veracious journals was forced to declare that "His Majesty is beloved

by all the peoples over whom he rules" (!) If it were not for the foreign post offices in Constantinople, European residents would hardly ever receive Western papers at all, for the least particle of anti-Turkish news causes the confiscation of every journal that comes within the clutches of the Ottoman authorities. These post offices, of which there are five—the British, French, Austrian, German, and Russian—are an immense boon to the European residents there, as they constitute the only trustworthy means of obtaining or sending letters. For the Turkish postal service is utterly unreliable and extremely slow, and no European uses it, except for internal communications, which cannot be transmitted by means of the foreign post offices. Each of the latter has its own stamps, surcharged with the value in Turkish currency, but in other respects the same as those in daily use at home. Indeed, the post-cards are exactly the same, having no surcharge at all. The existence of the British Post Office, ably presided over by Mr. F. S. Cobb, dates from the Crimean war, and was originally due to the requirements of our soldiers and sailors. Afterwards, when the peace came, it was found so useful that it was continued, in spite of the opposition of the Turkish Government. On one occasion the latter threatened to surround it with a cordon of soldiers in order to prevent any one using it, but this strong measure was never actually adopted. A similar institution exists at Smyrna, and at last the British Chamber of Commerce has succeeded in inducing the Home Government to create one at Salonica. Without these post offices all business here would be well-nigh impossible, especially as the Turkish post office has no money-order department. As it is, there is no delivery of letters on the Bosporus and in the other suburbs of Constantinople, because some few persons used the local post to send threatening letters

THE BRITISH POST OFFICE, GALATA.

to the Sultan! With characteristic logic the Ottoman authorities abolished the local post; so, if you live at Therapia or Buyukdereh, you have to send into town, an hour and a half by steamer, for your letters. Telegraphing is very precarious, for no telegram can ever be depended upon to arrive in Turkey. It thus almost invariably happens that British ship captains leaving Constantinople, and telegraphing for coals to be ready at the Dardanelles, arrive at the latter place only to discover that their messages have never been delivered. Newspaper telegrams of any importance are always posted to Philippopolis or Odessa enclosed in a letter and then telegraphed on. For the Censor is much more suspicious of these messages than of anything else, and often rejects them on the most trivial grounds. To crown all, when the railways are under water in Servia, as usually happens once a year, the only way to communicate with the outer world is to send a letter by sea to Constanta, and so through Roumania to Western Europe—in many respects a much safer route. Such are the resources of civilisation under the "enlightened" rule of Abdul Hamid II. at the close of the nineteenth century. After Athens, in spite of the faults of the Greek administration, Constantinople is darkness itself. Here, indeed, in the words of the old hymn, "every prospect pleases, but only man"—official man in a uniform—"is vile."

No country can be considered in a healthy condition unless it possesses a decent currency, and in this respect Turkey is in a deplorable state. At the first blush, indeed, a traveller coming from Greece is apt to think that, in this respect at least, Ottoman civilisation is ahead of Athenian. For he reads in his guide-book that there is a metal currency in Turkey, and is overjoyed at the prospect of getting rid of the dirty paper which does duty for all but the very smallest coins in Greece, and is sometimes

worth little more than half of its face value. But a little practical experience of the Turkish coinage soon makes him reconsider his too hasty decision. Nominally, the Turkish system is fairly simple, for in theory the Turkish *lira* or pound, equivalent to about 18s. of our money, is worth 100 piastres, while each piastre, equivalent to rather more than 2d., is worth 40 paras. The *medjidieh*, too, which may be taken as the basis of most calculations, is a handsome and substantial silver coin, not unlike our 4s. piece, and worth, roughly, 3s. 4d. But here the utter want of system which is the curse of Turkey at once makes itself felt. The *medjidieh* has different values not only in different cities of Turkey, but in different transactions in the same city. Thus, at Constantinople it is generally accepted at its full nominal value of 20 silver piastres. But in Smyrna it is worth 32 piastres, and in Salonica only 19, so that the utmost confusion is caused, and immense possibilities of swindling the unwary traveller present themselves to the astute Oriental mind. But that is not all. Even in Constantinople you do not always get 20 piastres for your *medjidieh*. On the steamboats and at the railway stations it is always reckoned as worth only 19 piastres, and if you are purchasing coffee, the custom of the trade computes it as worth 25 piastres. Bad as this is, it is much worse when you are dealing with small change. It is almost impossible to obtain any quantity of small money in Constantinople owing to the pettifogging practices of the Government. Whenever any small pieces are coined they are at once bought up by the *sarrâfs*, or money-changers, who infest the streets, and who make terms with the Government for the express purpose of "cornering" all the small change. Thus it is usual for the railway and steamboat companies, as well as many private persons, to refuse to give change at all; and unless you have the exact amount of your fare or your

purchase in your purse you must go to the *sarrâfs* and buy change from them at a loss of 5 per cent. on every coin changed. Thus if you change a gold piece into *medjidieh* you lose 5 per cent., while if you change the *medjidieh* again into smaller coins you lose 5 per cent. more. It need hardly be added that the crafty *sarrâf* invariably gives you change in the highest possible denomination, so that you may be compelled to have recourse to him again at once. In places where no *sarrâf* exists one is put at times in the most awkward dilemmas for lack of a few pence. Thus one day I went into a country hotel and ordered two glasses of lemonade, price 4d. When I rose to go I found that I had nothing less than a silver piece worth 10d, or a quarter of a *medjidieh*, in my pocket, which I tendered to the waiter and asked for change. The whole hotel and the whole village were ransacked in vain for 6d. change, and at last the hotel-keeper came back and implored me to accept the lemonade as a gift, as he could not get change anywhere! To such straits are people reduced by the desire of the Government to make an unfair profit. No wonder that even well-to-do persons treasure up their small silver and metal pieces, and among the poor this is a regular system. For example, the ferry-boat from Galata to Stambûl costs one *metallik*, or about ½d., each person. When using this boat one invariably notices that one of the poorer passengers offers to pay a lump sum in silver for all his fellows and then collects the amount in *metalliks* from them. So eager is the competition for small change, so great is the desire to avoid the necessity of paying for the proud privilege of possessing it. How the beggars in this topsy-turvy country manage to get a living I cannot understand; for small coins, which would be lavished upon them elsewhere, are just what no one wishes to dispose of, but what every one desires to keep, when once obtained, if only to save trouble.

The annoyance caused to business men by this state of things is very great, and the nominal and real value of the Turkish coins, according as they are reckoned in gold or silver, makes it necessary in Turkey, as in Greece, to keep a double set of accounts, and this increases the cost of book-keeping. Finally, as a last straw, there are a number of debased and false coins in circulation, which completes the confusion.

Perhaps of all trades in Turkey that of a bookseller is the most arduous and uncertain. For it is against books that all the thunderbolts of the Turkish authorities are most firmly and persistently directed. Whenever you land at a Turkish port, your luggage is ransacked for guide-books or any other literature about the country, which is contraband of this customs' war. Even the usual device of a *bakshish* may prove unavailing here, though it once saved me from losing some Servian literature about Macedonia, which the Turks would dearly have liked to confiscate, if they had but discovered it. Even the harmless, necessary "Murray," or the blameless "Bradshaw," is anathema maranatha to the Turkish official mind, intensely ignorant, and therefore intensely suspicious of all printed matter. A friend of mine—a bookseller in Turkey—has given me some amusing instances of the vagaries of these gentry. On one occasion he ordered out from London some copies of that pleasant book of our nursery days, "Sandford and Merton." All the copies were confiscated, although the maddest of censors could not pretend that the improving discourses of Mr. Barlow to his two young pupils were in the nature of a political propaganda. But the mere fact that the pet dog in the narrative was called "Turk" was sufficient to prevent the sale of the book in Turkey! For an equally absurd reason the whole of Shakespeare's works are forbidden there, because of the murder of the King in "Hamlet."

Such an incident is considered in Turkish official circles as dangerous to public morals, because it might lead some Shakespearean student to throw a bomb at the Sultan on his way to the Selamlik! Similarly, the local newspapers were forbidden to publish the news of the attempt upon the King of Italy, and were made to attribute the death of the Empress of Austria to natural causes.[1] By some equally recondite official theory "Chambers's Encyclopædia" is on the *Index Expurgatorius*, and can only be smuggled in without its title-page. So harsh is this system at the Custom Houses that the booksellers usually have their books posted to them by book-post, as the only safe way of obtaining them. A large part of the excellent library of Robert College, the admirable American establishment at Rumili Hissar, was collected in this rather expensive way.

But not only may not the traveller bring literature into this country, he must not travel at all in Turkey without the cognisance of the police. You have your English passport all duly *visé*, and you imagine in the innocence of your heart that you have fulfilled all the necessary formalities, and that Lord Salisbury's signature will be an open sesame all over the Turkish Empire. Not so. Before starting from one Turkish province to another you must purchase what is called a *yol teskereh*, or travelling passport, an appalling looking document drawn up in Turkish, with the Sultan's signature at the top, and a full description of yourself, your age, profession, intentions, appearance, &c., below. If you have a wife with you, her name is relegated to a small space on the back of your *teskereh*, and half-contemptuous officialdom disposes of her in a few flourishes. Even the transport of a few chairs and tables from one place to another cannot be affected with-

[1] During the German Emperor's late visit the French edition of the *Servet* was made to substitute *utopie* and *utopistes* for *anarchie* and *anarchistes*.

out one of these permits, and the annual exodus of Europeans from the city to the Bosporus, Phanaraki, or the Islands is thus impeded by official red-tape. Moreover, the *hamals* or porters form a close trades' union among themselves, of which the Sultan is protector, and it is necessary to employ those of your own quarter and pay the trade union rate of wages. In this respect Constantinople resembles more civilised cities. Even then you are not allowed to travel without let or hindrance. For each separate province of the Empire you have to obtain a fresh *visa* from the Turkish police, and as this can only be obtained on certain days and at certain hours it involves a great loss of time. On Fridays, for instance, it being the Turkish Sunday, the police offices are closed, and you have to pay extra *bakshish* to get a *visa* on that day. On Sunday, again, the police sometimes close out of deference for Christian susceptibilities, just as they occasionally close on Saturdays out of respect for the Jews, and thus you have to pay extra on these days too! Besides, the loss of time is not only caused by the formalities of obtaining a Turkish passport; scarcely less time is wasted in weary waiting in the Custom House while a muddle-headed officer painfully peruses every word of the precious document, and notes down in a book the chief items of it, supplementing them by further questions as to the duration of your stay, your place of abode, and so on. Instead of doing everything to facilitate intercourse and trade within its dominions, the Turkish Government thus puts all possible impediments in the way of travellers, and causes them a host of small and petty inconveniences, which do not in the least benefit the Imperial Treasury. As for developing the country, that is the last thing desired by this darkened administration. Turkey is naturally a very rich land, which only needs foreign capital and foreign control to

make it very profitable. But concessions can only be wrung from the Sultan by immense *bakshîsh*, and are then often neutralised afterwards. An old resident in Constantinople told me a good story on this subject. During the brief existence of Midhat's Parliament, one of the ministers was impeached for having sold a forest near Philippopolis for £T.100,000. The minister's friends feared for his head. Not so the wily statesman; for he knew that it was not himself but the Sultan who had had the cash. More railways are urgently needed, yet they are only built for strategic reasons as a rule. As one result of their aid to Turkey in the last two years, the Germans are said to have obtained a concession for a railway from Monastir, the present terminus of the branch line from Salonica, to Joannina, the capital of Albania, as well as a line to Elassona, the Turkish base of operations in the late war. They are now trying to get leave to make one from Asiatic Scutari to Erzeroum. But English enterprise is discouraged, for we are not in favour at Yildiz Kiosk, where the Germans are regarded in the light of benefactors at present. All British enterprises are opposed by our rivals, who are strongly backed by their Government, while ours does nothing for its subjects in Turkey. Hence the British rarely go to law, while the Germans do so with confidence. Any decent Government would long ere this have opened up Asia Minor, where fruit often rots upon the trees simply because there are no facilities for bringing it down to the coast. Again, even so near the capital as San Stefano, the village to which the Russians penetrated in 1878, vast quantities of land are allowed to lie waste because of the *bakshîsh* which would have to be paid in order to get a lease. The thorny question of the Constantinople quay dues has arisen out of a similar difficulty. The company had to pay so much in *bakshîsh* to officials, from the doorkeeper of the minister up to the

minister himself, that it had to recoup itself by charging prohibitive dues to the merchants. As it often happens that a minister falls from power during protracted negotiations, the process of *bakshîsh* has to begin all over again from the bottom rung of the ladder, for a change of minister implies the change of all his subordinates. Thus *bakshîsh* is an immense tax on industry, which in Turkey would scarcely exist, were it not for foreigners. Let any one contrast the energy of Roumania, which has an admirable railway system and the finest steamers in the Orient, with the inaction of Turkey; or let him traverse Bulgaria, where new lines of railway are always being projected, and, what is more, carried out: and then ask himself whether the former dependencies of the Ottoman Empire have not benefited by their emancipation. Or again, let him visit Bosnia, and see what twenty years of Austrian government have made of a wild Turkish province. Then let him come to Constantinople, and he will see what Turkish rule means.

More than in any country, except perhaps in big Russia and little Montenegro, is the Sovereign the absolute arbiter of the national destinies in Turkey. The *Pâdishâh* is an irresponsible autocrat, whose Ministers come and go at his bidding, who has no Parliament to check his policy, and no press worthy of the name to criticise his acts. The one official who has the legal authority to depose him, the *Sheikh-ul-Islâm*, or Grand Mufti, and who exercised that authority in the cases of Sultans Abdul Aziz and Murad V. in 1876, is now completely powerless, for the present holder of the office is kept, like Osman Pasha, the brave defender of Plevna, a close prisoner within the precincts of Yildiz Kiosk, where neither the one nor the other can do much harm to the Sultan. But, in spite of his absolute power, Abdul Hamid II. lives in constant terror of assassination. Death is his continual

dread. A dervish once prophesied that he would die of cholera; hence, whenever he has a pain in his stomach he is beside himself with fear, and whenever his ministers require money for sanitary purposes they have only to create a cholera scare and their request is granted at once. But nowadays the "Shadow of God" fears the hand of the assassin far more than "the pestilence that walketh in darkness." Electric lighting is almost entirely forbidden here because some one told the Sultan that a dynamo would be necessary for the purpose, and the timorous monarch mistook the word for "dynamite." Fear of dynamite, too, has led him to close to visitors the the famous cistern of 1001 columns, which is one of the wonders of Stambûl. Every particle of food which he eats is first tasted by his tasters, and then enclosed in sealed vessels, which are opened in his presence. A whole army guards Yildiz Kiosk night and day, and when once a week at Friday's Selamlik the lord of the Ottoman Empire goes forth to his devotions, fifteen thousand soldiers are needed to protect him from his subjects as he traverses in his carriage the hundred yards which separate the gates of his grounds from the beautiful Hamidieh Mosque, which he now always selects as the nearest, and therefore the safest, place of worship in his capital. I saw him one day at this function, riding in his carriage with old Osman Pasha facing him—the latter cool and calm as in the shot-riven battlements of Plevna; the former white as ashes, his quivering lip and nervous face betraying the constant fear in which he passes his life. As he drove past the long line of soldiers, all of whom carry unloaded rifles for fear of treachery, he glanced uneasily from side to side, as if to detect the presence of some possible assassin. In former days it was his custom to go about more freely; but now he never visits the city, save once a year, when he journeys

"THE LORD OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE GOES FORTH TO HIS DEVOTIONS."

from Yildiz to Santa Sophia and the Seraglio. Last time the precautions taken for his safety were extraordinary. Two different routes were chosen, and his carriage was sent closed, while he went by sea. On another occasion, when he drove, he changed the order of his own and his mother's carriage at the last moment, so that if any attempt were made upon his life the victim would be his mother and not himself. Who would be Sultan on such conditions? Better than any one else does Abdul Hamid II. exemplify those terrible lines of Horace, in which the old Roman poet has described the fate of the Sicilian tyrant, over whose head the naked sword is ever suspended by a single thread. Many people have wished to take revenge upon the Sultan for his treatment of the Armenians, but no punishment that has ever been devised could exceed the daily and hourly sufferings of mind which he endures. Without a single real friend, he sees an enemy in every one, and trusts no man long.

His system of government is simple enough. In foreign, and in domestic politics, he makes it his maxim to play off one person against another. Every one knows how successfully he has practised this device against the six Great Powers, but it is not so generally recognised in England that he manages his ministers in the same way. Whenever any of his subjects become very popular, like Osman Pasha and Edhem Pasha, the Sultan at once strives to counteract their influence. When Osman left last year for Thessaly there was a good example of this. It had been announced that the great soldier would leave in the afternoon, and accordingly a huge crowd filled the approaches to the station to do him honour. But the Sultan, fearful of a demonstration, detained Osman till the evening. In this case, however, Abdul Hamid was foiled, for the crowd waited and waited until the favourite hero came. I once heard a very amusing

instance of the Sultan's capacity for this sort of thing. When Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria visited Constantinople he was naturally desirous to see Robert College, where so many Bulgarians are educated. He accordingly set aside a day in his list of engagements for the purpose, and appointed three o'clock in the afternoon as the hour of his arrival there. Early in the morning of that day the Sultan sent a special message to the Prince, saying that he particularly wished to see him alone at 3.30. The Prince knew that the object of this manœuvre was to prevent his visit to the College, an institution of which the Sultan is extremely suspicious. At the same time he did not desire to offend his suzerain by refusing to obey what was an Imperial command. But the Prince has not been ruler of Bulgaria for all these years without having learned how to fight the Sultan with his own weapons. He accordingly returned a polite message to say that he would be with the Sultan at the time appointed, and at once ordered his luncheon to be served and his carriage to be made ready for a start to Robert College in a few minutes. After devouring his repast with his shoes upon his feet and his staff in his hand, the astute Coburger drove in hot haste to the College, inspected the building, and kept his appointment with his suzerain. That time Abdul Hamid felt that he had caught a Tartar. Yet the Prince's behaviour had been what diplomatists call perfectly "correct!"

According to a well-known story, which I never credited until I had seen the Sultan face to face, the author of the Armenian massacres is himself an Armenian. He possesses in a marked degree the distinguishing feature of that nationality—the large hooked nose, by which you can always tell an Armenian in the streets of Constantinople, and he has been even called by pure Turks "the bastard of an Armenian." He has, too, in consider-

able measure the commercial instincts of the Armenian race, which are not shared by the pure Osmanli. It is generally supposed that he is extremely anxious to hoard up money for a rainy day. What he does feel in common with the Turk is that unbounded dislike of the Armenians which is prevalent among the Moslems. Originally the Armenians were the jackals of the Turks, who despised them but found them useful. But the

CARTS USED TO CONVEY MASSACRED ARMENIANS.
(*From a Photo. by Mr. F. S. Cobb.*)

present Sultan, finding that the defeats of 1877 and his own doubtful parentage had discredited him as a civil sovereign among his subjects, resolved to emphasise his spiritual authority as Khalif. To this end he revived the fanaticism of the lower classes, and as this fanaticism wanted a vent, let it loose upon the Armenians, who were at once the best educated, the most progressive and the least warlike of his Christian subjects. Had they been

Montenegrins they would not have allowed themselves to be butchered as they were, for of all the many Montenegrin servants in Constantinople, only one deserted his post during the massacres. True, even the Sultan cannot dispense with Armenian brains in the conduct of public affairs, and the Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office, Artin Pasha, is an Armenian, as are not a few other officials here. Artin on one occasion threw up his office in consequence of the insults which he received from his Turkish colleagues, but the Sultan ordered him to resume it for the very reason that he was despised and therefore harmless. But the Armenians inspire in the Turks a hatred such as no other Christian race causes them, and the worst of it is that the Armenians have not, like the Greeks, Serbs, Bulgarians, and Wallachs living in the Turkish dominions, Consuls and diplomatic agents of their own race to whom they can appeal. So bitter is the feeling of the Sultan, that he has prohibited the importation of English atlases, because part of Asia Minor is described in them as "Armenia." Turkish officialdom recognises no such place; for "Armenia" it substitutes "the Asiatic provinces of Turkey, partially inhabited by Armenians." Can pedantry go farther?

Needless to say, the Sultan's policy has greatly injured trade alike in the capital and in the provinces; for many Armenian traders have fled and taken their connection with them to Bulgaria and elsewhere, while the actual loss of so many lives has entailed a great diminution of the country's wealth. Nowadays the Sovereign's ministers are not allowed to visit one another's houses, and in many places on the Bosporus boating is forbidden after sunset, simply from fear of plots and conspiracies. For the Sultan, as he pathetically told a British Ambassador, can trust no one. No Sovereign is so overworked, for the smallest matters

come before this man without friends. On one occasion a foreign diplomatist found his Majesty revising the rules for a Pera music-hall, simply because he could trust no one else to do it. A similar dread has induced the Sultan to set his face against photography. Abdul Aziz was a great patron of the art, and once gave valuable hints to the photographer who took his portrait for presentation to the old German Kaiser. But Abdul Hamid II. has never been photographed since he became Sultan—so the leading photographer of Pera told me, and all published photographs of him are therefore embellishments of his early portraits taken before he ascended the throne more than twenty years ago. At the same time, it must be admitted that they give a very fair idea of what he looks like now. From what has been said it must be clear to every one that so long as such a Sovereign as this guides the destinies of Turkey there will be no chance of reform. There have been Sultans in the past who were reformers, like Mahmûd II.; while most of the older *Pâdishâhs* were, at any rate, brave men, if they were often cruel. Fortunately for them, however, there were in their days no newspaper correspondents to narrate their cruelties. But Abdul Hamid II. only deserves the usual title of all Sultans, that of *Hunkiâr*, or "The Manslayer," in the sense that he has butchered men in cold blood, rather than in the sense that he has slain them in war. Intelligent observers doubt, however, whether even a complete change of dynasty could regenerate Turkey. Perhaps a military dictator might be the best ruler in the present imperfect state of things. One fact is clear: so long as Sultans are educated as they are under the corrupting influences of the harem, so long will they be narrow-minded bigots at the best.

To the deplorably backward condition of Turkish

education there is one bright exception, Robert College, an institution which has already had so much influence upon the history of the Balkan Peninsula, and is likely to be of such great service in the future that it deserves special mention. Robert College owes both its name and its origin to Mr. Christopher R. Robert, an American merchant, who came to Turkey during the Crimean War, and was deeply grieved to find that the country, in which he was much interested, possessed nothing in the nature of a University or High School. Mr. Robert communicated his scheme for the creation of some such institution to Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, whose daughter, Mrs. Washburn, has passed her whole life at the College. The first beginnings of the College took the shape of a hired house at Bebek, a charming little village on the Bosporus, which bears in Turkish the appropriate name of "The Baby." From this "Baby," born in 1863, grew up the splendid collegiate buildings on the heights above Bebek. Meanwhile Mr. Robert endeavoured to obtain from Sultan Abdul Aziz permission to found a college on a considerable scale on ground of its own. For a long time the Turkish Government refused, until at last one day a happy accident led to the grant of the long-sought *Iradé*. It chanced that an American man-of-war was at Constantinople, and the commander was entertained at a dinner on shore, at which several Turkish officials were present. During dinner the American officer innocently dropped the remark that it was a pity that the Turks would not allow his fellow-countryman, Mr. Robert, to found an institution which would so greatly benefit the Turkish Empire. The Turkish officials at the table, suspicious as usual, mistook this casual remark for a threat, which would be backed by the guns of the American man-of-war. They accordingly reported the incident to the Sultan, who took the same

"THE GREAT TOWERS OF THE 'CASTLE OF EUROPE.'"

view and at once gave orders for the *Iradé* to be made out. This was in 1869, and on July 4th of the same year the foundation-stone of the present College was laid on the lovely hill of Rumili Hissar, where still stand the great towers of "the Castle of Europe," which Mohammed II. built the year before the capture of Constantinople in the form of the Arabic letters of his name, and where an earlier Emperor, Darius, watched his legions cross from Asia. No more appropriate spot could have been chosen for the site of an institution intended to free Turkey from darkness and ignorance, and from no part of the Bosporus—not even from the "Giant's Mountain" itself—is there a lovelier view of that river-like strait which separates Asia from Europe. From the garden you can see on a Friday afternoon the *caïques*, laden with veiled women, on their way to the "Sweet Waters of Asia" opposite, and every day the scene is enlivened by the large Black Sea steamers and the smaller craft which ply on the Bosporus. Mr. Robert provided all the funds for the College till his death in 1878—the memorable year which witnessed the creation of that autonomous Bulgaria towards which he had indirectly contributed so much by his generous philanthropy.

For it was to Robert College that the newly liberated country looked for the young men who were to be its future officials, and it was largely, thanks to this institution, that Bulgaria, after nearly five centuries of Turkish rule, was able to take a place at once among the ranks of self-governing states. I have before me a complete list of all those who have graduated at the College, and it is surprising to observe how many of them are holding high office in Bulgaria. To begin with, the best known of all, Dr. Constantine Stoïloff, the present Bulgarian Prime Minister, was a member

of the class of 1871, in which he had for a colleague M. Panaretoff, who was at one time special Envoy of Bulgaria in England, and is now Professor of the Bulgarian language and literature at the College. Nearly all the judges, editors, and schoolmasters of the Principality were trained within these walls, and it has even been said with pardonable exaggeration that "Robert College made Bulgaria." But the College is not for Bulgarians alone. Many Armenians have been educated there, and among the recent pupils are even four Turks from Constantinople, as well as Roumanian, Greek, British, French, Austrian, and German subjects. The Sultan, however, who does not love the College, attributes to it all sorts of revolutionary propaganda, of which it is absolutely innocent, and prevents Turks of good position from sending their sons there for fear lest they should become too liberal in their views. Instances have been known in which Turkish pupils have been entered at the College one day and withdrawn—in consequence of His Majesty's displeasure—the next.

On the famous night of the massacres of August 26, 1896, a party of twenty Turkish soldiers demanded admission on the plea that they came to guard the place by the Sultan's orders. The Principal, who was in bed at the time, anxious for the safety of the Armenians who were employed in the laundry, told his Montenegrin gatekeeper to keep the soldiers parleying outside to gain time. The porter accordingly told the soldiers that as his *Tchelebi*, or master, had given the place into his charge he could not give it up to any one else till the morning, and accordingly kept them out all night. Next day the soldiers entered, and remained quartered in one of the schoolrooms till the following January.

The curriculum includes such varied subjects as philosophy, political economy and logic, natural science,

mathematics; history, both Oriental and general; literature, rhetoric, Armenian, Bulgarian, Turkish, French, German; Greek, ancient and modern; music, and drawing. A special study is made of English, which is the common language of instruction, and under the guidance of Professor Alexander Van Millingen, the well-known historical scholar, English history and literature are taught. Naturally, a knowledge of our constitutional development does not tend to make the students regard the despotic rule of the Sultan as the highest form of human government. The use of English in the class-rooms has had the great practical advantage of filling even remote places in the Balkans with men who have learned how to speak the most widespread language of the world. Indeed, Robert College has furnished more than one English firm with managers, educated at Rumili Hissar. Where, perhaps, something remains to be done, is in the physical department. There is an admirable gymnasium, and baseball has been acclimatised on the shores of the Bosporus, but as yet the strenuous athleticism of our great public schools has not been transplanted there. But the students possess a good physique, and the Bulgarians especially are strong and wiry. Deportment is not forgotten, and religious instruction is imparted upon an unsectarian basis. Here Greeks and Bulgarians, English and French, Germans and Roumanians meet on a common ground. All students attend morning prayer every day, and on Sunday there are morning and evening services for the boarders and an afternoon Bible class. Debating and other societies are encouraged, and, in short, a liberal education is given to all-comers irrespective of race or creed. The whole cost of board and tuition is only 44 Turkish *liras*, or just under £40 a year, and tuition alone costs only 10 *liras*, or £9 per annum. The collegiate year begins in the middle of

September and closes, as a rule, on the last Wednesday in June, when the "Commencement" takes place, orations are delivered by the graduating class, and prizes and diplomas are distributed. A few scholarships have been founded by Americans, and it is hoped that more will be done in this direction. Certainly the College, which has educated during its 35 years of existence nearly 6000 students, has fully justified the expectations of its founder and his colleagues. Every year now it contains over 200 pupils, whose ages vary from 15 in the preparatory department to a little over 19 in the senior class. Those who have taken the full course and passed all the necessary examinations receive the degree of B.A., while that of M.A. is reserved for graduates who have gained special distinction in literature in after life. The buildings of the College are mainly two—Hamlin Hall, which contains most of the class-rooms, accommodation for 175 boarders, and the rooms of the tutors, and Science Hall, inaugurated six years ago, which serves as a museum, library, and reading-room, as well as a place for religious services and public meetings. Under the guidance of Mrs. Washburn, I inspected both these buildings, and found that they could challenge comparison with any of our great educational establishments at home. The library, which contains over 6000 volumes, struck me as selected with much judgment, and specially interesting to the visitor is the complete collection of fishes found in the Bosporus, from the huge tunny, the playful porpoise, and the quaint sword-fish, down to the far-famed lobsters of Rumili Hissar and the *loufer*, a kind of herring dear to the amateur anglers of these waters. One owl in the collection of birds is practically priceless, as it is one of the few specimens of this particular kind extant. So that all the requisites of a sound literary and scientific training may be found within sight of Constantinople.

Robert College does not represent all that has been done for the cause of education here. At Scutari, across the Bosporus, there is an American College for girls, whose training in Turkey is even more backward than that of the men. But among the Turkish ladies, as distinct from the Armenians, Greeks, or Bulgarians, nothing at all can be effected, owing to the harem system. True, some of the more enlightened of the Turks' wives know enough French to read Zola or Flaubert, and have become so far modernised as to smoke cigarettes instead of *chibûks*. But the position of women here is not likely to be altered much in our time, if at all. Yet the maintenance of these large harems has indirectly a very bad effect on the administration of the country, because it involves the men in great expense, and they are accordingly forced to resort to dubious devices in order to raise money. As far as veiling goes, the Turkish women are, indeed, becoming much more emancipated, and even the frequent *Iradés* of the Sultan on this subject have not produced much effect upon refractory womankind. For here, as in Western Europe, a pretty woman likes to be seen; while a plain one does not mind being veiled, especially if she has nice hands. To the utter dulness of harem life every lady who has seen it bears witness. The inmates have no ideas, the atmosphere is bad, the surroundings not always pleasant. Possibly the intense curiosity with which the prisoners of the harems regard their European sisters may lead some day to a desire to imitate some of their customs.

Whoever wishes to see Turkish administration at its best let him go to Brûsa, the first capital of the Osmanli Sultans, and, according to some sanguine persons, the future seat of the Ottoman Government whenever it shall have been driven, "bag and baggage," back into Asia. The story is told of a Turkish Governor of Brûsa who,

BRŮSA.

when asked why he was doing so much to improve the streets of that town, replied, with a sardonic smile, "I am making everything ready for the Sultan when he is turned out of Constantinople." Certainly, in point of cleanliness and order, Brûsa compares most favourably with the city of Constantine. There are fewer ruts in the main streets, and a general air of brightness and liveliness about the place which Constantinople lacks. The Turks, too, seem much more friendly to the "dog of an unbeliever" at Brûsa than they are in the more famous resort of tourists on the Bosporus. When I visited the mosques of Stambûl, the scowling priests, who dogged my footsteps all the time, looked as if they would have dearly liked to stick a dagger into my back. Indeed, in one case I only obtained admission owing to the polite fiction of my guide that I was a German, and therefore a subject of the one European Government which is at present in favour in Turkey. But in Brûsa it has been quite otherwise. There the guardians of the mosques and tombs invite the Western traveller to enter, and seem proud to show off the sacred buildings committed to their charge, with all the objects of interest which they contain. In the "Green Mosque," for instance, the priest asked me with conscious pride whether any such exquisite work as that existed in Great Britain. In fact, religious and social fanaticism is much less apparent in Brûsa than at Constantinople. Although the population of the former place is very mixed, and contains a large number of Greeks and Armenians, as well as genuine Turks, there were no massacres there such as those which disgraced the capital two years ago. When the disturbances occurred at Constantinople, and a similar outbreak was feared at Brûsa, the Governor at once made it known that if a single Christian in Brûsa were murdered he would shoot ten Mussulmans. This announcement had the desired effect, and not a

single Christian in Brûsa was injured. Naturally, the Governor is very popular with the Christians of the town, and as the trade of the place is largely in their hands it flourishes exceedingly. But in this respect the *vali* is only carrying out the traditions of his predecessors, who have all contributed towards making this *vilayet* the model province of the Turkish Empire. As you traverse in the railway the country between the little seaport of Mudania on the Marmara and the city of Brûsa you notice at once that here, at least, the Turkish official has not brought misery and desolation in his train. Here you might be in Southern Europe. On either side a rich and fertile land stretches out before you, a land of wine and olives, cultivated by a bright and cheerful peasantry, who greet the train as it slowly turns and turns on its way up the hillside. If Turkey were only all like this there might yet be some hope for it; but, just as one swallow does not make a summer, so one Brûsa does not make a prosperous Empire. Yet there, at any rate, one can realise what the race of Osman was in the far-away days of its strength, before its faculties as a governing race were sapped and undermined and dwindled away.

By a curious accident, this inland town of Asia Minor possesses what is rare indeed in the Turkish provinces—a European hotel. So here, and at the neighbouring village of Chekirgeh, or "the locust," where there are iron and sulphur baths, you have quite a fashionable society—smartly dressed Armenian ladies and fluent Greeks—chattering French with the same facility as their native languages; and I found there a real live literary lion, in the person of Paul Lindau, the German novelist, whose brother, an official at Constantinople, has published a yellow-backed volume of "Turkish Stories." The *beau monde* of Brûsa bowed down in homage before this eminent man of letters, who held quite a Court every

evening. The German Consul was at his disposition from morn till dewy eve—and the evenings there are very dewy —and the Consul's *cavass*, a fine stalwart Circassian, was on continual duty in the hotel garden. Herr Lindau complained to me that too much was done for his amusement; there was too much to see for a lazy man. And, indeed, of "sights" Brûsa possesses sufficient to satisfy the appetite of the most energetic Cook's tourist that ever went on a personally-conducted excursion. According to the local saying, Brûsa "has a mosque and a walk for every day of the year." Of the walks it is sufficient to say that the slopes of Mount Olympus, which rises superbly above the town to the altitude of nearly 8,000 feet, afford many a pleasant ramble, while in the city itself there are fascinating streets covered with trellised vines and bright with every colour and costume of the gorgeous East. The bazar at Brûsa is a ladies' paradise, for there may be bought on weekdays—for on Sunday it is practically closed—those silken and gauze-like fabrics which are the speciality of the place. Or, if the lady be of a practical, housewifely mind, she may purchase there, after the usual bargaining, those Brûsa towels which are the delight of the British bathroom. But the great glory of Brûsa is the famous *Yeshil Jami*, or "Green Mosque," which ranks above all other Turkish mosques in beauty of workmanship and design. The green Persian tiles, with which a large portion of the interior is lined, are most elaborate, and the marble carving of the doorway and the windows forms an admirable ornament, which Santa Sophia in all its splendour cannot surpass. Adjoining the "Green Mosque" is the tomb of Mohammed I., its founder, also covered with green tiles, within which rest the remains of that Sultan, while several more of Brûsa's early sovereigns are buried in a lovely spot, shaded by huge plane trees, in another quarter of the Imperial city. All these and the

"Great Mosque" with its numerous cupolas bear silent testimony to Brûsa's golden age, when Orkhan, the son of Osman, had captured it after a ten years' siege, and had made it the chosen home of poets and men of learning no less than the residence of the Emperor. But Brûsa had only a comparatively short enjoyment of that privilege. Adrianople soon became the Turkish capital, and, when in 1453 Mohammed II. conquered Constantinople, the ancient Bithynian city, where once Hannibal had waited the bidding and implored the good offices of its king in his struggle against the might of Rome, became a mere provincial town.

Brûsa has been not inaptly compared, in beauty of situation, with Malvern, and it might also be likened in that respect to Sorrento. As in the Italian town, so here, deep ravines intersect the buildings, and quaint bridges span the "blue" water, as it rushes down the folds of the mountains. On one of the bridges quaint Turkish houses cluster close together, giving a peculiarly picturesque aspect to the scene. As at Malvern, the houses are built upon the flanks of the hill, and from the citadel the eye commands a prospect over the valley of the Nilûfer, as rich as that which extends from the terraces of the English health-resort down to the banks of the Severn. But Brûsa possesses in the snow-clad Olympus a neighbour more majestic than the Beacon and not less dangerous than Vesuvius. Dangerous alike from natural and from artificial causes, for the brigands of the "Monk's Mountain," as the Turks call it, have a bad reputation, while its neighbourhood is marked with terrible earthquakes, which have more than once shaken down the houses and injured the mosques of Brûsa. In the main street you may still see the ruins of wooden dwellings, crushed to splinters by the rocks from above, for the Turk, even though he be more enlightened here than elsewhere, never clears away any

rubbish or ruins that have once fallen. That would be waste of energy.

The railways have quite wakened up this corner of Asia Minor to intercourse with the great world outside. The silk industry has thus received a new impetus, and the cult of the silkworm is more general than ever there. Yet, with all its superior cleanliness and modern facilities of locomotion, the old capital of Orkhan has not lost its Oriental character. It is, at this stage of its history, an excellent example of what Turkey might be under a wise government. I had an admirable opportunity of witnessing the genuine popularity of one of the officials of the place, the Commissioner of the Public Debt, who was staying at the hotel, and travelled with me back to Constantinople. His Excellency—a jovial, elderly gentleman—was a great favourite with the Europeans, who treated him very much as one of themselves, and at the same time was heartily greeted by the natives wherever he appeared. Every one turned up at the station to wish him a good journey and a safe return ; and on the steamer he was the centre of an admiring group of Armenian ladies. One is tempted to say of Ottoman officials—*O si sic omnes !* Indeed, it is with regret that one returns to the corrupt administration of the present Turkish capital after this experience of the old. Brûsa is, indeed, an administrative oasis in this arid desert of political incapacity and intrigue.

Of all European capitals, Constantinople has least social life. From the nature of the case, the absence of all female society among the Mussulmans renders it impossible for them to entertain. The Europeans live for the most part at great distances from the centre, and the means of communication are so bad that visiting, especially at night, is a toil rather than a pleasure. No human being would drive through the streets unless compelled to do so, for the holes in even the principal

thoroughfares inflict the keenest torture upon even robust nerves. As the Turkish driver usually insists upon going at full speed one is nearly jolted out of one's seat at every moment. I shall never forget two experiences of this kind. On one occasion we attempted to drive round the walls, and expected at every moment to break our necks; on the other we descended from the heights of Bulgarlu at a pace and at an angle which threatened instant extinction. Until I had seen Constantinople I always imagined Belgrade to be the worst paved capital in the East, but I now confess that the Servians have greatly improved upon the road-building of their former Turkish masters. Besides Constantinople possesses a further impediment to traffic in the shape of the dogs which encumber every street and lie in every hole in the pavement. For the pedestrian at night it is a matter of considerable difficulty to avoid treading upon whole colonies of puppies deposited by their mothers in every available spot. No power, not even that of a former Sultan, has been able to abolish the Constantinople dog. When Abdul Mejid banished them all to one of the islands in the Marmara he was compelled by public opinion to bring them back to the city. The severe winters lead to a survival of the fittest, but even so their numbers are only slightly diminished. While by day they are only encumbrances to the traffic, by night they also render sleep most difficult. It has been our fate to reside at the point where the territories of two canine nations met—for, as every one knows, the Constantinople dogs have districts of their own which they unite in defending against the canine denizens of other quarters. But as is natural in these days of colonial expansion, the dogs of the less favoured districts are desirous to extend their spheres of influence. The most ferocious battles then take place upon the frontier until the invaders have been driven off. And even if for a time

some canine leader ordains the peace, the night watchman effectually prevents one's slumber. This functionary's practice of tapping with his staff upon the pavement has the double effect of keeping the householder awake and giving the housebreaker time to get out of the way. The actions of this individual are somewhat erratic. Sometimes he stops away altogether and then demands *bakshtsh* for the neglect of his duties; at others, when sleepless residents offer him *bakshtsh* in order that he may stop away, he pockets the piastres and knocks more loudly than ever. It is said that he marks the hours by the number of knocks he gives with his stick, but in our experience we have found that he rather resembled a clockmaker summoned to wind up the clocks who makes them sound one hour after the other in rapid succession.

No one can live in comfort in Constantinople without a *cavass*, and it is the object of every one to secure the services of a gigantic Montenegrin or *Bocchese* for this purpose. It would be difficult to find anywhere a more imposing figure than the Montenegrin *cavass* of the British Embassy, and these servants are as honest and faithful as they are handsome. But they have "the defects of their qualities." They carry their devotion to their employers to such a length that they regard it as a personal insult to be dismissed, and sometimes attack their masters for having dismissed them. Besides, if they have to resign on account of ill-health, they expect their brothers or cousins to be taken on in their place as a matter of course. Utterly impervious to new ideas, they are the most conservative of men. Thus, I once heard a Montenegrin expostulate with some one who wanted to eat a tortoise, not because the animal was unwholesome, but because "it came straight from hell."

Just as Baron Haussmann reconstructed Paris, so the

German Emperor has been unconsciously doing something to improve the streets of Constantinople. When it became known that the Sultan's "only friend" proposed to re-visit the Turkish capital, it was resolved to widen the streets through which the Kaiser would be likely to pass. No theories about compensation trouble the official mind of Constantinople when once it has resolved upon street improvement. In London we hesitate to widen the Strand because of the expense involved in purchasing the houses which it would be necessary to pull down. The Turks, on the other hand, resort to one of those fortunate accidents which in Eastern countries frequently remove objectionable persons or buildings at the most convenient moment. We witnessed an instance of this in the Grande Rue de Pera. A house which projected into the street and impeded the praiseworthy desire of the authorities to widen the main thoroughfare of the city, was one night found in a blaze. Next morning as we were passing the ruined building a Turkish officer remarked, in our hearing, in French : "*On a bien fait de l'incendier.*" This system is further facilitated by the fact that the firemen stationed on the Galata Tower or at Kandilli have to obtain permission from Yildiz Kiosk before firing the signal. A great deal of time is thus lost, and the Turkish fire-brigade arrives too late. If the European brigade—for that also exists—shows too much zeal in the service, its attention is usually diverted to the opposite house. Sometimes too, where a genuine fire occurs, the Turkish firemen spend so much time in bargaining with the people, whose property they have come to save, that there is nothing left to save at all. In one case, where a fire occurred at a village in the winter, the village was burnt and many lives lost by cold and privation owing to this chaffering. But whether the fire be genuine or not, the cry of "*Yanghen var*" with which

the firemen go through the streets naturally attracts the worst elements of the population, who seize this opportunity for plunder and destruction. At Smyrna, where I witnessed a large conflagration, they managed things rather better, but even there I noticed at the fire-station, where I was at the time, that the alarm-guns had to be cleaned at the critical moment when they ought to have been fired, so that a great delay was caused.

The lack of amusements, for there is no theatre or opera, makes Constantinople an undesirable place of residence. In fact the only persons who have a tolerably good time there are those connected with Embassies. Even they, with all the advantages of their position, find the place compares badly with other capitals. As one of them remarked to me, "In Constantinople one is never finished with a piece of business. What is simple elsewhere, is complex here. Do what you may, any matter which you consider settled is sure to return to you." Moreover, Constantinople has been the grave of many diplomatic reputations, and an old resident who has known thirteen British Ambassadors once told me, that the only one of them who was really successful was the one who confined his diplomatic notes to the Porte within the space of four lines, and always began them with the formula, "The British Ambassador requires."

A friend of mine, who has been for many years a householder in Constantinople, told me his experience of taking a house there which may interest the British occupier. The latter is apt to imagine himself a much suffering individual, but his wrongs are nothing to those of his fellows in Turkey. For in Turkey there is no regular system of levying inhabited house-duty, but whenever the householder wishes to make any repairs he has to obtain official permission to do so, and this permission is only granted after payment of all arrears of

taxation due upon the house. As there is in Turkish law no statute of limitation, the unfortunate householder is held liable, not only for his own, but for his predecessors' arrears of taxation, and in an instance which has come under my notice no less than twenty-three years of taxes had to be paid at once by a certain gentleman who desired to repair his abode ! The natural result is that houses, which are very expensive in Constantinople, are allowed to fall into a most ruinous state, because a direct incentive is thus given to the householders to refrain from making any alterations. Needless to add, the utmost uncertainty prevails as to the annual yield of the tax upon houses, and anything like our Chancellor of the Exchequer's accurate forecast of the house-duty is impossible. Even to repair the road in front of a house requires a special permit, though the householder has to do the repairs at his own cost. If he expostulates with the local authorities, he is told that "all the rates have been sent to the Palace."

But all these inconveniences sink into insignificance beside the horrors of keeping Turkish time. The Turks set their watches every day, and sunset, whatever hour it may be by our reckoning, is counted as twelve o'clock, and the other hours calculated from it. Thus, if it is half-past nine by a "European" watch, the Turkish clocks point to two. As both systems prevail in Turkey, it is necessary to have two watches, or else a movable watchglass with a second set of figures on it. At home convicts are made to "do time"; a much harder punishment would be to make them keep Turkish time for a month.

But there is a bright side to the picture. Business men, overburdened with the rates and taxes of Western Europe, tell me that they find it easier to make profits under the uncertain Turkish system. In the summer, too, suburban

life, on the Bosporus, or at one of the other pleasure resorts near Constantinople, possesses great attractions. Diplomatic society selects Therapia or Buyukdereh for its *villégiature*, and the lack of hotels at all the other delightful spots on the Bosporus secures those two places a monopoly in that direction. Many well-to-do people prefer Prinkipo, in spite of the abominable service of steamers. On one occasion, a deputation of European ladies, anxious for the safety of their husbands, threatened to invade the Sultan's presence, in order to bring before his Majesty the dangers of the rickety old boats which ply between the city and the intermediate stations on the way to Prinkipo. Terrified at this prospect, the Sultan at once promised to buy two new boats in England; but this promise was not altogether reassuring, for residents in Constantinople remember that when two second-hand British steamers were previously ordered for this service, both of them were so unseaworthy that they were forbidden to leave port flying the British flag, and one of them went down on the way out. Chancing to go over to Prinkipo on St. George's Day, the principal Greek festival of the island, we nearly shared a similar fate. Instead of putting on extra boats, as is usual in other countries at holiday times, the steamboat company crowded hundreds of excursionists on to a wretched old tub, until the deck was almost level with the water. On arrival, however, we were partially compensated for this experience by the scenes round the Monastery of St. George. Here groups of peasants from the islands in the Marmara, and from the Bithynian coast, were dancing the *hora* in the most solemn fashion. The dancers were all men, who stood in a circle with a fiddler in the middle, while the women, in curious baggy trousers of all the colours of the rainbow, stood looking on. Prinkipo has a rival in Phanaraki, a

place on the Asiatic coast, the home of a considerable European colony in summer. Here on Fridays one may sit under the trees and observe the mediæval and the

RUSSIAN MONUMENT, SAN STEFANO.
(*From a Photo. by Mr. F. S. Cobb.*)

modern sides of Oriental life at the same moment—the veiled Turkish ladies being drawn about in long, creaking bullock waggons, and the smart Armenian bicyclists

equally proud of their European machines and their Parisian French. San Stefano, famous in history as the scene of the abortive Treaty and as the nearest point to Constantinople which the Russians have yet reached, possesses the advantage of direct railway communication and is prettily situated on the Marmara. The "Treaty house" is now, like the Treaty itself, a thing of the past. Since the last earthquake the ruins alone remain to remind the passer-by of what promised to be the most remarkable event in the story of the Balkan Peninsula. Out in the waste plain beyond San Stefano the Russians have erected a monument, the scaffolding of which was still up when we visited it, nominally to the memory of their soldiers, but really to commemorate their achievement in 1878. At that time every one expected them in Constantinople, and the arrangements for the evacuation had actually been prepared. Skobeleff used himself to go regularly to Missiri's Hôtel to dine, and on one occasion applied to a British doctor, still living, to get one of his officers into the English hospital. The next time that the Russians get as near to Constantinople they will probably come to stay. A Turkish prophecy says that thirty Sultans shall reign in Stambûl. Abdul Hamid II. is the twenty-eighth of the series, so that the time for the fulfilment of the prediction is approaching. But threatened empires, like threatened men, have a habit of living longer than any one expects.

CHAPTER XIII

AN EXPERIMENT IN EMANCIPATION : BULGARIA

FINDING that the direct line from Constantinople to Bulgaria was still interrupted owing to the floods, I could only reach that interesting Balkan Principality by way of the Black Sea. The Euxine has always had a bad reputation for its sudden squalls. The ancients christened it the "inhospitable" sea, and our own soldiers had some terrible experiences of what it could do during the Crimean War. But I had no choice in the matter, so embarked on one of the Russian steamers for Bourgas, the second of the two ports of Bulgaria, which I reached after a fifteen hours' voyage, and a tossing such as the English Channel itself could hardly have surpassed.

It is certainly an agreeable contrast, after a tour in the immediate dominions of the Sultan, to find oneself in a country where one's movements are not hindered by absurd regulations. In Bulgaria, at any rate, whatever may be the shortcomings of the Government, the traveller is assisted by the officials and welcomed by the people. There are no special passports required as in Turkey; *bakshîsh* ceases to be in constant demand; and, above all, there is an admirable currency, based on the French system, the two denominations of which, the *lev* (or "lion") and the *stotinka*, almost exactly correspond in value to the French *franc* and *centime*. After the filthy Greek paper, and the almost illegible Turkish metal coinage,

BULGARIAN BRIDE.

it is a relief to handle finely engraved silver and nickel pieces, bearing the Bulgarian lion rampant or the image and superscription of Prince Ferdinand. With such a currency one knows at once what one is doing; whereas in Greece and Turkey it is always a matter of elaborate calculation to ascertain exactly how much one is really paying for any article purchased. The newcomer in Bulgaria notices, too, at once the superior physique of the officers and soldiers as compared with the appearance of Greek military men. The Greeks are badly turned out, and the men always struck me as underfed; but the Bulgarians look very smart in their white coats and caps, and are a much sturdier race than the Hellenes. It cannot be doubted, as several well-known Bulgarians assured me, that if the Principality had joined Greece in the war against Turkey at the moment when Edhem Pasha had reached the Thessalian frontier, the result would have been otherwise. For the Bulgarians could have cut the Turkish line of communication between the capital and the front at Dedeagatch on the Ægean, and Edhem's position would then have been most critical. But the opportunity, owing to Russian pressure on Prince Ferdinand, was lost, and now Bulgaria finds too late that she has reaped as the reward of her "correct attitude" towards her suzerain little else but promises—the paper currency of Turkish politics, which no wise statesman will accept.

Bourgas, though an important outlet for the trade of South Bulgaria, and the stopping-place of a good many English steamers, is not a spot likely to detain the traveller. Compared with the average Turkish town, it is clean and "European," and the prefecture, in which I had an interview with the Mayor, is a new building which reflects credit on the Bulgarian Government. The inn, too, though by no means immaculate, boasts a

portrait of the Princess of Wales, and a tolerable restaurant, through which the swallows kept flying as I ate my meals. But the surroundings are dreary, and the two large lagoons near the town make a stay there at midsummer rather undesirable. So I was not long in taking the slow train—a train the slowness of which exceeds all human imagination—for Philippopolis, a journey of two hundred miles, which involved 14½ hours of railway travelling! But even the slow train has its advantages when you are desirous of studying the face of a country. As you meander leisurely along you can see for yourself what this district produces and what that manufactures, though manufactures are scarce in Bulgaria. At the roadside stations you can observe the country folk in their various costumes, and after a certain amount of dawdling you become the bosom friend of your fellow-travellers, and talk to them about their country as if you had known them all their lives. I had no conception until I made this journey of the immense damage that can be wrought by the floods. As we traversed mile after mile of the vast Thracian plain—the Eastern Roumelia of the Berlin Treaty, now completely merged in the big Bulgaria of 1885—we saw corn beaten flat by the rain and rotting on the ground, vines soaking in water, and maize washed clean out of the earth. To the unfortunate peasant—and Bulgaria is *par excellence* the "Peasant State," the Transvaal of the Balkan Peninsula—those storms mean ruin. The only creatures that benefit by the floods are the vast armies of water fowl which are encamped all along the low-lying plains of Thrace. As we passed by we could see the storks by hundreds standing in the marshes or slowly flapping their huge wings and craning their ugly necks in flight. But it is at Philippopolis that these quaint creatures are to be seen at their best. There, as at Strassburg, they build

vast and roomy nests on the roofs of mosques or on chimney-stacks, where they feed their young in motherly fashion and pursue their other avocations absolutely unharmed. For no Turk or Bulgarian will ever harm a stork, and the chimneys seem to have been specially prepared for the reception of these birds.

Philippopolis, or Plovdiv, as the Bulgarians call it, is certainly one of the most picturesque sites in Europe, and well deserves the attention of the travellers who hurry past it in the Orient Express. You are ambling along an immense plain, when suddenly you see in front of you, arising as if by magic out of the earth, seven hills of granite, forming together an inverted 7, or the Greek letter, Γ. On three of these hills, or *tépé*, as they are locally called, are grouped the red-roofed houses of Philippopolis, which thus obtained its old Roman name of Trimontium, or "the three mountains." As you stand on the summit of one of these hills you see the Balkans and the range of Rhodope bounding the horizon to north and south, and the city spread out before you like a map—the muddy Marica surging on its turbid course, the shining cupolas of the Greek and Bulgarian churches, and here and there the slim and graceful minaret of a mosque, for there are still a good number of Mussulmans here, although many have emigrated since the union of the two Bulgarias, in spite of the efforts of the Bulgarian Government to induce them to stay. But here, the Mussulmans prefer even the inferior administration of Turkey to life under the rule of their old *rayahs*. Some years ago in Philippopolis the accidental inroad of a stray pig into a mosque caused the total disuse of the building for an immense period, and in a country where swine are so plentiful what may not happen to shock the feelings of the devout follower of the Prophet? But the most curious feature of religious life here is the existence

of a large community of Bulgarian Catholics, who inhabit a special quarter of the town, and are the descendants of those Paulicians or Bogomiles who played such a great part in the mediæval history of the Balkan lands, and have left their mark all over the Peninsula.

No one can visit Philippopolis, with its three large public gardens—one the site of the Exhibition held here some time ago—its clean streets, its fine museum and library, and its general air of prosperity, without recognising that it has benefited greatly since the Turkish rule was ended here. It is said, indeed, by some well-informed persons, that Eastern Roumelia and its capital were in some material respects best off under the system of autonomy inaugurated by the Berlin Treaty of 1878, and which lasted down to the union in 1885. The South Bulgarians complain that they have now to contribute more money for military purposes, while in those days they had only a militia to support. They say, too, that the southern half of the Principality, which is the richer and more fertile—for South Bulgaria is chiefly a land of plains, North Bulgaria largely a land of mountains—is somewhat neglected in the matter of railways. It is, for instance, a grievance with the rose-growers at Kazanlik that the new railway now in course of construction from Sofia to Plevna and Trnovo does not pass that way. But, in spite of these things, the South Bulgarians frankly confess that their patriotic sentiments far outweigh mere material considerations. They compare their case with that of the Cretans. Crete would be pecuniarily better off as an autonomous island than if united to Greece, but still the Cretans at present prefer to be united with their own flesh and blood, even though the union would add to their taxes. So, also, the Bulgarians of the south are glad to form one State with their brethren beyond the Balkans. On both sides of the mountains there are the same

race, the same language, and the same traditions. The old Bulgarian Tsars, Simeon and Peter, were Lords of Philippopolis as well as Trnovo ; and when the ancient Bulgarian capital fell before the Turks it was to Philippopolis that the last Tsar, Šišman ("the Fat"), came to die. It may safely be asserted that Bulgaria will remain one and undivided ; it is only a pity that she cannot form a closer union with Servia, either by means of confederation or otherwise. But that desirable consummation, in the opinion of those on the spot, is still far off. In the very hotel where I was stopping at Salonica, a quarrel between Bulgarians and Servians led to a horrible murder ; and in spite of the fact that the two languages are so much alike, there is little sympathy between these two neighbouring peoples. Not in vain did the Roman historian talk of the *nota inter fratres inimicitia.*

Philippopolis can boast of quite a European society, and Great Britain in particular possesses in her Vice-consul, Mr. Wratislaw, a representative whose kindness and hospitality are only equalled by his intimate knowledge of the country and its people. Nor will the English visitor find that his language is unknown in this distant town. A fair, and often a very good, acquaintance with English is not at all uncommon among educated Bulgarians, thanks largely to Robert College. The one danger of the educational zeal which prevails here is that this country, which is pre-eminently agricultural, and needs agriculturists, should be flooded with young graduates, who despise farming, and whose one aim is to obtain Government employment. It is the custom here, as in Greece, to make all, or nearly all, public offices dependent on the Ministry of the day, and the result here has been that when Dr. Stoïloff succeeded the late M. Stambuloff as Prime Minister he made a clean sweep of his predecessor's supporters. Accordingly, independent politicians suffer,

while a premium is put upon time-serving. I know one Bulgarian gentleman, a man of the highest English education, who lost his post as a professor simply because he had been a conspicuous follower of the Bulgarian Bismarck, and was too honest to trim his sails to every passing breeze. It will be a good thing for Bulgaria if this "spoils system" be discontinued, and until it ceases there can be no freedom of election here, for the Government of the day can always exercise immense pressure through its officials, whose existence depends upon its favour, so as to secure the return of its candidates. But, even so, though by no means faultless, the Bulgarian Government is better than the rule of Abdul Hamid. Besides, we must not judge too harshly and by Western standards a young nation which, after nearly five centuries of Turkish tyranny, has enjoyed only twenty years of free institutions. The wonder is, not that young Bulgaria has committed faults, but that she has done so much in so short a time.

To travel through South Bulgaria without visiting the Shipka Pass, the scene of the great struggle between Russians and Turks in the war of twenty years ago, would have been an unwarrantable omission, all the more so as the route from Philippopolis lies by way of the famous Valley of Roses, whence Western Europe derives so large a part of its most delicious perfume. Accordingly, we made elaborate preparations for the four days' driving and riding, which a visit to the Shipka involves. We laid in ample supplies in the shape of tinned meats, and secured the services of an excellent driver, by name Georgi, who spoke Greek as well as Bulgarian, and acted as a servant when not attending to his horses. We started from Philippopolis at half-past five in the morning in one of those light victorias drawn by three horses, known in Bulgaria as a *payton*—an obvious

corruption of the ordinary word phaeton. We crossed the yellow Marica at a rattling pace, and were soon traversing the vast plain which stretches between the chain of Rhodope and the advance guard of the Balkan range. As we drove along we met groups of peasants clad in the brown suits and black sheepskin caps of the country, and driving their lumbering wains into town. Nothing can

BULGARIANS DANCING.
(From a Photo. by Mr. Wratislaw.)

be more picturesque than the white Bulgarian oxen which draw these waggons, unless it be their shaggy black yoke-fellows, buffaloes all save the hump, which are so common in this part of the Balkan Peninsula. The Bulgarian peasant does not vouchsafe much attention to the traveller; unlike the Greek he is not very inquisitive, but exhibits all the stolidity of the Slav in his demeanour.

Here and there we drove through the floods, which had inundated the road, and in one place a broken bridge compelled us to make a detour of half a mile. But the road was, on the whole, infinitely better than anything of the kind in Turkey, unless it be at Brûsa, for the Bulgarians, unlike the Turks, keep up their highways and repair the holes in them at once. Occasionally a grass-covered mound broke the monotony of the plain—one of those strange *tumuli* which abound in Thrace, and still perplex the antiquary. Many of them have been opened in the hope of finding ancient remains; but the search has so far been in vain, and the Thracian *tumuli* have furnished nothing but material for the ingenious theories of learned professors. At last, after passing some warm springs, we began to climb the spurs of the mountains, and arrived at one o'clock at the pretty little town of Kalofer, where we intended to spend the night.

Kalofer is a typical Balkan settlement, straggling along the banks of a rushing mountain stream—the Tundža, and embowered in trees and fields of roses. The low wooden houses, covered with vines and creepers, look delightfully picturesque, and their inhabitants seemed happy and prosperous, in spite of the bad season and the ruined crops. Yet Kalofer has known very evil days. For it was in this pleasant little place that some of the most cruel deeds of the Russo-Turkish war were done. All Kalofer had welcomed as one man the army of General Gourkho on its arrival from beyond the Balkans in the July days of 1877. But the rejoicings of the Bulgars, emancipated at last from their oppressors, were of brief duration. Their deliverers were forced by the superior numbers of the Turks to retreat, and Kalofer was left to the mercy, or rather the vengeance, of its former masters. The inhabitants in vain endeavoured to defend their houses, but they could not hope to succeed

where the Russians had failed. The victorious Turks laid the town in ashes, and put to the sword all who had not escaped for refuge to the gorges of the sheltering Balkans. Since then Kalofer has risen from its ashes, but not a single house in the place bears upon it an earlier date than 1879.

From Kalofer it was an easy drive of four hours next morning through the Valley of Roses to Kazanlik, a very flourishing town of ten thousand inhabitants, and the seat of the rose industry, to which all the district owes its prosperity. Three weeks earlier the whole valley was ablaze with fields of these pink flowers, and even now, after the rose harvest was over, a few stray blossoms remained to give me some faint idea of what the scene must have been. The Thracian or Damask rose, from which the attar of roses is prepared, is a simple flower of a pink hue, which flourishes admirably in this sandy soil. Of all the attar of roses produced for the European market more than one-half comes from this one valley, and M. Christo Christoff, the principal dealer here, who has written a book on the subject, which has been translated into English, assured me that, in spite of the excessive wet of the season, which had made the rose bushes very leafy, the crop was a fair one. Even at this time of day the methods of the peasants who distil the oil of roses are delightfully primitive. We saw at Kalofer and at the village of Shipka some of the distillers at work with their large metal retorts and their huge baskets of rose leaves. I am told, however, that it is exceedingly difficult to obtain attar of roses even on the spot absolutely genuine. I am afraid that Bulgarian "rural simplicity" has learned the art of doctoring the rose leaves; but, even so, the attar is sufficiently powerful for the nostrils of most persons. When it is remembered that as many as 3,200 kilogrammes of rose leaves are required to yield a single

kilogramme of oil, the cost of attar of roses is easily explained. One of M. Christoff's distillers showed me a small jar containing about sixty ounces of essence, which was worth £100. No wonder that he kept the precious jar in a chest under lock and key and wrapped in cloths! As we drove along, the indefatigable peasants, women as well as men—for the female Bulgarian always works in the fields—were busy in the rose gardens, attending to the stripped bushes with the utmost care, and singing merrily as they worked. This seems, indeed, to be the paradise of the peasant. A country so naturally rich as this, with no social question to solve, for there are no great fortunes here to excite the envy of the poor, has indeed much to be thankful for. If only Bulgaria had no politics, that curse of the small Balkan States! Of the Bulgarians else might it be said, as Virgil said of the Roman husbandmen, *O fortunati nimium, sua si bona norint, Agricolae!* Indeed, the natives are so independent that it is difficult to engage them to work for wages, while it is almost impossible to obtain domestic servants here. Every one wishes to be his own master and work for himself.

But the outskirts of happy Kazanlik at once remind the traveller of the evils of war, to which this country has been so ruthlessly exposed. From the back windows of M. Christoff's pretty house in the main street one can see the Russian monument on the top of Shipka Pass. An hour and a quarter's drive over the smiling plain brought us to the village of Shipka, outside of which rise ominously from the ground the three *tumuli*, from which the deadly Turkish fire was directed against the Russians, and which were carried with desperate bravery by Skobeleff's troops. A monument and the remains of the Turkish entrenchments still mark the spot, while Kazanlik itself, although it was for six months the Turkish

BULGARIAN PEASANTS.

headquarters, bears no trace now of that *année terrible.* But the older inhabitants will never forget that appalling trial, when they were exiles in Roumania or the Balkans; and on the landing of the inn hangs the portrait of the Tzar Alexander II., "the protector and liberator of Bulgaria." Foolish, indeed, were the Russians to allow General Kaulbars' knout and their agents' intrigues to estrange the affection which their "little brothers" of Bulgaria felt for them twenty years ago. Yet for Europe the mistakes of Russia have been a gain, for the Bulgarians have exhibited a sturdy independence which the temporary Russophil policy at present pursued by Prince Ferdinand cannot sap.

We were received at Shipka with a native hospitality which was almost overwhelming. M. Christoff had telegraphed on to have horses ready for our ride up the pass, and on our arrival at the village M. Doukovnikoff, the principal inhabitant and a distiller of rose essence, received us, and invited us to his comfortable house. On the threshold, according to the pleasing Bulgarian custom, he again shook our hands, and as soon as we were seated in his cool parlour his wife presented us with a glass of cold water, a spoonful of preserve, and a cup of coffee each. M. Doukovnikoff showed me with pride a large photograph of the memorable *Sobranje,* or National Convention, which met at Trnovo in July, 1887, for the election of Prince Ferdinand as ruler of Bulgaria, and of which he was a member. He produced, too, from a roomy cupboard, which served him as a bookcase, an old file of the *Svoboda* ("Liberty"), the late M. Stambuloff's organ, and carefully sought out for me the numbers of July, 1895, containing the news of that statesman's death, and the messages of condolence with Madame Stambuloff from abroad. These papers had evidently been

carefully studied, for each telegram was marked and numbered in the margin, so that M. Doukovnikoff had no difficulty in at once finding that from Windsor Castle, which he read aloud with great delight, as well as the latest news from the other daily papers about the Jubilee and the visit of Prince Ferdinand to London. Thanks to his orders, we were soon equipped with horses and guides, and started up the steep path to the top of the Shipka Pass. The road was very rough, and how carriages manage to cross it, even with the aid of bullocks, it is difficult to understand. The Pass itself is above 4,400 feet above the sea-level, and commands a superb view of both North and South Bulgaria. It would be difficult to imagine a greater difference than that between the two halves of the Principality. To the south extends the vast plain, dotted here and there with the red roofs of some happy village or town—Shipka and Kazanlik prominent among them. On the north you have one group of wooded mountains after another, till in the far distance you can just discern the line of the Danube as it bends north-eastwards by Rustchuk. In one valley you can spy the flourishing town of Gabrovo on the river Jantra, a manufacturing town famous in history as the site of the first Bulgarian school in which instruction was given in the vernacular instead of in Greek. A range of hills conceals Trnovo, the capital of the old Bulgarian Tsars, from view, but you can see the spot where it stands, and the place where Plevna lies concealed, and much more besides; while over your head soars a majestic eagle, fit denizen of this Balkan Pass, where once the Russian eagle floated over the entrenchments. A plain white monument and a little burial-ground now mark the place for which Russian and Turk fought six weary months, and the neighbouring heights of Mount St. Nicholas are crowned

with simple crosses in memory of the Russians and their Bulgarian allies. Our guide had been one of the latter, and his eyes gleamed and his voice grew eloquent as he told over again the story of the Shipka Pass, pointing out where the Russians and where the Turks had stood. The ground is still covered with fragments of Russian and Turkish shells, of which I picked up two pieces, and the remains of the fortifications are still visible. And then we rode slowly down to M. Doukovnikoff's hospitable abode, whence, after toasting "England and Bulgaria" together, we left, with many a handshake, for Kazanlik. On the way back from that place to Philippopolis, we had a curious example of primitive surgery. M. Christoff's daughter, whose father was taking her to school in Paris, fell out of her carriage on a steep hill and sprained her ankle. We drove at full speed with her to the nearest village, a place called Banja from its hot springs, where her father ordered her injured leg to be wrapped in sheepskins. Instead of consulting a proper surgeon at Philippopolis, as we suggested, he preferred to send for a "specialist" from the small town of Sopot, whose "reputation was such that people came from Adrianople to consult him." Next morning the "specialist" arrived in the shape of an extraordinarily-clad peasant, who wore sheepskins and looked more like a shepherd than a surgeon. He carried the young lady off to his cottage to be treated, and her father's faith in his untutored skill was rewarded.

It is a striking change from the hot Thracian plain, in which Philippopolis lies, to the snow-capped mountains and cooler air of the "Bulgarian Switzerland," as enthusiasts call the district close to the Macedonian frontier. The moist rice-fields through which the train passes after leaving the Eastern Roumelian capital here give place to Alpine scenery, and instead of the muddy current of the

Marica we have here the mountain torrents of the Isker, sweeping away its bridge and carrying all before it. From the little roadside station of Banja, famous some years ago for its bands of brigands, but now as safe as Scotland, we drove for four hours through lovely valleys and up wooded hills, backed by the magnificent range of the Rilo Mountains, to the flourishing little town of Samakov, the headquarters of the American missionaries in Bulgaria, and one day destined to be the health resort of the Principality. My wife and I were the first English people—so the missionaries told us—who had ever visited this remote spot, and our arrival accordingly provoked a considerable amount of curiosity among the inhabitants. Nor is it to be wondered at that few British travellers explore the interior of this interesting country under existing conditions. No one who has not visited Bulgarian villages can have any idea of the accommodation provided for the visitor. The inns are, as a rule, mere *hans*, where the beds swarm with fleas—I slew forty in a single night, while an American missionary killed fifty more—and other animals even worse, and the sole means of washing is a common basin placed on the landing. Other necessaries of the toilet are altogether lacking ; carpets there are none, and the traveller may think himself lucky if he can secure a room to himself by paying for all the beds which it contains, and so preventing the incursion of any other visitor. Whenever I have slept in a Bulgarian inn, the whole establishment has been brought up to gaze with utter wonder and amazement at my indiarubber bath, the like of which no Bulgarian had ever seen before. I feel sure that if any future British tourist penetrates the interior of Bulgaria without one of these baths, he will be regarded by the natives as no genuine son of Albion ! As for the food in Bulgarian inns, the most that can be said in its favour is that it is eatable. Vegetables there are

none, but the wine is everywhere excellent, and as cheap as possible. In fact, charges rule very low in these primitive regions, and the peasant innkeepers are honesty itself, never trying to impose upon the ignorance of the Western traveller. Thus for dinner, bed, and breakfast for two people I have paid as little as seven francs, and the normal price for a bed is a franc everywhere. But it is always wise to carry everything you may want with you, so that if the innkeeper's supplies fail, or his food be impossibly nasty, you may have tinned meats or potted tunny fish or sardines to fall back upon. From this it will be seen that the "Bulgarian Switzerland" is not much like the "playground of Europe" as far as hotels are concerned. Here the commonest Western necessaries are regarded as luxuries, and when the landlord has provided you with a flea-covered bed, the sheets of which are changed about once a month, and are stained with the gore of the last traveller, he thinks he has done all that is needful for your comfort.

Thanks, however, to the kindness of two American missionaries, Dr. Clark and Dr. Kingsbury, we were enabled to enjoy a few creature comforts even at Samakov. It is impossible not to admire the intense zeal and self-abnegation with which the American missionaries pursue their laborious task in Bulgaria and Macedonia. Here are gentlemen of high education and cultivated minds passing their lives in a half-civilised country, where they seldom see any one with whom they can exchange ideas, and where their efforts are sometimes quite unappreciated. Badly paid, and neither seeking nor obtaining the least advertisement in an age when every quack seeks to air his views and pose as a genius, they live unknown and almost dead to the outer world. Opinions differ as to the wisdom of their propaganda in some parts of the East, but there can be only one view as to their absolute and disin-

terested devotion to their work. Here, rather than among the idle monks of Mount Athos, you will find the Christian ideal of the negation of self actually carried out in this selfish nineteenth century. At Samakov, for instance, there are two schools entirely under the supervision of these missionaries, one containing about fifty boys (all Bulgarians, except one Serb and one Armenian, and mostly hailing from Macedonia), the other numbering sixty female pupils, presided over by Miss Maltby, a very practical American lady. Nearly all are boarders, and some who come from a distance even remain during the holidays. The full curriculum lasts for seven years, between the ages of thirteen and twenty, but few pupils can afford to stay out the full course. I was especially glad to notice that Dr. Kingsbury, who is a very practical man, with a knowledge of many and divers handicrafts and sciences, lays stress on technical education, which is far more needful in a country like Bulgaria than a high degree of literary culture; for all thoughtful people whom I met during my stay in that country agreed in pointing out the danger of over-education for Bulgaria. A "peasant state" such as this, which has no manufactures worth speaking of and must always be mainly agricultural, does not want and cannot provide employment for a great number of graduates. In the early days after the liberation of Bulgaria from Turkish rule there was, it is true, a great demand for young men of superior education to fill the various places under the new government. But twenty years have elapsed since then, and now the supply is greater than the demand. The result will be the same in Bulgaria as in Greece—the growth of a class of professional politicians from among the briefless lawyers, hungry doctors, and discontented teachers produced by the Bulgarian schools. Dr. Kingsbury, at any rate, desires that his pupils should be able to work with their hands as

well as their heads. He has established, largely out of his own pocket, a printing press which prints a school paper in Bulgarian and various hymn books and other devotional works, and is also the presiding genius of the carpenter's shop. Many of the chairs used in the school were made there, and he tells me the best pupils are always the best printers. One lad who had recently left the school, at once obtained a post as a printer on the staff of a paper at Worcester, U.S.A., where he has since been most successful. This is all the more creditable when it is remembered that the boys are accustomed to compose articles not in English type, but in the Cyrillic letters of the Bulgarian alphabet. It seems to me, however, that the American schools at Samakov would be more serviceable to their pupils if English were made compulsory, as it is at Robert College. I noticed that few of the pupils, even those who had been there some time, spoke English at all well, the reason being that instruction is given, as a rule, in Bulgarian. Two other defects deserve attention. First and foremost, the pupils are not sufficiently alive to the fact that "manners makyth man." Now your Bulgarian in the raw state, although he possesses many solid virtues, is not one of nature's noblemen, like the Montenegrin, who is the gentleman *par excellence* of the Near East. But one has only to observe the fine martial bearing and admirable manners of the Bulgarian officers to see that out of this very raw material excellent and highly polished stuff can be made. Now the collarless, perspiring, and unshorn students of Samakov are excellent young fellows, if they were only more careful of externals. As it is, they contrast very unfavourably with the officers who spring from the same peasant stock as themselves. At times, too, these uncouth products of Western education are apt to be priggish. It is rather appalling to be told by a Bulgarian lad that he

wishes to learn English "in order to read the many moral and improving works which abound in your language." One has an uneasy suspicion that this sort of young man may later on develop into the style of person who combines high moral sentiments with very worldly practices. Of such personages—prize pupils of "European" schools in their time—there are several examples in Bulgarian public life. A second defect in the American schools at Samakov is the omission to keep an eye on the later career of the pupils after they have completed their education. Only in this way can the real and practical efficiency of the system be tested. At Robert College such a register of old pupils is scrupulously preserved. The same should be done at Samakov.

But the greatest difficulty against which civilisation has to contend in this newly emancipated Principality is the extreme conservatism of the Bulgarian people, and its fantastic notions of its own dignity. Take, for instance, the question of domestic servants, which is far more acute in Bulgaria than even in London. In fact, not only does it render housekeeping most expensive, but it practically cripples all social life. For no Bulgarian will ever enter domestic service unless absolutely driven to it by extreme poverty. Widows are as a rule the only servants available, and they will only become cooks or housemaids on condition that all their family is taken with them. Thus, an English lady of my acquaintance, who is married to a Bulgarian at Philippopolis, has to keep six servants to do the work of two. Moreover, the servants consider themselves on an absolute equality with their employers, and insist on being introduced to, and shaking hands with, the visitors. Should the latter be "Europeans," they will probably be introduced in the contemptuous phrase that "a man has called." Servants leave on the least rebuke from their mistresses, and the only way to keep them is to let

their wages fall into arrears. Even nurses—and in Bulgaria no self-respecting mother nourishes her own child—will leave their young charges in a huff. So strong is the sentiment against doing anything in the nature of menial work, that I know of a case where a girl refused to fetch medicine from the chemist for her own mother. But the same girl would work in a stranger's garden or do needlework, because these occupations are considered honourable for Bulgarian women, who will tear one another's hair out for the sake of earning a piastre by their needles. But no sum will tempt these people to do what they consider beneath their dignity. Not even a heavy tip would induce a loafer at the Banja station to carry my luggage. He was in rags, but he would not earn sixpence as a porter because that was not his business. The cleverest Bulgarian novelist of the day, Mr. Ivan Vasoff—whose best work, "Under the Yoke," has been translated into English—has made this subject the theme of one of his amusing sketches of life in the Bulgarian capital. In fact, if it were not for the Macedonian girls whom they import for the purpose, the Bulgarian ladies would often be absolutely without servants. Yet these young Macedonians go home and get married as soon as they have made a little money; for a girl who is not married at twenty is in this part of the world accounted a disgrace indeed to her family.

I had intended to avail myself of my stay at Samakov to visit the famous Monastery of Rilo, one of the finest historic buildings in the whole Balkan Peninsula, which lies up in the mountains not far from the Macedonian frontier. It was there that the holy hermit, John of Rilo, sought and found quiet and repose a thousand years ago, and beneath the cave which served him as a dwelling-place, and afterwards as a tomb, his pious disciples reared the fabric of a monastery, which was endowed by the old

Bulgarian Tsars, and respected even by the Sultans, and which served during the long period of Turkish rule as the centre of all national and religious life. Unhappily, a great fire in the early part of the present century almost entirely destroyed this great monument, which has survived so many political changes, and the building which now occupies its place is comparatively modern. But Rilo is still for the Bulgarians the most interesting memorial of their stormy past. Thither Prince Ferdinand sometimes retires from the summer heat of Sofia, and thence he is wont to show to his guests that "promised land" of Macedonia over which it is the ambition of Bulgarian patriots to rule. It was on one of these occasions that an excited journalist toasted his princely host as "the heir of Constantine." But the terrific floods, unequalled for violence during the last hundred years, made it impossible for me to reach the Monastery. The courteous *načalnik*, or sub-prefect, informed me that the bridle-path over the mountains was impracticable, and that a large part of the carriage road, together with a bridge, had been destroyed. So I was forced to content myself with a sight of the historic mound called after Ivan the Fat, that hapless Bulgarian Tsar whose head was cut off on this spot by the victorious Turks, and bounded seven times on the slope as it fell, and wherever it bounded, so runs the legend, a spring of water burst forth from the ground. Then I took my way down to the railway, and soon found myself in the excellent "European" hotel of the Bulgarian capital.

Sofia, has, indeed, very few traces of its Turkish past nowadays. Although only twenty years have elapsed since the "collective wisdom" of Europe created free and autonomous Bulgaria, and Sofia became the capital of the new state, the town has completely shaken off the slough of its previous existence. Few cities, even in the hurtling West

THE PALACE, SOFIA.

of America, have grown with the rapidity of the Bulgarian metropolis. In 1878, the year in which Bulgaria was finally emancipated, Sofia was a squalid Turkish town of 11,000 inhabitants; to-day it possesses fine streets, and "European" buildings, a delightfully cool public garden, a large palace, and a population of nearly 60,000 souls. The Sofiotes believe that before long they will number 100,000, and thus pass Belgrade, as they have already passed Philippopolis. True, in the matter of shops, Philippopolis is still much superior to the capital. The wares on show in the streets of Sofia are very poor, and mostly of Austrian manufacture, it being cheaper to import goods from beyond the Danube than to make them at home. But in all other externals of civilisation Sofia has gone ahead. Its geographical position and the construction of the railroad from Belgrade to Constantinople have both greatly assisted its progress. People have often thought it strange that, when Bulgaria was emancipated, Sofia, and not Trnovo or Rustchuk, should have been selected as its capital. Trnovo had been the capital in the time of the old Bulgarian Tsars, and is far more central, while Rustchuk lay on the Danube, and had been the capital of the Turkish *vilayet* which took its name from that river. On the other hand, Sofia was in a corner of the Principality, and near the Macedonian frontier. But it has been pointed out to me that this very proximity to Macedonia has been of great advantage to the capital. For of the present population of Sofia, fully 20,000, or about one-third, are Bulgarians who have fled since the creation of the Principality from the Turkish misrule in Macedonia, to live among their own kith and kin in peace. And whenever the long-wanted line from Sofia into Macedonia, already constructed as far as Radomir, is completed, the influence which the Bulgarian capital exercises over the Bulgarians of Macedonia will be still greater.

Both MM. Grekoff and Načević, the two most experienced living Bulgarian statesmen, laid stress, in conversation with me, on the need of this line, and the present Government shares their view. But the decision rests not with Bulgaria but with Turkey, which declined to do anything until the line between Constantinople and Salonica, which was so useful in the late war, had been made. Even after that line was completed, the Sultan still delayed to make the other, even though the Bulgarian Government went so far as to offer the use of it to the Turks for military purposes in certain contingencies. According to the Bulgarian agent in Constantinople, the Turkish Government has now conceded this point, and a line will be made to Kumanova, a station on the railway from Servia to Salonica. A new route will thus be opened to that great port. Meanwhile, the Principality is putting forth its energies in other directions. A line is being constructed which will unite Sofia with Plevna, Trnovo, and Šumla, and is expected to be completed this autumn. Another has been decided upon from Trnovo to Rustchuk, so that thus North Bulgaria will at last have some outlet for its trade by rail. Other schemes are projected, but it is a pity that the Bulgarian system of accepting tenders is so bad. After these have been sent in, there is always a second allotment, which enables native financiers, who "know the ropes" but know nothing about engineering, to underbid all competitors. The result is bad work, as the line cannot be properly made for the money. The new line to Trnovo is a case in point. It had been so badly constructed that the floods of last year washed nearly all of it away. If Bulgaria wants good, and in the end cheap, railways, she must be prepared to pay for them. It is unfortunate, too, that the mutual jealousies of the various towns impede the extension of railways. Thus the Danube town of Svištov protested against the expenditure of money

on the line from Rustchuk (its rival) to Trnovo, and demanded the application of the funds to the erection of quays on the river.

But perhaps the most striking Western innovation in Sofia since the Turkish times is the fine Palace of the *Sobranje*, or Parliament, erected at a cost of £80,000, which is easily the most imposing edifice of the kind in the Balkan Peninsula. Compared with the mean little building in which the Servian *Skupština* meets, or even with the more imposing *Boulé* at Athens, the Bulgarian House of Parliament looks very well indeed, although its acoustic properties are not very good. The accommodation for members is excellent, the seats being arranged in a half-circle, and there being a place for every deputy. The library is very strong in Parliamentary and legal works, the galleries are capacious, and there are small, well-appointed rooms for the Premier, the Ministers, and the Speaker. I noticed in the latter's room a picture of the little Prince Boris, whose hand Ministers are expected to kiss whenever they meet him. This ridiculous practice has caused much dissatisfaction, and the officers of the army have intimated to Prince Ferdinand that they object strongly to this act of courtly humiliation. Their remonstrance has had the desired effect, but the whole system of the child's education is most unwise. Bulgarians of all opinions are agreed in their criticisms of the absurd state with which Prince Ferdinand, a great stickler for etiquette, has surrounded his heir. When the tiny Prince drives out he is escorted by a detachment of officers and soldiers, and accompanied by a high ecclesiastical dignity. This seems all the more ridiculous when one sees a really important sovereign like the Emperor of Austria driving through the streets of Vienna with a single attendant. The result in Bulgaria will be that Prince Boris will grow up to be a tyrant and

a despot, and the fault will lie with those who have so misdirected his early training, and primarily with his father.

The British Foreign Office and few other persons at home have any idea of the unpopularity of Prince Ferdinand in Bulgaria. During the lifetime of Stambuloff the Prince played a subordinate part, and thus escaped

"THE TINY PRINCE DRIVES OUT."
(From a Photo. by Mr. Wratislaw.)

hostile criticism, which centred in the person of his all-powerful Premier. But since the murder of "the Bulgarian Bismarck" the Prince has been practically his own Premier; for M. Stoïloff, who acts as such, openly avows that he is merely the Prince's man, without any initiative of his own. Accordingly, for every unpopular act of the Government, the Prince, and not the Premier, who is merely wax in his hands, is freely blamed. During

my stay in the country I heard the Prince praised by no one except the editor of the *Mir* ("*La Paix*"), the Government organ, who naturally does his best for his client. Elsewhere the Prince is universally censured. The main objections to him are two-fold—first, his Russophil policy; and, secondly, his love of show and etiquette. As for the former, the Bulgarians, I am convinced, have not forgotten—and will not soon forget—the knout of Kaulbars and the other amenities of the Russian era. On the other hand, they cannot be justly accused of ingratitude, for they revere the memory of "the Tsar Liberator," Alexander II., whose portrait still adorns many a village inn, and whose tragic end is commemorated by two mementoes in the Parliament House. But they are a very independent people, and wish to be allowed to live their lives in their own way. "The Russians treated us like children," a young Bulgarian diplomatist once said to me. The Prince, however, wanted to be "recognised" by Russia at any cost, and accordingly sacrificed first his great Minister, and secondly the religion of his son and heir, in order to pacify Russia. Bulgaria has gained nothing by these sacrifices. Russia has of late dictated her foreign policy, and she has obtained practically naught except promises from Turkey by her threatening attitude during the late war and at the close of last year, when there was at one moment danger of war. The present policy of the Prince is to advocate the formation of two autonomous provinces of Macedonia and Albania under the rule of the Sultan, and an *entente* with Turkey. But Prince Ferdinand's one aim in all that he does is to increase his own personal and social position. It is generally believed that he desires the title of King, so that he may be on social equality with the rulers of Servia and Roumania and may be allowed to dispense with the odious necessity of wearing

a fez when he visits his sovereign at Yildiz Kiosk. It is believed in diplomatic circles that the Prince would mobilise his army immediately after declaring himself King; this, however, would be merely to keep up appearances, for the Sultan would only attack him in the event of a Bulgarian march into Macedonia. It is quite conceivable that the Prince, of whom his relative the Comtesse de Paris once said that he cared for nothing except titles and orders, would be willing to sacrifice material advantages to the empty dignity of a royal crown. But he will do nothing, in this direction, without the consent of Russia.

Meanwhile the domestic policy of the Prince has been equally unpopular. The Bulgarians prize economy above all other virtues, yet every municipality which the Prince has visited has been obliged to run into debt, owing to the cost of receiving him in what he considers befitting pomp, and his marriage alone cost £120,000. These peasant-farmers ask—not without reason—why he should keep up such unnecessary state, and compare his stiff manners with the free and easy style of the late Prince Alexander. I have been assured by those likely to know that nothing but the remembrance of the chaos which followed the kidnapping of Alexander and the dread of Russian interference prevents the deposition of Alexander's successor. Certainly the methods of his government are in no way superior to those of Stambuloff, while the latter, with all his faults, was a great statesman. Nothing can excuse such acts of violence as have recently occurred in Bulgaria, with the cognisance, it is said, of the authorities. When last year a harmless lawyer, who lived in the same house as the British Vice-Consul at Sofia, and had been defending a member of the Opposition in the ordinary course of his profession, was shot by mistake for his client as he was riding with the

latter to Tatar Bazardžik, a Ministerial journal remarked that it felt sorry for the victim, but that really he should not have been in such bad company. Even more striking was the fact that the murdered man's relatives took his murder quite as a matter of course. The cudgelling of a Bourgas editor, who had commented severely on the Prince, is another instance of these distinctly Oriental methods. Those who live near the prison at Philippopolis tell horrible tales of the groans

BRIDGE OVER THE MARICA, SCENE OF THE PHILIPPOPOLIS MURDER.
(From a Photo. by Mr. Wratislaw.)

and shrieks which come from within the walls at night. And, worst of all, the disclosures made in the murder trial at that city last year—disclosures which would never have been made but for the fact that the Austrian Consul insisted on an inquiry—have shown that Bulgaria, under a Western ruler, has not become emancipated from Eastern methods of politics. Yet, in private life, the average Bulgarian is an excellent fellow—honest, hard-working, and hospitable. It is in the political arena that he still displays beneath the thin veneer of twenty years'

civilisation the effect of five centuries of Turkish rule. To "remove" a political opponent is accordingly still regarded as an ordinary and recognised party weapon, and the license of language in the party press exceeds all decent bounds. The extent to which party feeling is carried may be proved by the fact that the hall-porter of my hotel solemnly rebuked me for desiring to see M. Petkoff, the editor of the *Svoboda*, the leading Opposition paper, which, as he said, "it is better not to read." And when I suggested that that gentleman should visit me, I was told by one of his staff that it was not advisable for him to go to the hotel. It will be seen from this that the Bulgarians takes their politics very seriously.

When Bulgaria suddenly sprang into existence as an autonomous Principality, none of her sons could boast of any experience in the government of a free country. During five centuries of Turkish rule all public life was stagnant, and the change was accordingly tremendous when the newly enfranchised country was provided with a Constitution by a stroke of the pen. Critics of Bulgarian men and manners should remember this utter lack of traditions and experience when they point out the mistakes of Bulgarian statesmen and expose to view with scathing comments the shortcomings of Bulgarian administration. The fact is that, though Bulgaria is no Utopia, and her public men are far from being saints, the country has done as well as might have been expected from its past. Compared with Greece and Servia, the Principality has certainly accomplished wonders. For the Bulgarians are a stolid, plodding, unimaginative race, less excited by great ideas of territorial expansion than the more volatile Greeks and Serbs. The Bulgarian is a peasant at heart, and the peasant class is in all countries, where it has land of its own, the most conservative and the least inflammable.

Travels and Politics

Since the downfall of Stambuloff in May, 1894, Dr. Constantine Stoïloff has been Prime Minister. Dr. Stoïloff is the prize boy of Robert College, where he graduated in the class of 1871, so that he is still, as Premiers are reckoned in other countries, a young man. But Bulgarian statesmen are generally young, and Dr. Stoïloff has seen a great deal of public life in his time. A lawyer by profession, he has been a judge and a Minister of Justice, and was personally concerned in the election of both Princes of Bulgaria—for he was a member of the deputation which presented the crown to Prince Alexander, and was one of the three travelling Commissioners who discovered Prince Ferdinand. Alexander made him his Private Secretary, a post for which he was qualified by his further studies at Heidelberg and Leipzig, after he had left Robert College, and he served as an officer under that Prince in the Servian War. Ten years ago he held the Premiership for a brief interval, and when Stambuloff entered upon his long career as practical ruler of Bulgaria he included Stoïloff among his colleagues. But as time went on, the disciple became dissatisfied with his master, and when Stambuloff fell, stepped comfortably into his shoes. Since then he has retained his place by subservience in all things to the will of the Prince. No one regards him as a great statesman, but he is a pliant clerk, who knows the best way to carry out his master's orders. Foreign diplomatists who have to deal with him complain that he is shifty and untrustworthy. His behaviour in the Philippopolis murder case of last year involved him in a very undignified quarrel with the Austrian Government, and his methods of "managing" the elections are certainly not one whit more constitutional than those of his predecessor. In Bulgaria the freedom of election is a transparent farce: voting urns are stuffed by the

presiding officials, and the Government can always ensure by fraud or violence the election of its nominees. The one person who can get rid of a Premier is the Prince, and in spite of many rumours Prince Ferdinand has shown no disposition to dismiss so useful a minister. But latterly Dr. Stoïloff's health has been so bad that it seems doubtful whether he will be able to continue much longer his official duties.

M. Grekoff strikes me far more favourably than any other public man whom I have met in Bulgaria. Educated in Paris, whence he returned to his own country in 1868, he has all the manners of a very accomplished and polite Western statesman. M. Grekoff approaches the discussion of public affairs in a Western spirit, and enjoys a reputation for straightforwardness not always associated with the Oriental mind. He has had large experience, particularly of foreign affairs, which should prove very useful during the present unsettled condition of affairs in the Near East. He, too, was one of the three Commissioners who set out in 1887 in search of a Prince, and was selected, on account of his tact, to bear the unfortunately futile letter to King Milan of Servia by which Prince Alexander tried to stave off the fratricidal war of 1885. As Foreign Minister during the latter years of the Stambuloff Cabinet he won golden opinions, and he honourably distinguished himself by refusing to accept the Premiership on the fall of his chief. And when the fallen dictator was being persecuted by the Government, M. Grekoff had the courage to go to the palace and tell the Prince that the action of the Ministry was illegal. Of late times, M. Grekoff, who is a well-to-do man and the nephew of a rich citizen engaged in business, has found that politics, as conducted in Bulgaria, interfere with his own comfort and his uncle's trade. So he has quietly stood aside, and devoted

himself to his own affairs. But the general opinion is that he will be forced, however unwillingly, to take up the burden of office again whenever the Stoïloff Ministry falls. As he is thus the coming man, his views are of special interest. As might be expected, he is no fanatic, and has no race bias, even against the old oppressors of his country, whose rule he is old enough to remember. "The Turks," he told me, "I mean the people, are very honest; in money matters you can always trust their word without any further security, but the Turkish Government is most vile and incompetent." This distinction between the governing Turks and the people is common throughout the East, and may be accepted as the mature verdict of all unbiassed persons. M. Grekoff was not in favour of armed intervention by Bulgaria on behalf of Greece, which he considers would have caused a blaze all over the Balkan Peninsula. But he is very keen about railway extension in the direction of Macedonia, and points with pride to the great material progress effected at Sofia since he returned there from Paris thirty years ago.

Next to these two men the most generally known Bulgarian statesman is M. Načević, with whom I had a lengthy interview. M. Načević is, in point of experience and statecraft, ahead of all living Bulgarians, but he is not trusted, and has been accused by the *Svoboda*, the leading Opposition newspaper, of conniving at the murder of Stambuloff. It is at any rate certain that one of the Macedonians implicated in the murder used to frequent his house. Since then M. Načević, whose last tenure of office was signalised by a violent quarrel with the *Times* correspondent on the subject of the alleged atrocities on Mussulmans at Dospat, has fallen from power, and has now, as he informed me, "no relations with the Palace." An oldish man, whose beard is well streaked

with grey, M. Načević has played many parts in his time, and may play more before he has done with politics. In his youth he was a violent revolutionary, and, like many such, has now developed into a "moderate" man or a Conservative, who laments to you that "it is a great misfortune for a country to have a Radical policy dictated from the streets." Thanks to his former position as Bulgarian representative at Vienna, he has acquired considerable knowledge of Western politics, and has a large command of its phrases. "Moderation" and similar sentiments flow from his tongue in fluent German, but his actions have not always been in consonance with this language. Like M. Grekoff, he disapproved the idea of a Bulgarian alliance with Greece against Turkey in the late war, which, in his opinion, would only have benefited Austria and Russia. Like many other Bulgarians, he has no love for the Greeks, whom he regards as the foes of his country. He thinks it would be a fatal mistake for Austria to go down to Salonica, even in her own interest; but he does not counsel a forward policy on the part of Bulgaria in the Macedonian question. He admits that the position of the Bulgarian Government is difficult, owing to the presence of so many Macedonians in the Principality, and the large number of Macedonian officers in the army. In that respect the situation is analogous to that of the Greek Ministries, which cannot remain deaf to the appeals of so many Cretans resident in Athens. But he maintains that what is wanted for the present is that Turkey should carry out the reforms in Macedonia which were promised to that country equally with Crete by the 23rd article of the Berlin Treaty. Like every one else, he points out the utter rottenness of Ottoman rule in that part of the world; though it is rather comical to see M. Načević, of all people, holding up his hands in pious horror over the atrocities perpetrated in Macedonia.

Quis tulerit Gracchos, de seditione querentes? He thinks the Sultan should govern with the aid of the "Young Turks," who—and here the ex-revolutionary draws upon his own experiences—would be "less extreme in power than in opposition." The Sultan, he says, does not trust Prince Ferdinand, because the latter is so devoted to Russia, and thus the relations between the Prince and his suzerain are not so good as in the days of Stambuloff. M. Načević here hits upon the great and real service which he has rendered to Bulgaria, for whatever his faults in all other respects, he has consistently opposed Russian influence. The Prince, on the other hand, is a Russophil, "because he does not know Bulgarian history, or perhaps even modern history." But though M. Načević is no friend to an active crusade in Macedonia, he supports the policy of sending Bulgarian bishops there, not for any love of these ecclesiastics, who are sometimes persecuted by the Bulgarians at home, but because in the present state of affairs they are the sole protectors of the Bulgarians in Macedonia. But M. Načević is hopeful of an improvement in the condition of Turkey in the long run, for, he says, with an allusion to the struggle between China and Japan, "Western civilisation must advance in the East."

In one respect Bulgaria has set an excellent example to many more advanced nations—in her treatment of the Mussulmans who remained in the country after the emancipation. The Government has done all it can, by educational endowments and other means, to make them contented with the new order of things. There are in Bulgaria not only pure Turks, but also Bulgarian Mussulmans who embraced the creed of the conquerors at the Turkish conquest, and to this day speak the purest Bulgarian, because they were least molested by the Osmanli authorities. These *Pomaks*, as they are called, resemble the Mussulman Serbs of Bosnia and the

Mohammedan Greeks of Crete. They are, however, diminishing in numbers, though still found at Vraca, Lovča, and elsewhere, because the Turks induce them to emigrate for fear of their re-conversion to Christianity. Many have gone to Brûsa, and are endeavouring to transplant to Asia Minor the rose industry, which flourishes at Kazanlik. The hard fact remains that the Mussulman prefers to live under a bad Mohammedan government than under a civilised Christian rule. So Bulgaria is losing, as Montenegro has lost, many of her most useful inhabitants, from no fault whatever of her own. As a Thessalian Mussulman once said: "I have left Thessaly, not because the Greek Government was unfair to me, but because I could not marry my daughters there."

To sum up, the great evil here, as in Greece, is politics. Everything is apt to be made a subject of political intrigue. Thus even the Museum at Sofia has been crippled because one Ministry voted a large sum for fitting up one building to receive the collection of antiquities, and another, for party reasons, voted funds for adopting another, and far less suitable, place for the purpose. Thus, the Museum is split into two parts, and money which might have been expended on it has been wasted. That is only one example of what harm politics do in these young Oriental countries. What Bulgaria wants is firm government, equal-handed justice, and a Prince who will be frankly democratic in his manners and economical in his expenditure.

The Bulgarian capital is only thirty miles from the Servian frontier, so that in ordinary times the journey is soon over. But the terrific floods had still left their mark upon the line in the shape of a dislocated bridge and a damaged tunnel, so that all express trains were suspended and the rate of progression did not exceed fifteen miles

an hour. So we had ample leisure to study in the tropical sun the picturesque villages of Slivnica and Tsaribrod and the Dragoman Pass, all famous points in the Serbo-Bulgarian War of 1885, when the Servian army was defeated and driven back when it was within 17½ miles of the Bulgarian capital. As we passed, Slivnica looked the very picture of peace, as its red roofs peered out of the trees, while the women, in their picturesque blue aprons, were making the hay, the perfume of which filled the air. Bulgarian officials tell me that Servia has never forgotten Slivnica, and is anxious to avenge it whenever a favourable opportunity arises. It is indeed a great misfortune that these two nations should fritter away their energies in trying to undermine one another instead of uniting against their common foe—the Turk; their mutual jealousies led to his conquests in the Balkan Peninsula, and the same reason prevents their success in Macedonia. It is for this reason, too, that one is reluctantly forced to the conclusion that the Balkan Confederation, of which the late M. Tricoupis and the ex-regent of Servia, M. Ristić, were the most prominent advocates, is impossible. Even the less ambitious project of a triple alliance between the three Slav states of the Peninsula seems impracticable. Yet the Serbs and the Bulgars ought to pull together. A Servian soldier suddenly placed in Bulgaria would be able to understand the language tolerably well in spite of the differences between the two tongues. The Servian gymnastic society, called after the famous Tsar Dušan, sends envoys, one of whom I met wearing the Servian Bulgarian, and Russian colours, to enlist Bulgarian members. Occasionally, too, large excursions are organised from one capital to the other, and orators toast, after an excellent meal, the blessings of fraternity. The editor of the *Mir*, who has spent a considerable time in Belgrade, has done something to promote the friendship of these

rivals, and when M. Simić was Servian Prime Minister, he was understood to desire better relations with Bulgaria. "It is unfortunate that Servia," as a Servian editor once remarked to me, "should cherish dreams of territorial expansion instead of paying attention to her own affairs." But she cannot forget her past greatness, the memory of which is perhaps the greatest obstacle to her present welfare.

The political condition of Servia is indeed by no means satisfactory; here, as in Greece, party has been the bane of the common weal. Representative government, too, has been reduced to a farce; for at the elections of this year hardly a single Opposition candidate was allowed to be returned. Ex-King Milan is a man whom no one can respect, and his return to his country and appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the army have caused grave apprehensions. Ex-Queen Natalie is generally recognised as a political intriguer, though she undoubtedly does good by her patronage of charitable institutions whenever she is in Belgrade. As for the young King, opinions differ considerably; some regard him, since his *coups d'état* and his suspension of the Constitution in favour of that which had previously existed, as a man of blood and iron. His silly intrigue with a second-rate Hungarian music-hall singer showed, at least, that he was not only human, but incautious. It is also said that his father has in his pocket a certificate from a Vienna doctor to the effect that the young King is incapable of ruling, so that the artful Milan can depose his son and return to the throne whenever he chooses. No one can help feeling sorry for a young sovereign who, as he pathetically remarked on a visit to Montenegro, has never known the pleasures of home life. His various efforts at obtaining a consort have so far been unsuccessful, although his father, in a

recently published letter, has declared his willingness to accept the daughter of an American millionaire as future Queen of Servia. More than once conspiracies have threatened King Alexander's existence, and some have prophesied of him, as of Prince Ferdinand, that he will share the normal fate of Balkan rulers, who rarely end their days in the peaceful possession of their thrones. Thus the last Prince of Roumania and the last Prince of Bulgaria were forced to abdicate; the last Prince of Montenegro was murdered, as was also Prince Michael of Servia; while the last King of Greece and the last King of Servia were both obliged to retire.

One thing most Servians assert, that the relations between them and Austria-Hungary can never be good. Quite apart from the Bosnian question there is that of the pig. Servia's principal product is swine, as one soon sees for oneself; for every meadow and every valley are full of herds of little porkers quietly feeding, and the great hero of modern Servian history, Black George, was himself a swine-herd. Austria-Hungary being the only outlet for Servian pork, the pig-dealers are entirely at the mercy of their great neighbour. There are Servians who believe, as one of them said to me, that "Austria-Hungary wishes to annex us either politically, as was the case between 1718 and 1739, or commercially." Hence the Servian Foreign Office is apt to have either pro-Russian or pro-Austrian leanings, and the domestic jars of the ex-King and his consort were aggravated by the fact that he was an Austrian puppet and she a Russian agent. At present not a few people in Servia desire that Great Britain should show more interest in their country, especially in regard to commercial matters. They argue that as we have no political aims in Servia it would be better for them to rely on us than on Austria or Russia. It is certainly a pity that not a single London newspaper

has a correspondent of its own in residence at Belgrade, for it is conceivable that British men of business might be glad to have trustworthy information about the state of the country and its prospects as a field for investment.

Servia is naturally a very fertile land, and with good and steady government might become extremely prosperous. As one traverses it from end to end one is struck by the fruitful fields, the rich pastures and the smiling landscape. The valley of the Morava is particularly rich, while the vines of Negotin, in years when there is no phylloxera, have gained a well-deserved reputation. Everywhere the peasants, whose blue cloth caps contrast pleasantly with the black Bulgarian *kalpak*, are to be seen hard at work in the fields. To the tourist Servia offers much that is pretty, and at least one piece of magnificent scenery—the majestic gorge of the Nišava river, where the rocks almost meet, and the train skirts the foaming bed of the stream right under the face of the projecting cliff. Here and there, too, on the tops of hills, stand out the ruins of some ancient castle, famous in the Servian ballads, such as the Tower of Tudor, near Stolac, where, after the great defeat of the Serbs at Kossovo, one brave chieftain held out for long against the Turkish hosts, till, finding all was lost, he flung his sword into the Morava, and jumped, with his wife in his arms, into its yellow waters. But of all the monuments of Servia none is more interesting than the famous Tower of Skulls at Niš, which the modern Serbs have wisely preserved as a relic of Turkish tyranny. On May Day, 1809, during the struggle for independence, a body of Serbs blew up a fort near Niš rather than surrender to the Turks. The Turkish Pasha, desirous of making an example which would remind his Servian subjects of the fate of their compatriots, built a tower just outside Niš, and fixed the skulls of the victims into the masonry of the wall. There were originally 952

of these ghastly trophies, arranged outside the tower in 56 rows of 17 skulls each. But when I drove out to inspect the tower I found only one skull still sticking to the masonry, though long rows of empty holes were silent witnesses to what had once been there. A white chapel now covers the remains of the tower, and the rest of the skulls have been awarded Christian burial.

Niš is the second largest town in Servia, and, now that the lines have been laid to Constantinople on the one side and to Salonica on the other, a very important railway junction. It is a clean, straggling place, containing little of interest but an old Turkish *konak* or palace, with a fine garden, where ex-King Milan used sometimes to reside. But the Western traveller does not often stay at Niš, and the German-speaking waiter of the hotel complained to me with bitterness that the guests were all *orientalisches Gesindel* ("Oriental rag, tag and bobtail"). The poor fellow felt quite out of his element in this place, which is destined one day to be a stepping-stone on the way to India, whenever Salonica becomes the great port of embarkation for the Far East. But ere that, the Servian railway, the property of the State, must be improved. Every year the floods wash part of it away, and in the full blaze of the mid-day sun we had to dismount from the train and walk with our hand-baggage over the side of a hill because the tunnel beneath it had fallen in. It is calculated that the repairs of this tunnel must have occupied, from first to last, five months, and this, too, on the main route between Constantinople and the West. Truly in the East they move slowly. A British engineer would have put all right in a month, on one of our great Northern lines of railway.

Here at Belgrade one is at the extreme Western limit of the Orient, the point at which West and East join. No one, looking now at this historic city, which has braved more sieges than almost any other in the world, would

believe that it has been in Turkish hands within the present century, and that the last Turkish soldier quitted its renowned fortress only thirty years ago. To-day "the white city," as Belgrade is justly named, contains not a trace of Ottoman rule in the architecture of its streets. It boasts an electric tram, a splendid park, a fine public garden, and an excellent "European" hotel. Not a mosque or a minaret remains standing, and all the articles in the shops are of Western manufacture. Yet in spite of its long history, and its unique position in bygone days as the battle ground of the Cross and the Crescent, modern Belgrade is very commonplace. Its streets are clean and its houses well-built, but an air of dulness pervades the place. In the early afternoon you might fancy yourself in a city of the dead. It is only in the evening that Belgrade wakes up. Then the *beau monde* goes to take the air and admire such sunsets as you will see nowhere else, from the Gardens of Kalimegdan, overlooking the Save, where gorgeously decorated officers in big caps and picturesque matrons in zouave jackets of satin or velvet, with their hair plaited round their red caps in true Servian style, promenade about and make obeisance to the young King, wearing the straw hat of the European tourist, and walking among his subjects quite at his ease. Or, if you would see the best that Belgrade can show, go out to the lovely woods of Topčider, where Miloš, the second founder of Servia, lived his simple life, and where poor Prince Michael died by an assassin's hand. All else here is modern and uninteresting, and you feel how much less romantic is the slim Serb of Belgrade, in his "European" dress, than the majestic mountaineer of Montenegro, or the stalwart fisherman of Dalmatia, in his national garb—both Serbs like him, but, unlike him, never subjected to the tyranny of the Turk, or to that other tyranny of modern fashion. But in judging of Servia, as

of Bulgaria, one must always remember that they are of yesterday—for twenty or thirty years are as yesterday in the life of a nation. And so at Belgrade we bid farewell to the Near East—to the excitable Greek, the plodding Bulgarian, and the volatile Serb. Across the Save lie Hungary and Western civilisation. But from the Near Eastern question we Westerns shall never escape, until the last Turkish official has left Europe for ever.

CHAPTER XIV

THE GREAT POWERS IN THE NEAR EAST

EVER since, at the end of the seventeenth century, the wave of Ottoman power began to ebb, the future of the Balkan Peninsula has been an important question for the great Powers of Europe. Various attempts to solve it have been made since then, the last being that which was solemnly inaugurated by the "collective wisdom" of Europe, at the Berlin Congress twenty years ago. It is obvious that no final solution of the difficulty has yet been found, and Prince Bismarck's prophecy that an Oriental crisis might be expected at more or less regular intervals seems likely to be fulfilled. Without being so rash as to venture upon that most futile of pursuits, a rearrangement of the map of South-Eastern Europe, it may be well to sum up briefly the various opinions which are held as to the future of the Balkan Peninsula.

Broadly speaking, there are four main theories with regard to the settlement of the Near East. The first of these is that a Confederation of all the Balkan States will be formed and thus a seventh Great Power, organised somewhat on the lines of the Swiss Confederation, will take its place in the European system. Each of the various States would, on this hypothesis, continue to manage its own affairs, while matters which concerned the whole Confederation would be discussed by the

whole Confederate body. M. Ristić, the most eminent of Servian statesmen, actually went so far some years ago as to suggest the inclusion of Turkey, transformed by a miracle into a constitutional State, within this Confederation. To idealists who desire to see each small nationality governing itself, a Balkan Confederation naturally appears the best solution of the Eastern Question. Even practical diplomatists, like the late Sir William White, have been of opinion that the small Balkan States might prove the most effectual barrier between Russia and Constantinople. I must admit that I shared this view in "The Balkans," but subsequent study of the question has led me to regard this ideal solution as unpractical. At no time in their history have the Balkan nationalities been united together, and the saying of Herodotus is unfortunately true to-day, that the peoples of the Thracian peninsula are not likely to join for any common purpose. It was the mutual jealousies of the Balkan peoples which allowed the Turks to conquer the peninsula in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and the same motives unfortunately exist to-day. The fratricidal war between Servia and Bulgaria in 1885, the continued animosity between those two neighbours, their utter inability to arrive at any satisfactory adjustment of their claims in Macedonia, and their constant readiness to make bargains with the Sultan in order to secure some temporary advantage over one another, are all signs which cannot be overlooked. The present policy of Bulgaria, as I am informed on the highest authority, is a friendly understanding with the Sultan, who with consummate skill plays off one small Balkan State against the other, just as he makes capital out of the mutual jealousies of the great European Powers. *Divide et impera* has always been the maxim of Turkish policy alike in regard to the Concert of Europe and to the smaller neighbours of the

Sultan. The principle is always the same; the only difference is that bishoprics in Macedonia form the apple of discord which Abdul Hamid throws among the Balkan States, while trade facilities are offered to the most favoured European nation. Owing to these jealousies between Servia and Bulgaria, and the distrust which has long existed between the reigning family of Servia and that of Montenegro, each of which desires the first place, the scheme of a triple alliance between the three Slav States of the peninsula is likely to collapse as soon as it begins to be translated from the language of after-dinner speeches into facts. But if this comparatively modest plan be impossible, how much more impracticable must be the larger scheme of a Confederation embracing not merely the Slavs of the Balkan Peninsula, but all its inhabitants! The late Greco-Turkish war, for example, showed very clearly that Bulgaria would not assist Greece against Turkey. Before that war began the Bulgarian agent at Athens was instructed by his Government to try to conclude an arrangement between the two countries and Servia in respect of Macedonia. Greece declined to do anything at that time, Servia had nothing to offer, and the natural result was that the favourable moment was allowed to pass; Greece fought alone, and the Turks were allowed to send their army to the front without any interference from Bulgaria. This incident is very characteristic, and may be supplemented by the attitude of Roumania during the late war. From the first the Roumanian Government and its *protégés* in Macedonia were friendly to the Turks from selfish motives, just as after the Armenian massacres Roumania was most unwilling to receive Armenian refugees. Moreover, in spite of the meetings between King Carol and Prince Ferdinand, the Bulgarians do not seem likely to forget the fact that the Bulgarian-speaking province of the Dobrudža was handed

over to Roumania in 1878. There are frequent complaints in the Bulgarian press that these Bulgarian subjects of King Carol are badly treated, while on the other hand the Roumanians are careful to fortify this part of their frontier. Finally, no scheme of Confederation has been devised which would successfully solve the Albanian difficulty. To create Albania into a separate principality would be impossible, owing to the different religions, the tribal jealousies, and the centrifugal tendencies which characterise the Albanian people. On the other hand, the Albanians would resist the partition of their country by the Balkan States, and most probably would resist it successfully. Thus on all grounds, historical, political, and ethnological, a Confederation of the Balkan races appears to be beyond the scope of practical politics.

Similar difficulties beset the fulfilment of the "great ideas" in which the Serbs, the Bulgarians, and the Greeks are wont to indulge. It is obvious that any attempt to revive the big Servian Empire of Dušan, the great Bulgarian Empires of Simeon, Samuel, and John Asèn, or the Byzantine Empire would involve the absorption of the other Balkan states within the dominions of the successful nationality. This could only be accomplished by a sanguinary war, which would not only rage throughout the whole peninsula, but would certainly extend to Western Europe. Moreover, recent events have clearly proved that no Balkan State is strong enough to solve the Eastern Question by itself, but that the Great Powers must necessarily have a say in any solution. That either Austria or Russia, the two Powers most directly interested in the peninsula, would assist in the formation of any such Balkan Empire is naturally absurd. Up to a certain point Russia has always been willing to favour Slav aspirations in the Balkans. But nothing enraged her so

much as the striking success of Stambuloff, who succeeded in making Bulgaria entirely independent of Russian aid. On all grounds, then, the rehabilitation of the Servian, Bulgarian and Greek Empires of the Middle Ages is impracticable. No one Balkan State is strong enough to coerce all the others, and, if it were, the Great Powers would not sanction such an achievement.

There are persons sanguine enough to believe that a reformed and regenerated Turkey will provide the necessary solution of the Eastern difficulty. The Turkish victories of last year, over a weak and unprepared adversary, have revived this time-honoured theory. The Turks are undoubtedly a very military people, and the Turkish soldier is, in the opinion of military experts, the best food for powder in the world. But in these days great nations are not kept together by soldiers alone; and in every other department, except that of diplomacy, in which the jealousies of their opponents usually secure them easy victories, the Turks are singularly deficient. No man has had a larger experience of Turkish administration than Von der Goltz Pasha, who, both as a German and a former Turkish employé, might be expected to regard the Turkish Government with favour. Yet no man has been more severe on the corruption, incapacity, and indolence which prevail in official circles throughout Turkey. At rare intervals during the present century Turkey has produced a really great statesman with enlightened ideas, such as Reschid Pasha, Fuad Pasha and Midhat Pasha, but the examples of these eminent men are not encouraging, and the second of them once jokingly remarked that Turkey must be the strongest of nations, because she still managed to survive, in spite of the fact that every Turkish official did his best to ruin his country. There is no instance in history of a nation which has at one time attained great magnificence, and which has then

declined and dwindled away, recovering for a second time its former splendour. For two centuries Turkey has been steadily going back. During the present century alone she has completely lost Greece, Thessaly (with the exception of the strategic points retroceded by the Treaty of last December), Roumania, and Servia; she has had to cede territory to Montenegro; while Poti, Kars, and Batoum have passed from her to Russia; she has practically forfeited Bulgaria, Bosnia and the Hercegovina, Cyprus, and Egypt; Samos only belongs to her by a fiction; and Crete is likely to receive practical independence. Thus the nation which in 1683 was knocking at the walls of Vienna has now shrunk far to the south of the Balkans, and has also receded in Asia. While the Turkish Empire has thus been "consolidated," a candid friend, like Von de Goltz Pasha, advocates the further elimination of Turkey from Europe by the removal of the Turkish capital to Konieh, Kaisarieh, or Damascus, so as to remove it from all European complications. The decadence of Turkey is also noticeable in the fact that the great and warlike Sultans of the past have left no successors. Abdul Hamid II. is undoubtedly a very clever diplomatist, but he either does not possess, or does not deem it prudent to exercise, the slightest administrative qualities. His sole method of managing his dominions is that of playing off Christians against Mussulmans, and one nationality against another. Thus in Asia the Armenians are sacrificed to the Kurds, in Europe the Servians are sacrificed to the Albanians, and all over the Empire the welfare of the State is sacrificed to the personal aims of its sovereign. Nothing but an impartial European administration could effectually govern an Empire composed of so many hostile sects and races. The task is all the more difficult since the creation of independent

Balkan States, each of which has numbers of compatriots still under Turkish rule. Thus the Servians, Bulgarians, Greeks, and Roumanians of Turkey look for redress, not to Constantinople, but to Belgrade, Sofia, Athens, and Bucharest. Alone among the oppressed Christian races of Turkey the Armenians have no independent state of the same race as themselves to which to appeal. And this fact, coupled with their unwarlike character and their commercial prosperity, naturally made them the most convenient victims of his Majesty's bludgeon-men. From time to time Europe is deluded by the promise of reforms, and prominent statesmen who visit Constantinople with projects for the reformation of Turkey in their pockets find an attentive hearing from the Sultan, who on their departure from his presence lights his cigarette with the draft which they have ingenuously laid before him. Of all the futile nostrums prescribed for the salvation of Turkey that of "reforms" is the worst. A resident in Turkey, who possesses an almost unique knowledge of the country, once remarked to me, "There is no hope of reform for Turkey whatever; it is idle to talk about reforms here." Paper propositions are always welcome to Turkish officials, because they supply material for those endless negociations which are the strength and delight of the Ottoman Government. Moreover, if reforms are applied, the inevitable result is to bring the Christian element, which is the more progressive, to the top, and thus Mussulman jealousy is excited, and as in the case of the Pact of Halepa, in Crete, the promised reforms are cancelled by a sovereign whose policy it is to emphasise his spiritual position as Khalifa of the Mussulmans. That there have been Sultans in the past, like Mahmûd II., who were genuinely in favour of real, not paper, reforms, is well known to those who are acquainted with Turkish history; but in such cases the well-meaning efforts of

the *Pâdishâh* have only earned him the title of the "Giaour Sultan," and have met with the most uncompromising opposition of Mussulman conservatism.

This religious sentiment among Mussulmans, stronger as it is than anything which we in the West can imagine in these days of Laodicean lukewarmness, is perhaps the greatest obstacle to the entrance of Turkey into the circle of civilised States. No one can help admiring the devotion of the true Mussulman to his religion, a devotion which puts to shame many Christians. But the fact that it is closely interwoven, and indeed almost identical, with his political opinions makes it almost impossible for him to grasp Western ideas. He believes like a character in one of Auerbach's novels, that "*wir haben uns mit unserer ganzen Civilisation richtig in eine Sackgasse geràunt.*" He points out sometimes with no little justice that the simple life of the East is better than the degraded existence of many of our great cities. He does not see the advantages of rapid travelling, punctuality, and other Western eccentricities, and the European invention to which he attaches the highest importance is that of destructive engines of war which enable him to mow down his enemies with greater facility. The one thing upon which money is spent unstintingly in Turkey is the military department, while the navy is utterly neglected, and the ironclads in the Dardanelles are so rotten that a British admiral in the Turkish service is not allowed to inspect them, and the two Turkish men-of-war in Suda Bay are so covered with barnacles that they cannot move. Money seems always forthcoming for barracks and the latest arms that Germany can supply. Further, what chance is there that upright and capable administrators will be produced so long as the harem system continues ? The early training of boys who grow up in such an enervating

atmosphere, cannot fail to be bad, and those who have watched the behaviour of a young Turkish lad of good family cannot fail to wish that he had been subjected to the wholesome discipline of an English public school. Education, too, is rendered extremely difficult owing to the enormous waste of time involved in learning to write and read Turkish. It has been said that the Romans would have had no time to conquer the world if they had had to master the intricacies of the Latin grammar. Similarly the Turks have no time for acquiring a sound education because years are spent in grappling with the Turkish script. Just as many young Englishmen, after wasting ten years over Greek, are unable to construe Xenophon without a dictionary, so comparatively few Turks ever learn their language well, and I have heard of instances where educated Turks have taken documents in their own language to skilled European students of Turkish for translation. It was for this reason that Fuad Pasha tried to introduce Latin characters in place of Turkish, but even the efforts of that powerful minister were unable to prevail against the inborn conservatism of the nation.

But it may be said that the "Young Turks" who have been educated in Europe are likely one day to reform the Turkish Empire on European lines. The Sultan has shown his fear of them by cajoling some influential members of the party to Constantinople, and by endeavouring to placate them with minor posts in which they can do no harm. One of their leaders, who had been induced to return, was lodged in a villa on the Bosporus, and, as he seemed restive, provided by the Sultan with twelve Albanian "gardeners" to look after him. His "garden" was about the size of a pocket-handkerchief! Their organ in Paris, the *Mechveret*, conducted by Ahmed Riza, still continues its pub-

lication in spite of the absurd prosecution of it in the French law courts—a prosecution which only resulted in a fine of a few francs. The "Young Turks" are not afraid to criticise the existing state of things, and point out that the present Sultan has injured the Empire. But there seems no prospect of their obtaining control of the government at Constantinople, and even if they could it is doubtful whether the sudden transition from the present state of things to parliamentary government would be safe. It must be remembered that in Turkey there is practically no aristocracy except that of officialdom, and there would accordingly be a lack of suitable persons to work the administration on entirely new lines. Midhat's short-lived parliament did indeed give some evidences of capacity. The member for Jerusalem found that he had much the same grievances as the member for Monastir, and thus the two extremes of the Empire were discovered to be equally badly administered. But education will require to be much better and much more generally diffused in Turkey before any form of self-government by the people can be expected to succeed. The examples of Servia and Bulgaria, where parliamentary elections have been reduced to a farce, are not encouraging, yet the populations of those two countries are considerably more progressive than that of Turkey. Besides, the Europeanised Turk, who speaks French and wears a black coat, is apt to have acquired nothing but the veneer of civilisation, and is sometimes inferior in character to the common Turk of the lower classes, who is usually honest and firmly believes in the faith of his forefathers. Until, therefore, the whole system of Islâm is changed it seems hardly likely that a reformed Turkey will be possible.

It remains then to consider whether the Great Powers

can solve the Eastern Question. The Balkan Peninsula is regarded as the wrestling ground of European diplomatists when it is not the cock-pit of Eastern armies. Although only two of the six Great Powers—Austria-Hungary and Russia—are directly and traditionally interested, owing to their near neighbourhood, in the future of the Peninsula, all six have certain political or commercial interests in that debateable region. To begin with Great Britain. Although the idea that the British flag is still deeply respected in the Near East may still linger among stay-at-home politicians, those who have visited the Levant are speedily disillusioned. One of the most experienced representatives of our Government in that part of the world remarked to me that we had no longer any influence whatever in Turkey. The vacillating and changeable policy of our Foreign Office is largely responsible for this lamentable decline of British prestige. Foreigners find it extremely difficult to understand the foreign, and especially the Eastern policy of Great Britain, and we cannot wonder at their difficulty, for it seems a mass of contradictions to Englishmen themselves. There has been absolutely no continuity of our Eastern policy during the present century. At one moment we are bringing about the independence of Greece by sending the Turkish fleet to the bottom of the bay of Navarino. Twenty-seven years later we are spending immense sums and wasting thousands of lives in order to protect the Turks against Russia. A quarter of a century later we are once more on the brink of war on behalf of Turkey, and then to crown all we are calmly told by the Foreign Secretary, that alike in the Crimea and in 1878, " we put our money on the wrong horse." It might have been imagined, too, that British statesmanship would have seen that the big Bulgaria of the treaty of San Stefano instead of being a Russian

province would have been the strongest bulwark against a Russian advance. The union of Moldavia and Wallachia, in spite of elaborate diplomatic arrangements to keep them apart, might also have suggested that the artificial separation of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia could only be a temporary expedient. But the humiliating act of folly had yet to come. It is generally, and rightly, maintained, that Englishmen are not given to the practise of saying what they do not intend to perform, of talking big and then doing nothing. Yet this was precisely the system pursued by the British Foreign Office during the Armenian difficulty. Orientals despise people who talk and do not act, and the threats offered to the Sultan, followed by absolute inaction, have enormously damaged our prestige in the Near East. "You English," said a Turkish minister to a friend of mine a few months ago, "are more *chefoot* (cowardly) than the Jews," and no one at Constantinople believes that we are anything but a nation of talkers. It must be remembered that British victories in Egypt and elsewhere, which would tend to make up for the blunders of our politicians, are kept as far as possible from the Turkish reader, while Great Britain is misrepresented in every way. Small slights are put upon our Ambassador at Constantinople; at the Diamond Jubilee service at Therapia, which I attended, the Sultan sent a second-rate set of functionaries, who were thought quite good enough to pay honour to the Queen, while at Sir Philip Currie's departure from Constantinople this year a similar lack of courtesy was shown. These small affronts are noticed by Orientals, all of them great sticklers for the mint and cummin of etiquette, and they draw their conclusions accordingly. Imagine such a thing being possible in the time of the "Great *Eltchi*," when the Sultan and his ministers trembled at the commands of the British Ambassador!

But we must admit that the times have changed since the days of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and perhaps the directors of our foreign policy have changed with them. In that golden age of British diplomacy there was no Germany to thwart our every action, and Russia alone counted besides Great Britain at Constantinople. As the Tsar Nicholas I. contemptuously said to Sir Hamilton Seymour, "If England and I arrive at an understanding in this matter, as regards the rest it matters little to me." Imagine Nicholas II. thus ignoring Berlin, which in those days was only the capital of a second-rate Power, which, as Bismarck said, "had to wait in the ante-chamber" of an European Congress! But, while we can no longer expect to hold the exclusive position at Constantinople which belonged to us before Germany became a Great Power, we might at least maintain the same reputation for promptitude and vigour which belongs to other nations. When the French mail-bag was opened in the streets of Constantinople, the French Ambassador at once demanded compensation from the Turkish Government, which was speedily paid. But when the clerk in charge of the then existing British branch post-office at Stambûl and the Stambûl letter-carrier—one of whom was a naturalised British subject, and both British employés—were murdered in the massacre of the 26th of August, 1896, no vigorous steps were taken to secure compensation for their widows and children, and up to the date of writing, two years after the event, nothing has been paid by the Turkish Government. We may contrast with this, too, the prompt action of the Austrian Government in demanding reparation for the insult to M. Brazzafoli, the Austrian-Lloyd agent at Mersina and the vigour with which the American Minister presses his claims upon the Turkish Government. The conduct of British policy has indeed altered since the

days when Lord Palmerston made his memorable speech comparing the position of a British subject abroad with that of a Roman citizen. That the British fleet could have forced the Dardanelles at the time of the massacre was admitted, I am told, by the British Ambassador himself, who said that at that moment Great Britain had missed a great opportunity. And when he

JOSEPH HANEMIAN, THE MURDERED CLERK OF THE BRITISH POST OFFICE.

left Constantinople Sir Philip Currie confessed that his five years there had been years of disappointment, and that he quitted the post a sadder, and he hoped, a wiser man. But the fault does not wholly, or chiefly, lie with our representatives abroad. We have in the Balkan Peninsula—and I can speak from personal experience of many of them—excellent diplomatic and consular

representatives who thoroughly know their business and dislike the decline of British influence, which is not due to them. For it must be remembered that in these days of the telegraph almost everything is referred home, and one too often hears complaints that the Foreign Office neglects the advice sent to it by those on the spot, and either does nothing, or frames a policy of its own. When Lord E. Fitzmaurice and Mr. Bryce were Under Secretaries for Foreign Affairs they took the deepest interest in South-Eastern Europe, and during the Bulgarian crisis of ten or twelve years ago Lord Salisbury, probably inspired by the Queen, displayed a judicious support of Stambuloff which reminded one of his early efforts on behalf of Roumania. But nowadays the British Government, in the words of a resident in the Near East, "doesn't care a damn about the Balkan countries." Considering the specimens of Foreign Office geography with which we are occasionally favoured, it would seem that department knows very little about them. As a man, who had spent his whole life in diplomatic business, lately said to me, "it is in a state of ignorance and apathy, which is almost disastrous." Nothing could better prove the advantage of having as Foreign Secretary a man who has studied the Eastern Question on the spot than the more intelligent handling of Cretan affairs which has followed the transference of Admiral Canevaro from his flagship in Cretan waters to the head of the Italian Foreign Office. But too often, in the phrase of an Austrian officer, "diplomatists traverse the Balkan Peninsula in a *train de luxe*, and then think that they have mastered the Eastern Question."

But it is not in politics alone that British influence in the Near East is on the wane. It is galling enough to find, as I have done, that to speak German is an open sesame in Stambûl, while one's native tongue causes one

to be regarded with contempt. It is humiliating, too, to have to obtain admission to the Imperial Treasury through the German Embassy or the American Legation because the British Ambassador does not consider it as part of his duties to procure such facilities for his countrymen. But these are small things compared with the profound indifference which most British Ambassadors at Constantinople have displayed towards the trade of their country. On one occasion a deputation of British merchants waited on their diplomatic representative and requested his good offices on behalf of their trade. The Ambassador bluntly told the deputation that British trade was no business of his, and when they murmured at his reply, added, with a sublime ignorance of the conditions of commerce, "Gentlemen, if you are discontented, why don't you leave the country?" It is perhaps natural that Ambassadors of the old school, recruited from the aristocracy in the days before its members were delighted to earn guineas as company directors, should take this view, but it may be observed that German Ambassadors, who are usually men of the same social standing as their British colleagues, are not permitted by the Emperor to take this attitude of sublime indifference towards what, after all, is of more importance to their countrymen than tittle-tattle about courts, or pedantic deliberations on moot points of etiquette. In these days, when the foreign policy of England ought, and is supposed to be, directed to the furtherance of British trade, an Ambassador should surely do all in his power to advance the commercial interests of his countrymen. This should especially be the case in Turkey, where private enterprise, in order to be successful, needs constant backing from the Embassies. Sir J. W. Whittall, the President of the British Chamber of Commerce of Turkey, has pointed out that the un-

doubted decline of British trade in that country is chiefly due to "the past obstinacy shown by Her Majesty's Government in refusing to promote and protect the interests of its men of enterprise in the same way as other Governments, and notably the French and German." As an instance of British weakness may be quoted the Anatolian railway, originally a British enterprise in British hands, of which the staff is now German. The result is that the articles required by the railway company are now ordered from Germany instead of from Great Britain, and thus British capital is being utilised for the promotion of Germany's political and commercial interests. Two years ago, when the question of the lighthouse dues at Constantinople was under discussion, a Foreign Office official decided the matter without previous consultation with our merchants and concluded an arrangement which has resulted in a loss of many thousands to British shipping. "It would be foolish to conceal the fact," says Sir J. W. Whittall, "that of late years it has been a disadvantage, rather than otherwise, to be a British subject." No doubt the absolute indifference of many merchants at home to the excellent "Diplomatic and Consular Reports on Trade and Finance" which have been issued by the Foreign Office during the last twelve years is partly responsible for the fact that our rivals have cut us out in the Near East. The wretched education in modern languages with which most Englishmen are afflicted is another disadvantage from which German and Austrian commercial travellers are exempt, while our strange medley of weights and measures still further handicaps us in countries where the metric system prevails. I once met an English commercial traveller in Bulgaria who spoke German and did an excellent business in agricultural implements both there and in Roumania. But such men are not often found in the Balkans, so the trade of

the Peninsula goes to other countries rather than to Great Britain. Sir Philip Currie, it is true, secured the appointment of a British commercial attaché at Constantinople, and his fellow-countrymen are duly grateful for this tardy fulfilment of a long-expressed wish, as also for the nomination of a British Consular Agency at the important shipping port of Ismid. But the old idea that the British trader would prosper without the aid of his Government no longer applies to Turkey. There, if anywhere, trade follows the flag, and the flag which it now follows is that of Germany.

The policy of Germany in the Near East has, indeed, undergone a marked change during the present century. At all the three great crises prior to the Berlin Congress, during the Greek War of Independence, and the Russo-Turkish War of 1828–9, at the time of the Crimean War, and in the struggle of 1877–8, Prussia, and in the last instance Germany, played a subordinate part, and Great Britain, Russia, and in the two former cases France, were the leading performers. Count von Bernstorff, the Prussian Minister for Foreign Affairs in the twenties, was, like his sovereign, vaguely sympathetic with the Hellenic cause, to which the Prussian people—it was before the era of the investment of German savings in Greek securities—was distinctly favourable. But the Prussian Government showed, when it declined to accept the French and Russian invitations for joint action in 1827, that neither its material interests in the East were sufficient to necessitate, nor its material resources sufficient to render effective, any armed intervention. At one moment alone—the eve of the Peace of Adrianople—did Prussia, at that time the least biassed of advisers, contribute to the settlement of the dispute.[1] Frederick William IV. took an academic

[1] See Ringhoffer: *Ein Dezennium preussischer Orient-politik zur Zeit des Zaren Nikolaus* (1821–1830), and my notice of it in *The English Historical Review*, xiii. 387.

interest in the Eastern Question, on which the historian, Von Ranke, wrote him a memorandum; but in the Crimean War he took no part, and in 1878 the German Chancellor described himself as an "honest broker," and in that spirit conducted the Berlin Congress. Later on Prince Bismarck followed the same neutral policy in Eastern affairs. He told the world that "the Eastern Question" was "not worth the bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier," and that "Bulgaria was as Hecuba" to him; he threatened to resign rather than involve Germany in Balkan politics by the marriage of a daughter of the Emperor Frederick with Prince Alexander of Bulgaria; and he disapproved of the sensational telegrams which the present Kaiser despatched during his first visit to Constantinople. But with the Iron Chancellor's fall there followed a complete change in Germany's Eastern policy, which culminated in the "moral" support tendered by the Emperor to the Sultan during the war of last year. There was nothing particularly new about the service of German military men in Turkey, either as students or instructors, for Moltke had gained his first practical experience of war there 60 years earlier. But what was novel was the deliberate attempt to exploit Turkey in the interest of Germany. The Kaiser unhesitatingly "made unto himself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness," and at the same moment satisfied his own dislike of Greece and his subjects' desire to sell their wares in Turkey. No mawkish considerations of humanity were allowed to stand in the way of this purely selfish policy. When a certain German Countess approached the late German Ambassador at Constantinople, and asked him to assist her in distributing relief to the Armenians, he bluntly replied, "I will do nothing for you; I do not intend to let philanthropy interfere with our trade." Those Germans who managed to get into the interior of Asia Minor and to find out the truth for themselves,

went without the consent of their own authorities, anxious not to embarrass the Emperor's *protégé* at Yildiz. But the Turks soon learned that if Germany helped them it was not out of pure love of Turkey. True to the Bismarckian maxim of *do ut des*, the Germans have had their reward, not always, it is said, to the delight of the Turkish authorities. While I was in Constantinople just after the war, German concession-hunters arrived by every train; a German steamboat service, now bankrupt, was started in competition with the Turkish steamers to Mudania, and every day brought fresh rumours of German enterprise, especially in Asia Minor and Syria, which the Kaiser seems to have marked out as the special preserve of his own subjects, and which the "Pangermanic League" claims as Germany's share of the "sick man's" inheritance. Well acquainted with those arguments which prevail in most Oriental lands, the Germans, who in these days have plenty of cash, bribe the Turkish officials heavily, and then, having thus prepared the way, invoke the powerful aid of their Government—and not in vain. Russia having, like the King of Cappadocia in Horace, many servants but little ready money, does not oppose this action of Germany, which injures us far more than any other nation. German beer has now supplanted British ale, and the "tunnel" railway, which connects Pera with Galata, is about to pass out of British hands. One Turkish line alone now remains under our control. On at least two others the guards cry out in German, *fertig*, when the train is ready to start. The transference of Baron von Marschall, the late Foreign Minister of Germany, to the Constantinople Embassy shows what importance the Emperor attaches to this post. Besides, in his zeal to assist his commercial friends at home, he insists that his diplomatic representative on the Bosporus should keep a vigilant watch on trade matters. A prominent British

merchant in Stambûl told me that one morning an attaché from the German Embassy walked into his counting-house and asked him in the name of the Ambassador for information as to the solvency of a certain firm. Our countryman gave him the desired information, expressing at the same time his surprise that so great a personage as the German Ambassador should occupy himself about such matters, which in his long experience had never troubled an Ambassador of Great Britain. The German attaché replied that the Emperor personally took the greatest interest in all that could benefit German trade, and that the Berlin Foreign Office had specially ordered this particular investigation. Another German connected with the Berlin Government told me that, if complaints are made against German consuls abroad, the Kaiser himself writes to reprimand them. So numerous has the German colony in Constantinople become that it supports a club of its own and has taught the most illiterate Turks that there is another European nationality besides the English and the Russians. The visit of William II. this year will doubtless increase German commercial influence in Turkey. For if Bismarck was only an "honest broker" who charged no commission, the Kaiser is a commercial traveller whose journeys are utilised for the propagation of German trade. It has been rumoured that he intends to ask the Sultan to give him the port of Haifa, where a good many Germans are already settled. The anxiety of the Turkish Government to keep its patron in good humour has been shown by the enormous expenditure of money made by the Sultan for the reception of his guest and the huge retinue provided for the Imperial traveller. In this case the Ottoman officials have literally thrown sand in the eyes of their too inquisitive visitor, for the yawning chasms in the Stambûl streets have been filled with that useful material so that the Emperor might not see the

defects of Turkish road-making. In Palestine new carriage-roads have actually been made for his convenience, and the boatmen of Jaffa are represented as joyfully paying the extra tax for their construction.

France, who in former days held a very prominent place in Eastern affairs, has latterly sunk into the position of playing second fiddle to Russia. The French always used to regard Syria as their special portion of the Turkish heritage, and no man was more sympathetic to oppressed nationalities than Napoleon III. who warmly supported the Roumanian agitation of 1848. Earlier in the century the French had joined with Russia and England in creating the kingdom of Greece, and the part which they played in the Crimean War showed that they were deeply interested in the Eastern Question. The *Alliance française* has done much to spread the French language in the Levant, and most Orientals who desire a Western education seek it in France rather than elsewhere. That country, too, has always considered herself as the special protectress of the Latin Christians, and a French Bishop, alarmed at the encroachments of the German Emperor upon this ecclesiastical preserve has lately obtained from the Pope an explicit statement of the traditional claims of France. But during the Armenian troubles M. Hanotaux, who won his first diplomatic laurels at Constantinople, was always indisposed to coerce the Turkish Government and contented himself with saying ditto to everything that Prince Lobanoff proposed; accordingly French public opinion was kept quiet by withholding Yellow Books which would have enlightened it on the situation. In M. Cambon, the then French Ambassador at Constantinople, France had a man of great vigour who always meant what he said, and usually got what he asked, but of course he could not override the policy of his chief. Since the

change of Russian policy after Prince Lobanoff's death France has become less Turkophil, and the French press has changed its tone. Commercially, the facilities accorded to French steamers to unload before reaching Constantinople have enabled them to cut out British lines, which have no such facilities for sending their goods rapidly and cheaply into the interior. But compared with the Germans, the French are not very serious rivals to ourselves in the Levant.

Italy, like France, has traditions which connect her with the Near East. The Levantine possessions of Venice are, of course, gone for ever, but as we have seen, the Italians have some aspirations in Albania, which is visible on a clear day from the ramparts of Otranto. Italian culture and the Italian language have also left their marks on the Dalmatian coast towns and on the Ionian Islands, while there are considerable Italian colonies at Constantinople and Smyrna. The steamers of the Florio-Rubattino Company naturally propagate Italian commerce in the Levant, and during the late war public sympathy in Italy was strongly on the side of the Greeks. One Italian deputy fell on the Greek side, just as Santarosa had fallen in the Greek war of Independence. Latterly, too, since Admiral Canevaro became her Foreign Minister, Italy has taken the initiative in the Cretan question, but her misfortunes in Africa, her domestic troubles, and her poverty make it unlikely that she will be of great account in the Near East for, at any rate, many years to come.

There remain the two most important factors in the situation, Austria-Hungary and Russia, between whom, in all probability the ultimate solution of the Eastern question will lie. Long before her exclusion from Germany and Italy in 1866, Austria had turned her eyes towards the East. During the first half of the last

century a large portion of Servia was for twenty-one years in her possession, and the Turks themselves were amazed at the progress which their *rayahs* had made during that brief period. On two occasions the persecuted Serbs followed their ecclesiastical head and found a refuge from the Turks in the neighbouring empire. In the eighteenth century, too, a portion of what is now Roumania was temporarily, and the Bukovina permanently, annexed to the Austrian dominions, and in 1797 the acquisition of Dalmatia placed Austria in close connection with the provinces of Bosnia and the Hercegovina, which it was the aim of Joseph II. to incorporate with his empire, and the occupation of which in our own time, together with the military colonisation of the three points in the Sandžak of Novi-Bazar, has driven a strong Austrian wedge into the Balkan Peninsula. It will thus be seen that the progress of Austria eastward is no new affair but an historical process which has been gradually going on and is in all probability likely to continue. One need not, however, assume that a farther Austrian advance into the Peninsula is imminent at present. The policy of the Dual Monarchy is now, and has been for some years past, to prevent disturbances of any kind in the Balkans, which would be likely to embarrass Austro-Hungarian interests and prospects. For that reason the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador at Constantinople, who knows Turkey better than any of his colleagues, has adopted a strictly conservative attitude for the last twelve years. This, too, was the cause of the admonitions, addressed by Count Goluchowski in common with Russia, to the other four Balkan states at the time of the war between Greece and Turkey; while, in the Cretan question, the chief motive of Austro-Hungarian policy seems to have been the localisation of the disturbance, so that it should not spread to the

mainland. The Austro-Russian agreement, respecting the spheres of influence of the two Powers in the Balkan Peninsula, has not, indeed, worked as well as it might have done, because Russia has not ceased to encourage Montenegrin aspirations by depicting in the blackest colours the state of Bosnia and the Hercegovina, to visit Servia, although that kingdom was supposed to be in the Austrian sphere of influence, with her heavy displeasure, and even through the mouth of one of her generals to stir up discord at Prague. But the great political and commercial interests of the Dual Monarchy in the Near East will doubtless, when the psychological moment arrives, force her to fulfil her mission of civilisation. Large sums of Austrian money are invested in Turkish railways, and the Embassy looks well after the interests of the investors. The Austrian-Lloyd steamers touch at nearly every port in the Levant, and the agents of that line are naturally centres of local influence and information. Moreover, as we have shown in the chapters on Bosnia and the Hercegovina, Austro-Hungarian administration has been singularly successful. There seems to be no reason why those independent Balkan states, whose subjects are mainly of one race and religion, should not continue to preserve their independence. But it is obvious that a Great Power, which is impartial in its treatment of conflicting races and creeds, is alone qualified to govern those debateable lands, like Macedonia, where national unity is impossible. Mr. Gladstone, to whom Bulgaria, Montenegro, and Greece owe a debt of gratitude, was, I venture to think, in error, when he declared that "you cannot put your finger on the map of Europe, and find a place where Austria has done good." This idea of the old school of English Liberals, derived from the days of Metternich's *régime*, is quite obsolete now.

But it may be argued that the internal difficulties of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy will be aggravated on the death of the Emperor Francis Joseph to such an extent that, instead of receiving a further share of the Turk's patrimony, the Monarchy will be divided up herself. Prophecies of this kind have frequently been made before, without being accomplished. Metternich expected the deluge in 1848, others anticipated it in 1866; on neither occasion did it arrive. It must also be remembered, that the army is solidly devoted to the interests of the dynasty, and that the heir-apparent, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, whose health has greatly improved, is popular, and no longer a young man without experience. No greater catastrophe could befall Europe than the dismemberment of a Great Power, which is a geographical necessity, placed, as it is, between the West and the East, and serving as interpreter between the one and the other. Diplomacy, like nature, abhors a vacuum, and were Austria-Hungary to disappear the vacuum thus created would be most difficult, if not impossible, to supply. The mind is staggered at the combinations which might be devised to supply the vacant place, and at the endless struggles which it would cost to realise any of them.

Russia, like Austria, has been slowly but surely advancing into the Turkish Empire. The first great step on her course was the Treaty of Kutchuk-Kaïnardži in 1774, which conceded to the Tsars the fatal privilege of "speaking on behalf of" the Danubian Principalities and of intervening as protectors of the Christian subjects of Turkey. "From that moment," says Von Hammer, "Russia has been the oracle of Turkish diplomacy, the arbiter of peace or war, the soul of the most important affairs of the Turkish Empire." There followed the annexation of the Crimea, the extension of the Russian frontier in Europe to the Pruth, and the first dash of the

Russians across the Balkans in 1829. The Crimean War was only a temporary check, and the march of the Russian troops to San Stefano twenty years ago marked a further advance on the path marked out by Catherine II. It has yet to be seen whether the Berlin Treaty has permanently frustrated Russian designs. Since the death of M. Stambuloff she has regained her influence over the Prince, but not over the people, of Bulgaria; the King of Roumania has this year, for the first time since his betrayal by Russia in respect of Bessarabia, visited St. Petersburg; and Montenegro is, as ever, a loyal supporter of the Tsar. Servia, too, has shown signs of throwing herself into the arms of the Bear. But these diplomatic successes in the Balkans are perhaps of less real importance than they might have been formerly. The Roumanians and the Bulgarians have had bitter experiences of a Russian occupation, and have no wish to be "treated like children," as we saw in the last chapter; and, in spite of King Carol's late visit to the Tsar and the claims of the Roumanian Irredentists to the Roumanian-speaking districts of Hungary, his country seems likely to adhere to the Triple Alliance. The Roumanian army, whose valour was displayed at Plevna, might thus be a formidable obstacle to a Russian advance to Constantinople by way of the Balkan Peninsula, and for that and other reasons it is thought by some people at Constantinople, who know the ground well, that the next Russian attack will be by way of Asia, backed by a fleet at Riva, a place on the Black Sea near the mouth of the Bosporus. Even under Abdul Mejid, Abram Pasha, the Khedive Ismail's agent, constructed a pier at this spot, and made a road from Riva to Beikos on the Bosporus, to facilitate a Russian attack. Moreover, in Asia the invaders would be able to march from one plain into another—a great advantage over the European route. It is also a remark-

able fact that Russians have bought up several of the most commanding sites along the Bosporus, and there is no doubt of the fear with which this hereditary foe inspires the Sultan.

Of the success of Russian diplomacy no one can have any doubt. As a British official, who had had ample opportunities of observing it, said to me: "I admire the results, just as much as I despise the methods, of Muscovite diplomacy; one day Russia will outwit us in the Near, as she has already outwitted us in the Far, East, for we neglect our chances, political as well as commercial." Tortuous as the foreign policy of Russia appears to be to superficial observers, the Russian attitude towards Turkey has always had the same end in view. Sometimes the policy of the Tsars is to threaten and oppose the Turk while championing the cause of the oppressed Christians of the Turkish Empire. This is the attitude with which the frequent Russo-Turkish wars have familiarised Europe, and which in the case of Crete is being at present followed by Count Muravieff. But this policy of more or less open hostility to Turkey is occasionally varied by the more insidious one of protecting the Sultan against his enemies. It was thus in 1833 that the Treaty of Hunkiar Iskelessi practically annihilated the independence of Turkey by placing her under the august protection of Nicholas I. It was thus too during the Armenian troubles that the late Prince Lobanoff refused to move a finger on behalf of the persecuted Christians, and frankly declared that he did not wish to create a second Bulgaria in Asia Minor. The object of this latter attitude is of course perfectly obvious. There are times when it suits the convenience of Russia to treat Turkey as a protected State, and to allow her Ambassador at Constantinople to play at the Court of the Sultan the part which is assigned to a British Resident at the capital of a native state in India.

In some ways a weak Turkey who looks to Russia for protection and advice may suit the requirements of Russian statesmen even better than a Turkey who is actually dismembered, for in the latter case Russia must go shares with Austria and possibly with other Powers as well, while in the former she can reign in fact, if not in name, at Constantinople, and direct the Turkish Empire for her sole advantage through the mouth of the puppet whom she maintains on his throne. Modern diplomacy has indeed largely substituted for the old frank method of conquest and direct annexation the politer, and in some respects more convenient, arrangements which dismember the Turkish Empire by the use of such pleasant phraseology as "autonomy," "consolidation," or "military occupation." Thus by means of fictions, similar to those of English law, the "integrity of the Ottoman Empire" is maintained, and the Sultan is compensated for the practical loss of his territories by the vague and undefinable title of Suzerain. But a day will doubtless come when these verbal excuses will break down and Turkey will disappear, in fact no less than in name, from the map of Europe. That Russia will eventually reach Constantinople seems probable, but now that we are firmly entrenched in Egypt such an event has hardly the importance for us that it would have had formerly. Whether the substitution of Russian for Turkish rule on the Bosporus would be an advantage to the people governed, is perhaps more doubtful. When the Russian army was at San Stefano there was no less corruption there than in Constantinople itself, and Russia has as yet failed to deal with some of the most important problems of administration. But that eventually Russia will find her outlet at Constantinople, and Austria hers at Salonica, seems to be the most natural course of events.

But of those events no man can fix the date. Again and again the "sick man" has seemed to be on his death-bed, and again and again the mutual differences of his physicians have prevented them from giving him the medicine which would secure his happy dispatch. The condition of Turkey is no doubt rotten to-day, but so it was in the last century. A friend of mind once asked the late Sir William White how long he thought Turkey would continue to exist. The Ambassador, who happened to be reading an old French work on that country, replied that a hundred and forty years earlier the Ottoman Empire was described as crumbling to pieces, "yet," said he, "the same state of things still continues, so Turkey perhaps may go on for a hundred and forty years more." As long ago as 1769 a Russian minister wrote that "it would not be difficult to put an end to the Turkish Empire, which has preserved itself for so long solely owing to the jealousies of the Christian Powers." The sentence might have been taken from one of this year's Blue Books. The weakness of Europe thus constituting the strength of Turkey, nothing but a genuine agreement among the Powers chiefly concerned, and at least a strict neutrality on the part of the others, can solve the Eastern Question. But this eventuality seems still to be very far off, and in these troublous times when the Great Powers are continually at variance, Turkey seems likely to have a further lease of life. The "discovery" of Africa by European statesmen has been a perfect God-send to the Sultan, for not only does it provide the Powers with a fresh bone of contention, but it also monopolises the attention of the European public, always unable to think of more than one thing at a time. Such events as England's difficulties in the Transvaal, and the Spanish-American War diverted men's eyes from what was going on in Turkey, while the Far East seems likely, for a long

time to come, to provide the Chancelleries with limitless occupation. All one can say is that the Turkish Empire in Europe is doomed, but that the death-agony may be indefinitely prolonged.

INDEX

A

Abbazia, 1, 7, 8
Abdul Hamid II., *see* Turkey, Sultan of
„ Mejid, 105, 505
Ada-Kaleh, Island of, 360–62
Agreement, Austro-Russian, 187
Akro-Corinth, 252–53
Albania, 38, 49, 51, 78–9, 206–14, 482
Albanian outrages, 379–80
„ Propaganda, 386–87
Almissa, 26
Andrássy, Count, 129
Anglo-Montenegrin Trading Co., 70, 73
Antivari, 51, 55, 65, 71–2, 76, 78
Argos, 253
Armenian massacres, 408–10
Athens, 257 *et sqq.*
Austria-Hungary, Advance of, in Near East, 501–4
„ „ and Macedonia, 372, 388–89, 503
„ „ and Servia, 474
„ „ Civilising influence of, 38, ch. iii. *passim*
Austrian-Lloyd Steamship Co., 12, 72, 491, 503
Avlona, *see* Valona

B

Balkan Confederation, Prospects of, 479–82
Banjaluka, 98, 102, 131, 163–67
Béla II., 129
Belgrade, 476–78
Berane, Skirmishes at, 49, 52
Berlin, Treaty of, 45, 87, 183
Berović, Georgi, 225
Blagaj, 138, 140
Bogomiles, 143, 157, 179, 203, 439
Bora, The, 1, 8
Boris, Prince, 460–61
Bosnia, 87–182, 197–205
„ Administration of, 114–18
„ Agriculture in, 103
„ Austro-Hungarian forces in, 119
„ Derivation of name of, 112
„ Education in, 97–103
„ Exhibition of products of, 101
„ Franciscans in, 98, 159, 164
„ Health of, 122–23
„ History of, 34, 87–90
„ Hotels in, 110–11
„ Justice in, 106
„ Land question in, 103–7
„ Plums of, 110
„ Press of, 113–14
„ Railways in, 108–10, 133–34
„ Religious sects in, 90–97
„ Taxation in, 120–22
„ Trade of, 112–13
Bourgas, 433–36
Brod, 108, 127, 131
Brûsa, 101, 418–24
Bugojno, 131, 157
Bulgaria, 433–73
„ Claims of, in Macedonia, 372–77, 469, 481
„ Inns of, 450–51
„ Prince Ferdinand of, 49, 375, 407–8, 456, 461–64, 481
„ Public life in, 463–65
„ Railways of, 458–60
„ Servants in, 454–55
„ *Sobranje* of, 460
Buna, 138–40

Index

C

Čajnica, 180–2
Candia, *see* Crete
Canea, *see* Crete
Castelnuovo, 34, 37, 109
Cattaro, Bocche di, 8, 11, 35–40, 51, 76, 86
„ Town of, 38–40
Cephalonia, 233–35
Cetinje, 33, 42–3, 45, 66, 73
Cœur de Lion, 35
Constantinople, 390–432
„ Dogs in, 425
„ Fires in, 427
„ Taxes in, 428–29
Corfù, 214–33
„ British rule in, 216–19, 220–22
„ Homeric legend in, 214, 216
„ in wartime, 222–23, 225–27, 229
Corinth Canal, 250–52
Crete, 219, 322–52
„ Refugees from, 264–66
Crnagora, *see* Montenegro
Croatia, 129
Cyrillic alphabet, 32, 97, 99, 453

D

Dalmatia, 10–40
„ Costume of, 19
„ Diet of, 22, 23
„ Neglect of, 10
„ Newspapers of, 11, 21, 32
„ Politics of, 11, 15, 33
„ Roads of, 11
„ Scenery of, 10, 18
„ Seamen of, 11
Danilovgrad, 80
Deligeorgis, M., 298, 308
Delphi, 246–50
Delyannis, M., 287–89, 309, 312
Dioclea, 79
Diocletian, Palace of, 24
Doboj, 170–71
Dolnja Tuzla, 113, 171
Drina, The, 179, 197–201
Dulcigno, 44, 49, 59, 65, 71
Durazzo, 211–12
Dušan, Tsar, 47, 49, 62, 371, 378, 472

E

Emperor, The Austrian, 7, 34, 127 170, 172, 179
„ The German, 7, 8, 426–27, 497, 499
Envir Pasha, 276–77

F

Falcons, 173–74.
Foiba, The, 4–7
France in the Near East, 491, 500–501

G

Germany in the Near East, 100, 293, 319, 494, 496–501
Gladstone, Mr., and Austria, 503
„ „ and Macedonia, 388
„ „ and Montenegro, 44, 45, 52
Glasinac, Cemetery of, 203
Gorazda, 179, 197–98
Grahovo, 85
Great Britain in the Near East, 44, 45, 52, 70, 73, 293, 319, 325, 327–29, 489–96
Greco-Turkish War, 213, 222–23, 225–27, 229, 243–44, 261 *et sqq.*, 363, 481
Greece, 214–320
„ Army of, 311
„ Brigandage in, 273–74
„ Crown Prince of, 281, 285, 309, 382
„ Dogs in, 274
„ Earthquakes in, 235–36, 252, 259–60
„ Easter in, 254–61
„ Executioner of, 254
„ Inns of, 228, 237–38
„ Justice in, 310–11, 313
„ King George of, 127, 220–21, 241–42, 263–64, 280 *et sqq.*
„ Macedonian claims of, 381–84
„ Monasteries of, 228–32, 242–46.
„ Paper currency of, 218
„ Parliament of, 304 *et sqq.*
„ Politics in, 279–320
„ Press of, 258, 262, 301, 303, 318

Index

Greece, Prince George of, 284, 309, 328, 344–47
„ Queen Olga of, 283–84, 316
„ Railways of, 240–41, 243, 271, 314
„ Titles in, 294
Grekoff, M., 377, 467–68

H

Hercegovina, The, 34, 35, 50–1, 102, 109, 112–14, 119. *See* also Bosnia
Hrvoje, Bosnian "king-maker," 34, 161–62, 164
Hungarian claim on Bosnia, 129

I

Ilidže, 101, 125, 144, 153–54
Irby, Miss, 107
Irredentists, Italian, 3–4
„ Roumanian, 386, 505
Istria, 1–9
Italy in the Near East, 207, 325, 327–30, 501

J

Jablanica, 142–43, 157
Jajce, 88–9, 129, 157–63
Jews in Bosnia, 125, 147
„ Salonica, 125
„ Smyrna, 125
Jezero, 163

K

Kállay, Baron von, 24, 50, 90, 110, 112 120, 123, 125, 128
Kállay, Baroness von, 125–27, 164
Kalofer, 443–44
Karapanos, M., 298, 300, 308
Karst, The, 2, 10
Kazanlik, 444–45
Kerka, Falls of the, 18–19
Konjica, 144
Koutzo-Wallachs, 372, 384–86
Krivošije, The, 86

L

Lacroma, Island of, 35
Livno, 24, 131
Lussin-piccolo, 13

M

Macedonian question, The, 369–89
„ races (i.) Albanians, 386–87
„ „ (ii.) Bulgarians, 372 377
„ „ (iii.) Greeks, 381–84
„ „ (iv.) Roumanians, 384–86
„ „ (v.) Servians, 377–81
„ railways, 49, 187
Maglaj, 171–74
Mahmûd II., 90, 411, 485
Marathon, 272–73
Matanović, M., 54
Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, at Lacroma, 35
Medua, S. Giovanni di, 69, 209–210.
Megara, dances at, 254–57
Megaspelaion, Monastery of, 243–46
Metalka-Sattel, 182
Metković, 133, 140
Mirdites, 210
Mohammed II., 160, 423
Montenegro, 41–86
„ Army of, 65–7
„ Christmas in, 64–5
„ Costume of, 56–8
„ Crown Prince of, 59–62
„ Education in, 75
„ Journalism in, 41
„ Post Office of, 69
„ Prince Mirko of, 63
„ Prince Nicholas I. of, 32, 33 ; (his relations with Austria-Hungary) 32, 38, 44, 49–53, 68, 119 ; (with Bulgaria) 49 ; (with Great Britain) 42, 44–6, 52, 54 ; (with Servia) 47, 481 ; (with Turkey) 44, 73, 78 ; (his writings) 33, 46–7 61, 76
„ Princess of, 57, 59
„ Princess Anna of, 42
„ Princess Helena of, 41, 46, 74

Index

Montenegro, Roads in, 67–8
„ Subjects of, in Constantinople, 409–10, 415, 426
Mostar, 91–3, 98, 102, 134–41

N

Načević, M., 468–70
Narenta Canal, 109, 132-33
Nauplia, 254
Nikšić, 33, 55, 67, 84–5
Nis, 475–76
Njeguš, 55
Novi-Bazar, Sandžak of, 15, 50, 121–22, ch. v. *passim*, 389; (Austro-Turkish relations in) 183–88, 189; (Government of) 183–86; (Political importance of) 186–88

O

Olympia, 239–40
Ostrog, 81–4

P

Palaeokastrizza, Monastery of, 228–32
Parenzo, 4
Patras, 241
Perianiks, 56, 65, 85
Petrović, Božo, 63-4
Phaleron, 271–72
Philippopolis, 436–41
Pinguente, 2
Piræus, The, 268–71
Pirano, 3
Pisino, 2–7
Plamenac, E., 64
Plevlje, 178, 184–85, 189–97
„ Pasha of, 188, 192–94
Počitelj, 134
Podgorica, 55, 66–7, 73, 78–9
Pola, 4, 8–13
Poljica, Republic of, 26
Pomaks, 89, 470–71
Pribinić, 168–70
Prinkipo, 430

Q

Quarnero, The, 8, 13

R

Ragusa, 10, 26–36
Rama, 129
Rhallis, M., 280, 289-97, 308
Risano, 37, 85–6
Ristić, M., 472, 480
Rjeka, 55, 77
Robert College, 411–17, 440
Rogatica, 201–203
Roumanians, 481–82, 505
Roumelia, Eastern, *see* Bulgaria
Roses, Valley of, 444–45
Rudolph, Archduke, 35, 67, 127, 155, 162
Russia in the Near East, 38, 55, 66, 72, 74–5, 328, 504–507

S

Sabioncello, Peninsula of, 11, 35, 132
Salonica, 186, 196, 363-69, 372, 376, 378, 383, 440, 469
Samakov, Missionaries at, 450–54
Samos, 353–60
„ Prince of, 355–56
Samuel, Bulgarian Tsar, 62, 371, 373, 482
San Stefano, Treaty of, 188, 374, 383, 432
Santi Quaranta, 69, 213–14
Sarajevo, 90, 94, 96, 98, 101–102, 144–52
Scutari in Albania, 51–2, 73, 208-209
Sebenico, 16–21
Servia, Ex-King Milan of, 47, 473–74
„ King Alexander of, 47, 473–74
„ Politics of, 472–75
„ Propaganda of in Macedonia, 377–81
„ Scenery of, 475–77
"Seven Castles," The, 22
Shipka Pass, The, 445–49
Simeon, Bulgarian Tsar, 62, 371–73 440, 482
Skanderbeg, 62, 207
Slivnica, 472
Smolenski, General C., 263, 280, 300–304
Sofia, 456 *et sqq.*
Spalato, 10, 24–6, 109
Spizza, 51, 71

Index

Stagno Grande, 131
„ Piccolo, 132
Stambuloff, M., 440, 461, 463
Stoïloff, Dr. C., 414, 440, 466–67
Streit, M., 298
Suda Bay, 328, 348

T

Tattooing, 156
Thessalian Mussulmans, 471
Thessaly, Turkish occupation of, 274–78
Tomasević, Stephen, King of Bosnia, 88, 160–61
Tommaseo, N., 21
Traù, 10, 22, 23
Travnik, 102, 154–57
Trebinje, 34, 102
Tricoupis, Ch., 260, 281, 287, 291–92, 295, 305–306, 309, 312, 472
Turkey, Sultan of, 404–11, 484
Turkish administration, 350–51, 390–92
„ *bakshîsh*, 402–404
„ censorship, 394, 397, 400–401
„ currency, 397–400
„ navy, 486
„ passports, 401–402
„ postoffice, 359, 395–97
„ press, 393–94
„ railways, 108, 196–97, 209, 211–12, 363, 365, 421, 424
Turkish reforms, 483–88
„ roads, 107 331, 346, 390
„ soldiers, 194, 226, 323, 329, 331, 346, 390
„ spies, 392–93
„ time, 429
„ women, 418
"Turks, Young," 487–88
Tvrtko I., King of Bosnia, 34, 62

U

Usora, 113, 170
Usref, 89, 147

V

Val di Noce, 71
Valona, 212–13
Vathy, *see* Samos
Venice, Influence of, in Near East, 3, 10, 13–15, 20, 26, 35, 38, 334, 339
Verne, M. Jules, 6.
Višegrad, 136, 200–201
Volo, 275–78
Vranduk, 174–76

Z

Žabliak, 77
Zaïmis, M., 297–98, 303, 310, 317
Zante, 219, 235–36
Zara, 13–15
„ Vecchia, 15
Zenica, 103, 110
Zlarin, Island of, 16

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